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HISTORICAL ESSAYS

AND REVIEWS

BY

MANDELL CREIGHTON, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D., ETC.

SOMETIME BISHOP OF LONDON

EDITED BY

LOUISE CREIGHTON

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PREFACE.

I CANNOT claim that there is any special connexion between the papers which I have collected in this volume, but they illustrate different sides of Dr. Creighton's activities. The earlier ones were written during the years which he spent in a quiet country parish, when he not only studied the history and literature of Italy and the characteristics of the district in which he lived, but was able occasionally to enjoy some weeks of foreign travel. A visit to Rimini roused his deep interest in the wonderful monument to the art of the early Renaissance period which Gismondo Malatesta raised there. The article on "The Italian Bishops of Worcester" was written during the years when he was Canon of Worcester and loved to study every point connected with the history of his beloved Cathedral. It appeared in the "Report of the Worcester Diocesan Architectural and Archæological Society," by whose permission it is included in this volume. The paper on "The Harvard Commemoration" was written by special request for the *Times*, immediately after the

function in which, as the representative of his Cambridge College of Emmanuel, he played an important part. I have thought it best to leave it exactly in the form in which it was written. The paper on the Moscow Coronation commemorates one of the most interesting episodes in his life.

I have added four of his reviews from the *Historical Review*, which deal with important books bearing on the periods in which he was specially interested.

The articles on "Dante," "Æneas Sylvius," "A Schoolmaster of the Renaissance," "A Learned Lady of the Sixteenth Century," and "The Northumbrian Border," were first published in *Macmillan's Magazine*; that on "A Man of Culture" in the *Magazine of Art*; on "John Wiclif" in the *Theological Review*; the article on "The Harvard Commemoration" in the *Times*; that on "The Imperial Coronation at Moscow" in the *Cornhill Magazine*; and that on "The Fenland" in the *Journal of the Royal Archæological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland*. I have to thank the respective editors for their kind permission to reprint them.

LOUISE CREIGHTON.

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DANTE.

I.—HIS LIFE.

THERE are two chief divisions of great imaginative artists. The one class consists of men who, with hardy and robust temperament, go forth into the world of nature and of man, and feel and know it as it really is. Gifted with strong passions and keen susceptibilities, they seem to move with the world around them, exulting in its joys, weeping with its sorrows, themselves in all things part of it. Such men, great as they may be, are still even as other men are—differing only from others in that their feelings are stronger, their enjoyments keener, their sympathies more intense, and so their expressions more vivid, more real, more entire. The other class consists of those who, while living in the world, are yet not of it; whose intellect is stronger than their passions; who, while they act, are yet engaged in analysing the action; who can never live solely in the present, for they are overshadowed by the past and are peering into the future; who can never enjoy the moment, for they can never know what it may bring forth. Of the first, the receptive and representative class, we may take Titian and Shakespeare as the two greatest examples: in the second, the reflective and analytic class, Lionardo and Dante stand out supreme.

Shakespeare, bred in the quiet of a country town, then leading a roving careless life in London, felt through the fulness of his mighty nature the strong passions, the bold aspirations, the awakening glories of his stormy times, and as he moved amongst men his heart rose up to meet their longings. Though in himself obscure and little noticed, he became in soul one with the mighty prince as with the lowly peasant; he felt with all and knew them as they were, and the spirit of his own age and of all ages breathed through him, and as he saw he felt, and as he felt he wrote, until he had mirrored in his pages the heart, the feelings of universal man. If we ask what he was in himself, we get no answer: we cannot say that one character, more than another, was his own. He himself is nothing, his work is all.

Far otherwise is it with Dante. As we read his works we can never lose sight for a page of the author, of his character, and of his position. Dante gives us with unflinching openness the record of his own soul's life, of its agonies, its troubles, its fiery trials. He gives us the history of his own age and of its politics, gives us his own opinions, pours out the ripeness of his own knowledge and of his own thought, till the age in which he lived stands out in all its details illumined by his genius. And amid the surroundings of which he has given us such full knowledge, we see Dante himself standing out, colossal in the might of his individual intensity and force, like some majestic rock round which the waves of the world's tumults have raged horribly, but have only rent it into grander forms, and by washing off the crust of earth

have shown the eternal strength of its foundations.

Hence it is impossible to consider Dante's writings apart from his life, and the times in which he lived: his works give us a faithful chronicle of his inner life, and in his outward actions he forms a striking feature of his own age. To understand Dante's works we must know something of his life and times: and the more we understand Dante, the more do we learn to appreciate the full meaning and importance of his age The internal politics of the Italian cities cease to be uninteresting. The chronicles of feud and faction, of which Italian history seems to consist, assume importance as they gain in meaning, and we see the eternal conflict of principle which underlaid them. The Theology, the Philosophy, the Science of the Middle Ages cease to be simply dull and unintelligible jargon, when we see how Dante thought through them, and before the breath of his genius the dry bones still live and move for us.

All poets are better understood by a knowledge of their life, and of the events in which they took part: but especially is this knowledge necessary in the case of Dante, if we would understand him at all. Dante begins from himself and from the occurrences around him. The facts of his own life he so transfuses by the intensity of his feeling and the profundity of his thought that, while himself remaining clear cut in his individuality, he still swells into proportions so gigantic that he becomes a symbol of the life of man. So, too, his time, with all its interests, though exclusively Italian and mediæval in details, expands

into a type of every age, with its political and social problems clearly traced.

Hence it comes that Dante demands and repays study and attention. Many of his beauties are open to all; much meaning, much instruction, is found by almost all who read him with any care. On the other hand, he lends himself to many different interpretations, and no one would venture to say that he understood him thoroughly. During the six centuries that have passed since Dante wrote, he has been understood and interpreted in many different ways, and almost every class of earnest and active men have claimed him as their own special exponent. In truth, the greatness of his meaning lends itself to almost every partial interpretation. If, however, we would endeavour to understand that meaning in its fulness, and go beyond the arbitrary limits which our own interests would otherwise assign to it, we must begin by an attempt to see the writer's character, and feel the influences under which it grew. So we too may grow with it, and feel, as Dante did, the individual life and the particular time fade into colossal symbols of the life of man and the development of the ages.

Dante degli Alighieri was born in Florence, in the month of May, 1265. His family was one of old nobility. It is probable that he was born while his father was in exile with the rest of the Guelfic party, so that his cradle was overshadowed by a presage of his own fate. In two years' time, however, the Guelfs were restored, and Dante's father was again in Florence, holding a high position in that busy city, which the great crisis of the war between Pope and Emperor had

stirred into intellectual as well as political and commercial activity. Italian politics were indeed difficult in those days, for every Italian city was a little republic, and had to settle for itself which side it would take in the great conflict. Every citizen felt that his own fortunes and those of his city depended on his own political activity and success. Let us try to understand the political principles which divided them.

Mediæval Italy had inherited directly the traditions of Imperial Rome; its ruler must be still, as of old, the Emperor, the great ruler of the world: yet the Emperor, whom Italy recognised from time to time, was the German King in whose election she had no voice. To his power she yielded all titular respect, while asserting continually against it particular privileges and special rights. Italy, in this strange way, and with these strange restrictions, was still the seat of the Roman Empire, and was still inspired by the old political ideas of Rome. But the Empire alone did not direct Italian politics. A new power had emerged in the days of Constantine, for which Rome's old institutions had not provided a place. The Empire had become Christian; men had learned that they must live for another world as well as for this; the State could no longer supply all man's wants; the Church had arisen, and claimed by its organisation to provide for the spiritual, as the State for the temporal, wants of man.

The organisation of the Church had gradually approached more and more in form to the organisation of the State. Rome became the head of the Universal Church, as she was of the Universal State. One Pope

and one Emperor—these powers were to sit side by side, and Christendom was to consist of provinces subjected to their authority. A great ideal, but difficult to realise, for disputes soon arose hard to be settled. What was temporal, and what was spiritual? what belonged only to the Church, and what only to the State? How were the two powers to be kept independent, yet united? For two centuries war raged in Italy to solve this abstract question, which still had a terribly concrete meaning. It was a war which became intenser and more bitter as it went on—a war in which the spiritual power learned to use only too skilfully temporal weapons—a war in which religion suffered more from its champions than from its foes—a war in which the Church became secularised in heart and soul, till a mighty revival found its expression in St. Francis of Assisi, round whose new Order, rather than round the old ecclesiastical system, the spiritual aspirations of the men of the thirteenth century clustered and grew. This struggle with all its results is mirrored in the pages of the *Divina Commedia*. At present all I wish to notice is, that in this war both parties appealed for help to the Italian Towns, which prospered and increased in consequence. At last the people of the towns tended to side with the Pope, as being more Italian, while the nobles sided with the Empire. Then came the victory of the Pope, the fall of the great Emperor Frederick II., and the extinction of the Suabian house. The Pope called in the French to his assistance, and made Charles of Anjou, brother of St. Louis, his vassal king in Naples and Sicily. The Imperial power

was broken, and the Italian Towns of the north, of which Florence was one of the chief, might settle their questions of internal politics as seemed to them best. The hated Germans were gone, the power of the Ghibelline nobles was destroyed. There was a slight breathing space of quiet before they were to find that the friends of the Church could be more cruel, more perfidious, than its foes ; that the treacherous greed of France, the Pope's champion, was worse than the impetuous ferocity of Germany, the Pope's foe.

Florence was at this time a busy, bustling town, one of the chief commercial cities in Europe, with many industries. Already it had begun to show signs of the luxury and refinement, the mental cultivation and intellectual activity, which were soon to establish it for nearly three centuries as the capital of European art and literature. Here is a description from an old chronicle :—

"Built under the auspices of Mars, rich, exulting in an imperial stream of sweet water, with temperate air, sheltered from hurtful winds, and, though poor in territory, abounding in useful produce : well populated also, and by its air encouraging increase of population : its citizens well-mannered, its women beautiful, and knowing how to deck their beauty : its buildings most beautiful : a city full of needful arts beyond all others in Italy, so that many came from distant lands to see it, through the goodness of its trades, its arts, its beauty, and its adornments".

In such a city, and under such conditions, there were endless possibilities of distinction before the young Dante. A slight incident, that would in others

have passed for a mere boyish fancy, gave his deeply susceptible mind a form for its imaginative longings, and stamped him as a poet. At the age of nine he accompanied his father to a festivity at the house of a rich merchant, Folco Portinari, and there saw his daughter Beatrice, a child of eight years old. She was attired in a dress of the most noble colour, a subdued and goodly crimson, and at that moment, says Dante, "the spirit of life, which hath its dwelling in the secretest chamber of the heart, began to tremble so violently that the least pulses of my body shook therewith; and in trembling it said these words, '*Ecce deus fortior me, qui veniens dominabitur*'"[1] (Behold a god stronger than myself, who comes and shall bear mastery). The vague longings of the boyish heart found in the fair young face of Beatrice a centre round which they might gather, an image which they might worship, a bodily shape which might express to them their meaning. All the unrecorded aspirations, all the beautiful imaginings of youth, which flit before the eyes of all, but perish before they find expression, and are forgotten entirely by the mature man as his soul has hardened and the stern forms of thought have dispelled the phantoms of the imagination,—these, in their most splendid forms, found in the image of Beatrice their home and habitation.

So with this background of lovely fancies in his heart, the boy mused, and read, and learned. He sought from time to time to see Beatrice, and gaze on the face of that "youngest of the angels," and find in

[1] *Vita Nuova.* Translated by D. G. Rossetti.

those features the record of all his first dreams of beauty, his noblest thoughts and highest aspirations. Each time he saw her, she assumed to him a fuller meaning, and her significance as his soul's record grew with his growth.

He was taught by one of the most renowned scholars of the time, Brunetto Latini, secretary to the Florentine Republic, an old lawyer, who in exile in France had learned much of the world. His "dear and good paternal image," as he taught Dante "how man makes himself eternal,"[1] was always fixed with gratitude in the poet's mind. From Casella, whose sweet strains could arrest in Purgatory the souls who were hurrying to accomplish their purification, Dante learned music and "the use of amorous song".[2] To painting also and the arts of design, which, under the great Arnolfo and Cimabue, were beginning to revive in the congenial air of ambitious Florence, he seems to have given some attention. Moreover the poems of Guido Guinicelli, of Bologna, whom he calls his master, and the master of all those his betters who ever used "sweet and graceful rhymes of love,"[3] stirred him to generous emulation.

So he grew up in body and in mind till, when he had reached his eighteenth year, his mingled thoughts and feelings became articulate, and the poet nature found its expression in song. After meeting Beatrice and receiving from her a salutation more courteous than usual, he returned to his room and there fell asleep; as he slept "there appeared to be in his room

[1] *Inf.*, xv., 84.
[2] *Par.*, ii., 107.
[3] *Ibid.*, xxvii., 99.

a mist, of the colour of fire, within which he discerned the figure of a lord of terrible aspect to such as should gaze upon him, but who seemed therewithal to rejoice inwardly that it was a marvel to see". In one hand he held a lady covered in a blood-red cloth, in the other hand a flaming heart. He spoke many things, of which Dante could understand few, but amongst them he said this, "I am thy master".

This Vision of Love Dante expressed in a sonnet which he spread among his friends. He was at once recognised as a poet, and gained the friendship of Guido Cavalcanti, himself an accomplished man and a distinguished poet, fifteen years older than Dante.

For the next seven years we have Dante's own account of his inner life in that most wondrous of all youthful books, the *Vita Nuova*, the chronicle of his soul's devotion to Beatrice. She was to him the fairest and the best of God's creatures, an embodiment of all that was pure and noble in life, the mistress of his mind. To see her, to receive her gracious salutation, to be greeted by her sweet smile, this was all his love required, and round this gathered the young man's glorious visions and lofty thoughts. He wished for no further possession of his beloved. She before whose glance all that was base and wicked fled away, she who was more like a daughter of the gods than a mere mortal maiden—how could Dante think to appropriate such a treasure to himself, or try to call her his? No such thought seems to have crossed his mind; but his ethereal love received a blow, which he could hardly explain even to himself, when, in 1287, Beatrice married Simone de' Bardi. But the shock,

if such there were, soon passed away, and his relations to Beatrice remained unchanged. She was still, as she had been before, the mistress of his mind, the embodiment in her own fair form of all he thought and all he strove for. Each time he sees her, each greeting he receives, his fervent fancy sets the trivial occurrence in a background of splendid colouring, yet subdued, and pure, and tender in tone, as is a picture of Sandro Botticelli. There is no disorder, no tinge of wild passion in his utterances; all is regular and orderly; his thoughts and feelings are all subjected to the rigid restraint of law before they find expression.

So the young poet's inner life developed around the person of Beatrice, and he learned to know himself in the light of his love for her. Yet he was no mere dreamer, but a diligent student, an accomplished man of letters, and an active citizen. In 1289 he bore arms in the Florentine ranks at the Battle of Campaldino, when the Ghibelline party met with its most fatal repulse. But in the year 1290, when Dante was twenty-five years old, came a crisis of his life which shook at first his soul's foundations. Beatrice died, and for a while the world seemed out of joint, and the city seemed to sit desolate and mourning over this fatal loss. Dante's mind was overwhelmed with grief, but he abstained from unmanly lamentations and nourished his pain within his own breast. He discharged as before his duties to the State, and in the autumn of the same year took part in the war of the Florentines against the Pisans, and felt keenly the human interest of war and siege.[1] Nay, more: when

[1] *Inf.*, xxi., 94.

he had reached the age of twenty-seven, in obedience to his friends' wishes, and prompted by his own rigid sense of duty towards the State, he married Gemma de' Donati, attracted perhaps by her genuine sympathy for his distress at the loss of Beatrice. Gemma became his wife, and he seems to have cherished her. During the ten years of their life together she bore him seven children; but she is never mentioned in his poems; she was the wife of his house and family, but she was not, and could not be, the mistress of his mind. That place had long been filled up; and as Dante's writings concern only his intellectual life, it need be no cause for wonder that Dante never mentions her or his children.

But still the grief and pain of his bereavement were seated within Dante's heart too deep for any outward consolations: Beatrice was dead, and Dante's heart was filled with "dolorous imaginings". The joy of his early life was gone. His simple pleasure at the sight of Beatrice, his contentment in building round her image his fervent thoughts, his joy at her salutation, his exultation in her presence—all this was lost for ever. There was left instead a dull sense of pain that could not be deadened—an aching void that could not be filled up: there was the sense of doubt and perplexity and weariness in life. The years that followed the death of Beatrice Dante looks back upon with shame and regret, as being a time in which he lost his hold on duty, and let go the simple confidence and trust which till now had guided him through life. Dante, it is true, did nothing to merit the reproach of those around him; on the contrary, this was the time

in which he engaged in public life most keenly. To satisfy the requirements of the triumphant democracy of Florence, he laid aside his nobility and enrolled himself in the trade guild of the apothecaries, that he might be eligible to civic office. His talents were soon recognised, and he is said to have been employed on several important embassies. Moreover, these years were years of study—study undertaken, at first, in search of consolation, but ending in becoming itself an absorbing pursuit. Dante, as he says himself, was like one who goes seeking for silver and finds gold. Still, with all this, Dante was not happy. Neither activity in public life, nor study in private gave him the peace and satisfaction he had enjoyed before, for the purity and singleness of his first motive was gone. His life was no longer lived in the midst of those noble thoughts and high desires which had gathered round the name and face of Beatrice. The pleasures of the world, the joys of sense, the desire for praise, the thirst for power, the insolence of knowledge, the pride of intellect—all these were motives before which he wavered to and fro. In the bustle of public life, in the business of family life, in the excitement of intellectual effort his first simplicity died away, and Beatrice was forgotten, or floated only as an almost disregarded phantom across the shadowy background of his busy life—

> He turned his steps into deceitful ways,
> Following therein false images of good,
> That ne'er fulfil the promise which they make.[1]

This is the condition of mind from which the *Divina*

[1] *Purg.*, xxx., 13

Commedia commemorates his deliverance. Dante is wandering in a wild wood, his way is stopped by savage beasts, when Beatrice, moved by compassion, sends Virgil to guide him through the dread scenes of the Inferno, and the purifying realms of Purgatory to the Paradise of God's love. When Beatrice appears to her lover, as he has passed out of Purgatory, his first feeling is one of utter shame; he is awe-struck as a child before the stern majesty of an offended mother, and Beatrice's first words to him are words of sharp reproach.

But Dante, though he might stumble, was too strong to fall; he was not to relapse into the mass of ordinary men, and to remain swayed by the world and its allurements, by the passing life and its ambitions, by current opinions and the rewards they brought. He studied and he thought until philosophy, in the highest sense in which a knowledge of wisdom is a knowledge of God, took possession of his soul. This philosophy became to him a new mistress, yet not a new one; for the new life of reflection recognised its relationship with the old life of fancy—the new world of thought was the same as the old world of feeling; and Beatrice resumed her sway—not now the simple maiden who swayed the youthful heart by her beauty, but the stately yet kindly teacher who was to rule the manly mind.

Henceforth Dante's inner struggles and perplexities were at an end. He had passed through the fiery trial, and had learned "how to refuse the evil and choose the good"; he had got a foothold outside the world's changes; he was no longer tossed to and fro by his

ambition or his desires; he had caught the meaning of life; he had found the key to the world's riddle; he had secured a guide whom he could trust to lead him through life's wild wood to the shining hill beyond; he had gained the consciousness of inward freedom because he had recognised life's eternal law.

I have dwelt on this not merely fancifully, but because the significance of a poet's life—and especially the life of such a poet as Dante—lies not in outward circumstance, but in inward development. Moreover, this phase of Dante's mind gives us the key to one side of the meaning of his great work. Into this I do not now enter: it is enough to notice that this crisis of Dante's life took place in the year 1300—the year in which he lays the action of the *Divina Commedia.*

And indeed, if we look at the events of Dante's life in the world, we shall see that he required all his inward strength to guide him through the difficult paths of public life in Florence. The city, as it advanced in wealth and intelligence, and saw itself free from fear of outward foes, felt more keenly the pressure of social questions within its walls. Old family feuds, the heritage of the former aristocratic state, the jealousy of the rising commercial class against the nobles, the struggles of the artisans against the more wealthy merchants, the remnants of the old political parties of Guelf and Ghibelline,—all these elements of discord smouldered in the city, and were fanned by any trivial circumstance into a flame. So in the year 1300 civil discord waxed high in Florence. The social jealousy of the old noble family of the Donati against the rich merchant family of the Cerchi; the blood feud founded

on family vengeance of the Neri and Bianchi, which had been introduced into Florence from Pistoia—these divided the minds and embittered the passions of the citizens of Florence. Daily quarrels disturbed the streets, and law and order were powerless against faction fights.

In this state of things Dante became one of the priors, or governing council, of Florence for the months of July and August, 1300. This priorate Dante calls the source of all his woes. In it he earned the hatred which a wise and moderate man always receives from the factious and the violent. Dante wished to calm the city without having recourse to any external aid. Though himself a noble by birth, his sympathies seem to have been with the more democratic party—that of the Cerchi. He seems to have regarded it as less harmful than the violent faction headed by Corso Donati, a proud and haughty baron, who was willing to intrigue with the Pope to obtain influence for himself in Florence. Dante's priorate was signalised by two great events—an open breach between the Florentine magistracy and the Pope's legate, and next, the impartial banishment from Florence of the most factious of the two contending parties. This was a measure which might have been effectual if it had been carried out consistently by the succeeding priors, but the exiles were arbitrarily allowed to return. Corso Donati left his place of banishment and openly claimed the protection of the Pope, Boniface VIII., a bold and unscrupulous politician, who was at that time expecting the arrival in north Italy of a French army under Charles of Valois, who was coming to assert the claims

of his house to the throne of Sicily. If the Pope were to espouse violently the cause of the Donati, matters looked ill for Florence. So Dante was sent, in 1301, as ambassador to the Pope to try and counteract the machinations of party intrigue. He never saw Florence again. The Pope gave him equivocal answers, and managed to detain him on various pretexts at Rome, till matters had been settled in Florence by the arrival of Charles of Valois, the recall of the exiles, the triumph of Corso Donati, a reign of terror, and the proscription and banishment of all whom the victorious party feared, chief amongst whom was Dante. Dante felt he had been tricked by Pope Boniface, and his stay at Rome seems to have given him an insight into Papal politics which he never forgot.

So Dante was now driven away from everything he loved most dearly—his native city, his wife, his family, his friends. He knew that it was for no misdoings of his own that this punishment had fallen upon him; he had always been loyal to Florence, and had refused to become a violent partisan, at a time when faction was everything, and both parties "hungered for him".[1] He had tried to labour for the good of the State, and form a party of moderates who might interpose against violence and excess. He went forth strong in his integrity of purpose, with a clear conscience, prepared to meet any blow that fortune might direct against him. Still, however strong he might be in conscience, the blow was hard to bear. Exile meant to Dante utter poverty, complete loss of any sphere in which

[1] *Inf.*, xv.

his activity could be displayed, entire death to his practical energy, total severance from all his old interests, from all the overwhelming associations of his early days. Dante had to experience "how salt was the taste of another's bread; how hard a road it was to go up and down another's stair".[1] But the thing that first oppressed him most was the fact that his life was spent amongst his fellow exiles from Florence, whose pitiful intrigues to procure their restoration moved Dante's deep disgust. With this "wicked and senseless company," as he calls them, he soon quarrelled, for they were as unable to understand him, as he was to sympathise with their futile schemes. He parted company with them and wandered forth alone, poor and unfriended, seeking from place to place a patron who would give him shelter; searching in vain for a congenial soul; hoping to no purpose that he might find among the princes and rulers of Italy some one whose mind could soar above the paltry politics of his little town—some one who could understand the duties of power—some one who would dare to face the task of uniting Italy, of healing her dissensions, and fitting her for her great position of leader of Christendom and mistress of the world.

We cannot follow Dante in his wanderings at Verona, at Bologna, at Lunigiano—meeting everywhere with small comfort. In Florence the wisdom of his counsels would seem to have been proved; for Corso Donati, his chief foe, made an attempt to seize upon the seignory of the city, and make himself lord of Florence. He failed and was put to death; still there

[1] *Par.*, xvii., 58.

was no hope for Dante, no steps were taken towards his recall. So Dante seems to have turned his attention solely to study, and to have shaken off the dust from his feet in testimony against the land that knew not how to use her noblest son. In 1309 he was at Paris, attending lectures at the University ; he is said, though without much probability, to have visited Oxford. Be that as it may, his student life was disturbed by the news of the election of a new emperor, Henry of Luxemburg. Eager hopes of a glorious future, of the splendid realisation of all his dreams for Italy, throbbed in Dante's breast. He hastened to Italy to await the coming of Henry in 1311.

The Emperor Henry VII. was the chivalrous ideal of all noble hearts in Italy who wished to see her divisions come to an end. Dante hailed his coming with rapture. Already in his treatise, *De Monarchia*, had he proved the necessity for one empire, whose seat must be in Rome, and whose power was derived directly from God, without any need of Papal intervention to give it further validity. Now, when this long-expected ruler actually appeared, Dante again employed his pen in his favour. He wrote an impassioned letter to the princes and people of Italy, painting in glowing colours the coming of their deliverer ; he wrote to Florence warning her of the coming reckoning for her misdoings ; he wrote to Henry urging him to come quickly and fulfil his glorious mission. "Rejoice," he exclaims, in tones of the noblest patriotic enthusiasm, "rejoice, oh Italy, for thy bridegroom comes—the joy of his age, the glory of thy people : dry, oh fairest one, thy tears, lay aside

the trappings of thy widowhood; for he is nigh at hand who will free thee from the prison of the evil-doers, who will smite the workers of felony, and will let out his vineyard to other husbandmen who shall render him the fruits of justice in due season. But will he not have compassion?—yea, he will have compassion on all who ask it; for he is Cæsar, and his pity flows from the fountain of pity."

It was the last glow of hope that shone on the exile's path. Henry died of a fever in 1313, without accomplishing anything that left permanent results. Any one who looks upon Henry's statue by Tino da Camaino, now standing in the Campo Santo at Pisa, and sees the broad head, square forehead, and high cheek-bones contrasting strangely with the finely cut mouth and sharp, delicate chin, must feel that he, too, was a dreamer who would never have unravelled the tangled thread of Italian politics, and must think it was better that he should have disappointed Dante's hopes by an early death rather than by a painful failure.

It was a hard blow to Dante, but he had learned endurance in the school of adversity; he bore it without repining, and found, more than before, his strength within himself alone. He resumed his labours at his great work, and found comfort in musing with his own heart.

"After Henry's death," says an old biographer, Leonardo Bruni, "Dante spent the rest of his life in great poverty, in various parts of Lombardy, Tuscany and Romagna, under the protection of various lords." First in Lucca, with the Ghibelline leader Uguccione della Faggiuola, he stood by silently and sadly, till he

saw him fall before the exile Castruccio Castracani,—a fall brought about by his own precautions to avert it. As he left Lucca he heard that Florence had recalled her exiles, if they would submit to a short imprisonment and do public penance.

To Dante this was impossible: it would have been a death-blow to his inner self, which could not confess to a wrong-doing of which it felt no guilt. The misery "of seeing his dear country only in dreams" was not so heavy a weight as would have been the consciousness of dishonour falsely assumed. Dante writes in words of lofty scorn to a relative who besought him to accept the offered terms: "Is this the glorious way in which Dante Alighieri is recalled to his country after the miseries of an exile of fifteen years? Is this the desert of my innocence, which all men know? Is this the fruit of my long labours and the fatigues endured in study? Far from a man consecrated to philosophy is such short-sighted baseness. This is no way of return to my country. If Florence cannot be entered in an honourable way, I will never enter it. What, are not the sun and the stars to be seen in every land? Shall I not be able under every part of heaven to meditate sweet truth, unless I first make myself inglorious, nay, ignominious to my people and my country? Bread at least will never fail me."

Stronger and stronger grew the heart within him; less and less did the things of the world affect him; more and more did the realm of truth open to his view; and as he soared into the regions of thought, less and less important became the small details of to-day. It mattered little whether he spent his few

remaining years in comfort; it mattered much that he should not make his life a lie. So he turned his face away from Florence, content to live bravely. Henceforth he gave his attention only to his great work, and laboured at it incessantly till his death.

First he abode at Verona, at the court of Cangrande della Scala, who had been appointed by Henry VII. Imperial Vicar for Italy, and from whom Dante had once hoped to see great political enterprises. But Cangrande, though kindly and genial, was not a thoughtful man, and Dante wearied of the luxury and grandeur of a life which was engaged in trivialities, while a noble field of action lay before it. In 1320 Dante left Verona and became the guest of Guido da Polenta at Ravenna, where he might enjoy greater quiet, and find fewer distractions in finishing his great work. There, in the solemn glades of the mighty pine forest that skirts the sea, Dante mused and pondered on the lofty themes that fill the last cantos of the *Paradiso*. Still the exile's path was cheered with hope. That restoration, which he had vainly hoped to gain by outward help, might still be won by his own talents. When his great poem should be finished, "on which both heaven and earth had laid their hands,[1] while for these many years he had grown thin with toil," then surely Florence would recognise that he was indeed unworthy to be an exile; the cruelty which kept him from the fold where he was born would be overcome; and by the font where he was baptised, in his fair church of San Giovanni, he yet might receive upon his brow the poet's laurel, from

[1] *Par.*, xxv.

a people who, though late, at last had learned his worth.

Such tender yearnings, such dreams of a happy end of weary days still filled his heart; but he did not live to see them put to the test. Almost immediately after finishing the *Paradiso*, in his fifty-sixth year, on 14th September, 1321, he passed "from things human to things divine, from time to eternity, from Florence to a people just and sane".[1]

A strangely solemn feeling must come over the mind of any one who, wandering through the grass-grown streets of Ravenna, comes upon the tomb of the greatest of the many mighty sons of Florence, in that last resting-place so far away from all he loved with an intensity of patriotism which at the present day we find it hard to understand. Dante in exile has always been an example of the terrible irony of fate upon man's short-sightedness. Of this, however, I will say nothing; it has been my purpose to speak only of the occurrences of Dante's life so far as they influenced the development of his genius. To this his exile gave the crowning seal. It came at the time when in mature life, and with mature powers, he felt his whole soul recoil before the grossness of practical life, with its degrading pleasures and no less degrading cares; it came when he had recurred with deliberate purpose to the imaginative ideal of his youthful days, and of his boyish love,—an ideal now amplified and glorified by his developed thought, even as all that was fleshly had dropped from the image of his loved Beatrice, and she was a disembodied spirit who watched

[1] *Par.*, xxxi.

heedfully, from on high, his soul's progress. In such a condition of mind, Dante, living comfortably at Florence, engaged in public affairs, a citizen amongst his fellow-citizens, would still no doubt have lived an inner life of rare nobility, but would have lived it to himself, or only in the sight of a favoured few; he would never have left us the majestic picture of the world as transformed by his mighty mind. Dante in Florence would no doubt have become a great name in Florentine literature, but never could have had the same significance as Dante, the undeserving exile. It was adversity that brought him face to face with the realities of things; from the furnace of affliction his beliefs and thoughts came out refined and purified; his ideals endured a fierce conflict with calamity in which they could prevail only by their own inborn strength. Dante's love tended to make him a dreamer, Dante's learning tended to make him a pedant, but exile compelled him to bring his knowledge into use, to take his dreams as guides for life, or else abandon them for ever. Dante was shaken, was startled into self-knowledge by the blow that fell upon him.

For a little while life was doubtful to him; then his part was taken and he stepped boldly forward determined on his path: let fortune ply her wheel and the peasant his mattock; one was to him as natural as the other, and he heeded both equally little, for he felt his own strength, he knew his own freedom, he was to himself both priest and king, and mitred and crowned he went upon his way over his own realm. Still we seem to trace his actual mind in his poem: gloomy, sad, and yet with thoughts of vengeance

when he wrote the *Inferno;* calmed by study and meditation into a repose that has ceased to feel the sting of misery, but is too languid to be happy, when he wrote the *Purgatorio;* at last with mind weaned from the world by disappointments, soaring aloft and becoming etherealised in the contemplation of God's love, he ends his days with the adoring hymn that closes the *Paradiso.*

DANTE.

II.—HIS WRITINGS.

I HAVE attempted to describe the way in which the outward circumstances of Dante's life affected his inner development, till sorrow wrought out, in the long years of dreary exile, the aspirations which in boyish days love's touch had first revealed. I would now trace in Dante's writings his own record of his inner life, the workings of his mind, and the meaning of his pursuits.

Dante is known amongst us chiefly as a poet, but he wrote also on politics, on theology, on philology, on philosophy. He was deeply versed in all the learning of his day, and was, above all other things, a diligent and careful student. Not only does he sum up, in his great work, the social and political life of his time, but also all its knowledge, all its thought and all its science breathes through his poem and takes fresh form from his genius.

It is this that specially distinguishes Dante from all writers who have lived before or since, that he sums up in himself all the life of his time with all its problems and all its thought. His time moreover was one of singular interest, and likely to remain of singular interest to all thoughtful men ; a time not too remote from our own to cease to affect us, yet not so closely

allied to our own as to wear the same form. He lived in noticeable days, and is himself the most noticeable feature of them. They were days in which the Christian religion still ruled over Christendom in all the grandeur of its ideal unity, though men had already begun to seek deeper than its outward rites for the sustainment of the individual conscience. The Roman Empire still claimed to rule the temporal kingdoms of the earth with undivided sway, though outward submission was already the thin cloak for the fullest assertion of individual freedom. The growing sense of men's power and of the world's beauty was finding fit expression for its joyousness and thankfulness in song and music, in painting and sculpture, in the adornment of civil life by stately buildings and the expression of holy thought by fitting symbol. Italy had set clearly before herself life's problem in much the same shape as that which now it wears to us, but had set it in a frank and manly way, and was solving it with the straightforward sincerity of faith, without the perplexity that comes from previous failure, without the one-sided intensity that comes from long effort, without the languor that comes from disappointment. It was a time which, as we read the pages of Dante, we cannot fail to recognise, and feel with, and know to be our own; but know faintly and dimly, as an old man who, aroused for the moment by some boy's simple enthusiasm, struggles to recall the experiences of his own youthful days.

Truly Dante had many experiences from which to learn—lover, student, citizen, statesman, philosopher, exile; travelling from place to place, now an ambassador, now almost a beggar; mixing with all, yet

always superior to all; with a keen, observing eye, and a powerful mind that knew no rest from thought. The world as it was seems to have passed before him, and piled for him all its products and poured at his feet all its treasures. Dante laboured incessantly, and pondered deeply; he is most learned, but his learning does not strike us so much as his deep thoughtfulness; it was not for him enough to know—he must draw his knowledge into himself, and reap its full harvest, and turn it to his own profit, and grow stronger by its support. He was a poet, but his imagination is never allowed to wander uncontrolled: his fancy is not employed to mirror unconsciously his passions' wayward course; rather it is only the most serious products of his mature thought that receive the stamp of his poetical treatment, and are, after careful sifting, sent forth as current in the mouths of men. It was not the lightness but the seriousness of Dante's mind that made him a poet; not the ease with which he received outward impressions, but the care with which he revolved them when they came; not the passion but the intensity of his nature. His thoughts passed beyond the limits in which they could be expressed by ordinary words: he must tell them in imaginative symbols, which he who can must learn to interpret and unravel for himself.

It would seem, at first sight, as if the earliest of Dante's works, the *Vita Nuova*—the story of his love for Beatrice, written when he was between the age of twenty and twenty-six—did not justify this general estimate of his writings, but might be classed with other tales of youthful love, as the genuine outpouring

of an enthusiastic soul, which transformed the world in the light of its own passionate feeling, and was intent solely on expressing its own joys and sorrows. But a slight examination soon convinces us that we have here no ordinary love-tale, no mere overflow of intense passion, no expression of merely individual feeling. It is rather the chastened product of mature thought —thought quickened by feeling, but never carried away by it—thought working through passion and reducing it, without any loss to its supreme ideal beauty, to due subordination. It is for this very reason, perhaps, that Dante's love seems so inexplicable, so unlike any feeling with which we are made familiar by modern analysis. It is not that Dante's love was different in its origin to that of common men. But Dante was not content with merely receiving impressions; he took them to himself and meditated on them; he did not regard them as mere vivid moments, fleeting and therefore precious, to be seized while they remained and recorded in the most forcible forms in which they could be conceived and imaged. They were not isolated forms to be gracefully arranged at leisure in their most striking manifestations, but they were to him part—the most valuable part—of his daily life, which, as they became part of his being, found noble expression from a noble mind. Their imaginative form was the expression of thought and reflection, not of feeling and passion—was the outcome, not of the first moments of pleasure, not of the excitement of the senses, but of the working of the whole moral and intellectual nature, of the efforts of the mind and soul to apprehend the passing emotions, and fix

their permanent results in an enduring shape. Hence, after agonies of tears in the dim visions of the night, or in the meditative solitude of the day, the figure of Love, an awful yet gentle master, would detach itself from the surroundings of his life, and utter dark sayings which had to be followed beyond the verge of ordinary expression, and then shadowed forth in the mysterious forms in which the imagination could apprehend them in the region of poetry and fancy. Hence he says, as the key-note to the understanding of his book, "Albeit the image of Beatrice, that was with me always, was an exultation of Love to subdue me, it was yet of so perfect a quality that it never allowed me to be overruled by Love without the faithful counsel of reason, whensoever such counsel was useful to be heard".[1] And this "counsel of reason" so wrought upon his life that Love bred in him an overpowering sweetness; and when Beatrice vouchsafed him her salutation, "such warmth of charity," he says, "came upon me that most certainly in that moment I would have pardoned whosoever had done me an injury; and if one should then have questioned me concerning any matter, I could only have said unto him 'Love,' with a countenance clothed in humbleness".[2] Such were his feelings, not fantastic, not unreal, not coming from onesidedness or weakness of nature, but only chastened, purified, solemnized by earnest thought, till all which was merely earthly had dropped from them, the dross was all burned up, and the fine gold, ten times purified in the fire, alone remained.

[1] *Vita Nuova*, Rossetti's translation.
[2] *Ibid.*, Rossetti.

The *Vita Nuova* is the record of his youthful passion; but it was written after Beatrice was dead, when the full light which deep sorrow alone can shed upon the past had shown him what was real, what was abiding in his soul's experiences. The *Vita Nuova* is no ordinary love-story, breathing unrest and feverish desire; it is the careful record of one who has loved and knows what love unrequited, as men call requited, had left him as its lifelong legacy. A deep sense of the seriousness of his subject was present with Dante in every page. He mistrusts even the imaginative form of his poems, and tries by explanations, always obscure and often pedantic, to show more intelligibly his purpose in writing them. Of the sonnets which he wrote to Beatrice only a selected few are inserted in the *Vita Nuova*, a few others survive amongst his miscellaneous poems, but many are doubtless lost. From those which he thought worthy of a place in this record of his new, his regenerate life, all which express repining and hopeless sorrow are carefully excluded. He is anxious to separate the deep truths of his individual self from all that was merely transient; he endeavours to show the inmost recesses of his soul's treasure-house after all that is worthless or unworthy has been cleared away.

Hence Dante's Lyrics express the highest form which Love can ever reach—Love, not in the form in which he appears to the ordinary man, or in the way in which he develops in the unreflecting mind, but in the highest and most abiding shape in which he can become the heart's possession, in the way in which he

nestles in the mind where he is to find his eternal dwelling-place.

So Dante's love for Beatrice followed her, after her death, into the everlasting regions, till his thought pressing after her was stopped by doubts and hesitations and mysteries hard to be understood, yet which the mind could dimly feel after, and realise in some way, though it could not express. "It was given unto me," he says, at the end of the *Vita Nuova*, "to behold a very wonderful vision, wherein I saw things which determined me that I would say nothing further of this most blessed one, until such time as I could discourse more worthily concerning her. And to this end I labour all I can, as she well knoweth. Whereof if it be His pleasure through whom is the life of all things, that my life continues with me a few years, it is my hope that I shall yet write concerning her what hath not before been written of any woman. After the which, may it seem good unto Him who is the Master of Grace, that my spirit should go hence to behold the glory of its lady: to wit, of that blessed Beatrice who now gazeth continually on His countenance *qui est per omnia sæcula benedictus. Laus Deo.*"

So with this aim before him, of finding a fitting expression for the thoughts which Beatrice had awakened, for the revelation which she had made to him of life and the world and their purpose, Dante turned with renewed interest to his studies, determined in the pursuits of practical life to find their full meaning. I have already shown how Dante's public life met with no success. His moderate counsels found no hearing with those inflamed by passionate hate. Moreover,

he himself felt, in the retrospect of later years, that during the time of busy activity his nobler self had grown dim. Still in the cares and anxieties of public life Dante's mind was active and inquiring: he was investigating the origin and meaning of politics, the end of a state, the method of its good government, the source of its obedience. His treatise *De Monarchia*, composed probably before his exile,[1] is the first work of modern times that treats of the problems of speculative politics.

In Dante's days political theory was busy with the dim abstractions of the Papacy and the Empire, and round these shadowy forms political ideas gathered. At the present day we talk of the Italian cities as Republics, and we are justified, as we look back upon them, in classing them as self-governing and democratic states. They were not, however, so regarded by those who lived under them. Their independence was purely municipal independence. They were distinct, it is true, one from another, but all recognised themselves as parts of one great political system. None of the parties which their politics developed looked upon these Republics as self-organised, or as possessing inherent rights to absolute self-government. Their aim rather was, to secure free scope for personal or party intrigue by weakening the central authority, by setting Pope against Emperor and Emperor against Pope. Their desire was to organise anarchy, in which they could

[1] I regard Witte's argument, founded on the omission in the *De Monarchia* of any reference to the struggle between Pope Boniface VIII. and Philip IV. of France, or the writings which it produced, as conclusive proof that the treatise was written before 1311, to which date it is currently assigned.

pursue the small local interests of the separate towns to the sacrifice of any care for the common good of Italy. Against this view, which underlies all the politics of Mediæval Italy, Dante directs his arguments. He wishes to set forth in its fulness the idea of a comprehensive and orderly political system. He wishes to free the State from the theocratic idea, to assert for it its proper place and its true dignity as the ruling power of the life of man. The greatness of the Imperial system, its eternal seat in the city of Rome, its immediate authority from God, its freedom from Papal control—these are the central points of Dante's system. His method is not our modern method ; but his end of peace on earth, and concord amongst all, of a common union for the common good, of orderly subordination to righteous law, must always be the end of all right political speculation and practice. He sighs with true patriotic anguish over the wretched waste of human energy in efforts for self-assertion. "O miserable race of men, by how many storms and shipwrecks, by how many destructions must you be overwhelmed, while like a many-headed monster you pull in different ways. Behold how good and joyful a thing it is, brethren, to dwell together in unity."[1]

Dante's next work, begun in the first few years of his exile and never finished, was a treatise, *De Vulgari Eloquentia*, about the Vulgar Tongue. Its aim is thus set forth in the opening sentences: "Seeing that no one before us has treated of the science of the Vulgar Tongue, whereas we see that such tongue is necessary to us all, since not only men, but women and children,

[1] *De Monarchia, sub fin.*

strive after it as far as nature allows, we—wishing in some way to illumine their discretion, since they are now walking blindly through the streets, for the most part thinking what is last is first—will try in the help of the Word from above, to be of some service to the Vulgar Speech".

Here, again, it is Dante's intention that is of importance to us, not the actual value of the book at present. Dante had none of the materials for a science of Philology, but he discusses the origin and growth of language, the separation of the Romance languages from the Latin, the various Italian dialects and their literary capacities. Here again unity is his object—to form a common Italian tongue from careful observation of the different dialects, avoiding their harshness and combining their beauties. As in politics he would have his countrymen obey one law, and submit themselves to one system, so in language he would have them overcome their purely local usages and form one common and noble vehicle of speech. His object was in no small degree accomplished by his *Divina Commedia*. It was not the speculative precept but the positive example which drew his country's speech to assume a common form through common admiration of the noblest utterances that any Italian tongue had framed.

Similarly, in his next work, the *Convito*, is the progress of Dante's interests expressed. It was undertaken in his student days, and is the record of his intellectual labours, which were broken off, never to be resumed, by the news of the advance into Italy, so long forsaken, of the newly elected Emperor, Henry of Luxemburg.

It is a strange book, strange both in its form and in its contents. Its form is that of a commentary upon some of his sonnets: fourteen were originally selected for exposition, but only four were completed If the work had been finished it would have been a mediæval encyclopædia without any order or arrangement. Taking the sonnet as his text, Dante follows out his own train of thought, and discusses, in the philosophic language of his time, such questions as arise,—the nature of love, the planet-heavens, the different methods of verbal interpretation, immortality, the nature of true nobility. On questions such as these he brings to bear all his learning, illustrates them with copious quotations from every side, and examines them in the recognised forms of mediæval logic. We forget in glancing over the pages that the author was a poet.

Such are the labours in which Dante was engaged as a preparation for the *Divina Commedia.* As we turn over its pages it is impossible not to contrast the eternal value of the soul's insight with the transient worth of intellectual labour. Dante engaged with equal honesty of purpose, with equal depth of meaning, in his poems and in his treatises; but his poems, the record of his own heart, have been among the world's most precious possessions since his time—his learned works have long ceased to do more than attract the notice of the curious, or win a wondering attention from those who are drawn to them for their writer's sake. The same ideas prevail in both, the same deep power of thought has put its stamp upon all: but round the one the writer's vivid fancy has woven the

spell of his soul's perpetual presence ; the other is but a heap of dry bones from which all life and meaning have long since passed away.

The forms of fancy may live for ever, while the forms of thought perish with the age that gave them being, and leave at the best a mass of ruins, to be used by new builders in the generations to come.

It is true Dante gives us in his great poem all his thought, as well as all his fancy. The pages of the *Divina Commedia* are full of philosophy, theology, astronomy, and natural science : but thought and fancy blend together, and their mixture lends the book its deepest meaning, and fitly represents Dante's own soul, and the influences in which it grew and waxed strong. There are many points of interest in the *Divina Commedia ;* many meanings may be given it, and it may be read in many different ways ; but one thing certainly it means—the absolute victory over all around it of the soul, whose source of strength is within itself. The passionate love of the *Vita Nuova* has led to an intellectual insight as deep as the first emotion was tender ; Dante's mind is as responsive to the stray indications of the real truth of things, as his heart was to the salutation of Beatrice when she passed him in the way.

The *Divina Commedia* was the work of the last years of his life, after he had enjoyed, and laboured, and suffered, and thought. In it he unfolds in calm decisiveness the mystery of the world's being, as it had slowly become manifest to his eyes. Those to whom Dante seems sentimental in the *Vita Nuova* will regard him as unduly stern or presumptuous in the *Divina*

Commedia. The two sides of his genius hold closely together: only deep sensibilities could obtain such profound insight: only one who had loved and suffered much could see and know much: only one to whom the small things of life were of momentous importance could understand the bearings of its mighty issues, and dare to follow them to their furthest point.

The *Divina Commedia* has been called a vision, but Dante never calls it so himself; it is rather the literal transcript of his soul's progress and of his life's teaching, thrown into the most serious form which the artistic representations of his time brought before the ordinary mind.

To the great sages of the ancient world life's problem was confined within the limits of life itself, and their endeavour had been to introduce order into its confusion, and reduce its jarring elements into a system within which the individual might move with dignified and decorous freedom. The early Christians had looked on this life as the preparation for another, had found in it an awful seriousness, and had laid down strict rules of self-denial, by which the soul might enfranchise itself from its surroundings, and look forward with humble expectation for its full development elsewhere. Under this idea, dimly apprehended and fitfully acted upon, had grown up the moral life of Dante's time. The pleasures, the excitements, the passions, and the interests of which his active age was full, were kept in check by stern reminders of what was soon to follow upon them all. Startling pictures were drawn by the preaching friar of the torments and blessedness of the life to come. The sculptures round

the arch of the doorway through which worshippers entered the house of God; the bold reliefs that met the eye of the careless each time they passed it on their daily way; the pictures or mosaics on which in prayer the weary heart gazed with fervent devotion—all these had for their favourite subject the representation of the "Day of Doom," and the severance of mankind to happiness or misery. Nay, more than this, the subject, terrible and serious in itself, was chosen for dramatic performances, not only by the Church, but by any society or club that wished to give a spectacle to the people. Here is an account, given by Giovanni Villani, of a Florentine May-day Festival in 1304:—

"The Companies of Comfort throughout the city, that were wont to make joy and festival, assembled and did the best they could, or knew how to do. Amongst the others, those of the Borgo S. Priano, wishing to make a newer and more diverse amusement, sent out a message, that whoever wished to hear news of the other world should come on 1st May to the Ponte alla Carraia. Then they arranged planks on boats and little ships in the Arno, and made there the resemblance and image of Hell, with fires and other pains and torments, with men representing devils, horrible to see; and there were others, that bore the appearance of naked souls, being thrust into divers torments, with great crying and groaning and clamour—a thing loathsome and terrible to hear and see. For the novelty of the amusement, many of the citizens came to see it." There came in fact such crowds, that the wooden bridge gave way, and many were drowned. "So that," as Villani concludes his account, "the

amusement turned to reality, and many went indeed to hear news of the other world, to the great grief of the city."

I have quoted this at length, to show the frank realism of an age, whose effort was to apprehend the forms that surrounded it and adapt its simple life to them. The Florentines shrank from nothing. They wished to see what life was, and they were prepared to live accordingly. They had no fear of irreverence, no desire to drop the veil and be content to go no farther, lest they should be bewildered. They did not shrink from what was horrible because it was horrible. They would know and understand it as fully as possible, and art should be employed in reminding them continually, and in a definite form, of what they genuinely believed, but were always tending to forget.

This temper of mind, which alone can afford the conditions under which great works of imagination can be produced, must be clearly realised by the readers of Dante. Many are repelled from reading him by a shrinking sense of irreverence, of cruelty, of audacity, attaching to the very plan of the *Divina Commedia.* Yet Dante's subject was quite in accordance with the ideas of his own age. He was free from that modern form of reverence, which is founded on a desire not to see too clearly ; he was stern because he was just ; he was bold because he had no doubts.

Thus it was that Dante took the largest and most comprehensive form that could be found, in which to express his own soul's pilgrimage in characters large enough for every age to read. He took himself, and not another—himself even such as he was, and not an

idealised self; and brought himself face to face with the awful realities of the future. His individual thoughts and experiences should be applied to the highest, the deepest of human interests, should be set in the clearest atmosphere, and viewed in the purest and whitest light that could be reflected upon them. "Dante Alighieri, a Florentine by birth, not by manners," would set forth to whoever would listen the lessons which life had taught him. His object, as he says himself, was "to remove the living in this life from a state of misery, and lead them to a state of happiness".[1] This he would do, not in the abstract form of philosophy, but in the most solemn shape in which Art appealed to the feelings and imagination of the ordinary man. Himself, his own life, his own character, his own friends, the great men of his age, the great questions of his day, all these are set forth and represented against the awful background of eternal destiny, where passion and triviality become impossible, where seriousness is at once ensured without repeated demands, where things lose at once the sordor of common life, and nothing is insignificant, where everything assumes the most gigantic proportions of which it is capable.

This is the chief significance of the *Divina Commedia*, the feature which distinguishes it from all other works. It takes a real individual character, surrounded by all the actual facts of his life; it takes a piece of the world's history with all its actors, with all its efforts and all its ideas, political, religious, and social; it detaches them from their place in the world of fact,

[1] Epistle to Cangrande.

and erects them into a monument of surpassing grandeur, by representing them with reference to their eternal meaning, when all the world's trappings have been stripped from them, and they are laid bare, as they are in themselves. Hence comes the air of stern reality that the whole book wears. It was not Dante's purpose to produce merely a vague and general impression. Vices and virtues were alike made manifest in the forms of real men whose fate had a deep interest for his reader. His ancestor Cacciaguida tells him, in his course through Paradise, to smite only the lofty, that the force of the example may be greater.[1]

I have said that Dante nowhere calls his poem a vision, nor does he treat it as such. The same desire for reality that made him weave his poem around himself, and his own life and times, has made him aim at vigorous reality in every point of imaginative detail. His narrative is given with perfect minuteness in every point. We have a circumstantial account of his actual pilgrimage through the realms of the Inferno, of Purgatory and Paradise. The Inferno is a funnel-shaped pit, going down to the centre of the earth, where Lucifer is frozen up for ever. The circles of the pit grow smaller and smaller, in proportion as their punishments are more severe and their inhabitants are greater sinners. The island of Purgatory rises out of the side of the earth opposite to Jerusalem, and is a sloping rock with terraces going round, corresponding to the circles of the Inferno. On the top of this rock, corresponding to Lucifer at the bottom of his pit, is situated the earthly Paradise, the original garden from which

[1] *Par.*, xvii., 125, etc.

our first parents fell. Then, leaving the earthly Paradise, Dante rapidly reverses the sphere of the air, and passes into the planet-heavens, where are the souls of the blessed in the form of stars. The seven heavens contain each of them saints celebrated for some particular virtue, just as the circles of the Inferno had been assigned to particular vices, and the ledges of the mountain of Purgatory peopled by penitents for different classes of sins. The souls of the blessed are the stars that people these heavens; and as Dante mounts among them, they circle round him in a ceaseless dance of joy, testifying the delight with which the vision of the divine love had filled them. Still onward and onward Dante goes, till he reaches the Empyrean, or motionless heaven of pure light, where he sees the celestial host, and fainting at the sight of the vision of the Trinity can say no more of these unspeakable things. His heart sinks under the contemplation of the love that rules the world, and in that all else is swallowed up. The reader, who has followed him so far, is left in possession of his secret:—

> But now was turning my desire and will,
> Even as a wheel that equally is moved,
> The Love which moves the sun and other stars.[1]

In this mysterious pilgrimage Dante is never carried away by his subject to forget himself. He is fatigued in climbing the rocky defiles of the Inferno. He is terrified, and clings to Virgil like a child to its mother, at the sight of the grotesque fiends who rule over some of its abysses. He toils up the mount of Purgatory, himself a penitent and slowly ridding himself of the

[1] *Par.*, xxxiii., 141.

burden of his sins. In Paradise he is led upwards by Beatrice, his early love, and the earthly grossness of his faculties often provokes her rebukes. We never lose sight of Dante's personal presence. Many of those whom he meets have been his friends in the other world. In the Inferno, one of his dead relatives hides behind an archway to avoid his gaze, and makes mocking gestures at him as he passes, to show contempt towards the family which has allowed his untimely death to be so long unavenged. In Paradise Dante rejoices to be hailed by the soul of his great ancestor, Cacciaguida, who died on the Emperor Conrad's crusade—nay, such delight does he show at meeting so distinguished an ancestor, that he gives way to the paltry feelings of pride of birth, till Beatrice, by her laughter, admonishes him of his unseemly folly.

Nor is Dante's personality shown only thus. Much of his actual life is told him prophetically. There are many denunciations of Florentine cruelty, many assertions of his own innocence and worth, many clear indications of his own appreciation of the value of the poem on which he was engaged. Brunetto Latini, his old master, foretells his calamities and his glory. When he enters the limbo in which live the great men of antiquity, he is received with honour by the poet band; Homer, Horace, Ovid, Lucan and Virgil hail him the sixth member of their illustrious circle.

Moreover, the relation of Dante towards those whom he meets varies with his progress. In the Inferno he is superior to the tormented sinners, and behaves as such; as a man possessed of a good conscience he

feels himself superior to them ; he asks them questions with an air of authority, and demands an answer. He has been called cruel for his conduct towards those whom he saw in the Inferno, especially when he thrusts the mocking sinner under the waters of Acheron, and when passing through Caina, where the traitors are frozen up, he incautiously kicks one of the heads projecting above the ice, and shows no compunction —nay, when the head refuses to tell its name, he threatens to pull its hair to enforce compliance. This charge of cruelty is an unjust one, and shows an ignorance of Dante's point of view. He was being led, as a means for his own moral perfection, through the region where God's immutable decrees against sin were being fulfilled. Was it for him to spend the precious time in unavailing tears? Was it for him, for whom this signal mercy was being wrought, to venture to arraign God's justice, by daring to pity those whom a loving Father had condemned?

On one occasion Virgil bids him restrain his grief, saying—

> Here pity lives when it is truly dead;
> What man is there more guilty than the one,
> Who 'gainst God's judgments dares to feel ill-will?[1]

Very noticeable are the two occasions on which Dante tells us he wept—once at the sight of the soothsayers, who had their heads turned round upon the shoulders in mockery of their imposturous attempt at foresight. Here Dante's tears were occasioned, as he says himself, by the sight "of man's image so depraved". The other punishment which awakens his

[1] *Inf.*, xx., 28.

tears is that of the sowers of civil and religious discord, whose bodies are torn asunder and divided as they had attempted to divide others. Dante, on both occasions, weeps not through pity at the sufferings which he sees, but through grief at the degradation which might come upon the noble human body, through the misdeeds of the soul of which it was the unwilling covering. He could not endure to see the outward symbol of man's dignity abased.

In like manner it is noticeable that the sinners become vulgar, spiteful, mean, and given to little bickerings, as they approach lower depths of sin, and as their punishments become consequently more severe. In the pit of the falsifiers Dante is severely reproved by Virgil for stopping to listen to a ribald altercation between two wretches, one labouring under dropsy so that he could not move, the other racked by raging fever. So too is it with Dante's fiends. They are not majestic embodiments of evil, but are simply low, contemptible, vulgar wretches, who delight in coarse jokes and hideous gestures, full of impotent malice, and regarding lying as an amusement.

Dante had no sympathy with deliberate sin. To him it had none of those stately proportions with which more modern times have loved to clothe it. It was not only wrong, because contrary to Divine law, but it was in itself contemptible, because degrading to human nature.

In the Purgatorio, again, Dante mixes with his equals, with those who were not deliberate sinners, but who were purging away their earthly dross before being fit for admission to Paradise. Here Dante is

no longer a spectator, but is himself a humble penitent from whose forehead, as he clambers up the mount, the marks of the seven deadly sins have to be painfully effaced. Here breathes an air of quiet and repose—a holy calm, a peaceful expectation of the coming of the time when sin's stains shall have been done away. Here all is love and tenderness, and each with good-will helps the other. Old hostilities are forgotten; Charles of Anjou and Peter of Aragon, who fought in desperate rivalry for the fair isle of Sicily on earth, sit there side by side and join in the same evening hymn of praise. The whole mountain trembles with a joyous throe when a soul's purgation is accomplished, and a song of gladness bursts from the spirits left behind when a brother leaps up to depart from among them. Here Dante walks girt with humility, and owns that pride was the sin whose punishment he had most to dread.

Far otherwise is it in Paradise. There Dante hides himself timorously behind his guide, Beatrice, from whose gaze he has to draw support for his enfeebled faculties, which are all unequal to endure the unwonted strain. Here he himself is but a lowly learner, whose mind, too small to comprehend all that he sees and hears, still struggles to gain what knowledge he can on every subject. He learns the reason of the spots on the moon, he strives to grasp the grounds of moral desert, to solve the difficulties of the freedom of the will, to comprehend the working of the Divine Will in the method of man's redemption. He sees the splendour of Heaven grow dim as St. Peter speaks of the sins of those who had in Dante's day disgraced his seat. He hears the failings of the Church bitterly

lamented, and sees in the light of Heaven's fulness the weaknesses and shortcomings of earthly systems. Higher and higher as he soars, the more intense becomes the celestial brilliancy of Beatrice. Never in Paradise does he look on her as his earthly love: there she is entirely the lady of his mind, the source to him of heavenly enlightenment, till as he reaches the highest sphere she parts from his side to take her place in the adoring band which encircles God's abode. So all that is personal has passed away, and all is absorbed in the eternal Source of Love, with the faint vision of which the poem ends.

Thus Dante begins from himself, and his own life and character and place in the turmoil and conflict of the world. He passes through the realms of sin, and learns its extreme bitterness by the examples of those whom he had known on earth, or those whose sins had left their mark deeply imprinted on the minds of his age. He purges himself in the realm of purification, among those whom he had loved and reverenced on earth, and those whose characters had appealed to the interest and admiration of his time. He learns in Paradise, among the wise and holy of all times, to know and understand God's purposes even as they are; and the sole remnant of his earthly self is his youthful love, the source to his mind of all its pure and lofty impulses, whose touch had first revealed to him the divine side of life, and whose spiritual influence had led him to develop his soul's strength. In this way the teaching of his work becomes more abstract: the individual Dante fades away, and becomes the symbol of man's life and thought.

Thus the *Divina Commedia* is one mighty symbol, and each separate part of it is full of symbolism of its own ; but if the general meaning be apprehended, the meaning of the separate parts may be readily adapted to it. Dante's age was one of noble symbolism, as may be seen at once in the church of St. Francis at Assisi, or in the façade of the cathedral at Orvieto. It is impossible not to feel in Italy how entirely the religious symbolism of the next age was derived from Dante ; how Giotto and his school, how Giovanni Pisano, and through him the long line of Tuscan sculptors, owed almost all their didactic impulse to the master mind of Dante, and to the clear cut forms of which the *Divina Commedia* is full. On one point Dante's symbolism was curiously affected by his political beliefs and his historic feeling. He knew that his nation was half ancient after all, that Italy had her roots deep in the past, and that the glorious heritage of the old Roman world in some sense lingered round her still. He was severely a Christian, and knew no salvation for the pagan, nor any higher fate for their noblest souls than painless repose, where

> Rarely they spoke, with softly sounding voices.[1]

Still he felt that the new religion grew up under the shadow of the old Empire—as in many pictures of the Nativity the manger is built under the shadow of an old ruined temple, or, it may be, the Holy Child is laid to rest by some votive altar, or some memorial of Rome's conquering power. Hence to Dante a sanctity still hung round the ancient heroes of the great city,

[1] *Inf.*, iv., 114.

who so long had ruled the world and still claimed to give to Christendom its temporal and spiritual heads. He quotes the great men of Rome, as examples of virtue, side by side with saints of the Old or New Testament; the indolent are warned against their besetting sin by the example of Mary, who rose in haste and went to the mountains to visit Elizabeth, and of Cæsar, who, on his way to Spain to besiege Ilerda, made an attack upon Marseilles, and then hurried onwards. This is characteristic, it may be said, of Dante's Ghibelline politics; he wished to take the side of the Empire and maintain its equal sanctity with the Papacy; but it is characteristic, at the same time, of the real breadth of Dante's views, which did not fear to read the entire past in the light of his own knowledge.

Dante's wonderful variety of interests, keenness of observation, depth of knowledge, great breadth of view, and real insight into human character might be illustrated by many examples of many different kinds. He draws a simile from the way in which the beaver stands with his tail in the water to attract the fish (*Inf.*, xvii.), from frogs standing with their nose only out of the water (*Inf.*, xxii.), from the apparent increase of water's speed as it approaches the mill-wheel (*Inf.*, xxiii.). Nothing could excel the clear knowledge of country life in the following:—

> When the hoar frost upon the earth pourtrays
> The image of her sister fair and white,
> Tho' brief time lasts the temper of her pen;
> Then the poor peasant, who has scanty store,
> Rises and looks, and sees the country side
> All whitened o'er,—whereat he smites his thigh,

Returns to house, and here and there laments,
Like a poor wretch who knows not what to do.
Soon he returns, and plucks up hope again,
Seeing the world has wholly changed her face
In little time, and takes his vine-wood staff,
And forth his little flock to pasture drives.[1]

Contrast it with the following for its knowledge of another phase of life :—

When players part them from a game of dice,
The loser sorrowfully stays behind
Going o'er the throws and learning with regret;
But round the winner throngs the company;
One goes before, one plucks him from behind,
One at his side recalls himself to mind.
He walks straight on, now one, now the other hears;
Who once has grasped his hand no longer stays;
So from the thronging he defends himself.[2]

These also are very subtle in their several kinds :—

Like as advances still before the blaze
Over a paper upwards the brown mark,
Which has not yet turned black, though the white dies [3]

And like as one who dreams his own disaster,
Who as he dreams prays it may be a dream,
Wishing 'twere what it is, as though 'twere not so.[4]

The following, again, shows a very fine appreciation, which was rare in Dante's time, of natural beauty :—

The dawn was conquering the morning hour,
Which fled before it, so that from afar
I caught the tremulous quiver of the sea.[5]

In this, again, his observation is still more remarkable :—

[1] *Inf.*, xxiv., 3, etc.
[2] *Purg.*, vi., 1, etc.
[3] *Inf.*, xxv., 64.
[4] *Ibid.*, xxx., 136.
[5] *Purg.*, i., 115.

> Bethink thee, reader, if among the Alps,
> The clouds have shrouded thee, through which thou seest
> No otherwise than through his skin the mole.[1]

The ancients always thought the mole was blind, and only in the nineteenth century have naturalists established that it has rudimentary eyes beneath membranous covering.

Quotations might be multiplied endlessly, but these may suffice to show the wide scope of Dante's knowledge, and the way in which he could bring it all to bear, however incidentally, upon his main purpose.

I might mention many different aspects of Dante's genius, and point out this or that small merit, or defect, which the taste or sentiment of our own age might approve or condemn. But this is eminently not the way in which a poet like Dante can be apprehended. It is true he is full of beautiful passages which are known to all, but it is not in these felicities of expression that his greatness lies. The real cause of the attraction which he has had for six centuries, and still has, for those who read him, lies in the vast comprehensiveness of his intellectual view, combined with the deepest and tenderest human feeling. No poet has exercised so wide an influence; no writer has been so deeply studied, so often commented upon, so closely investigated. A few only in each generation read Dante at all, but those who read him once are certain to recur to him again and again, finding each time new meaning, finding depths of serious teaching which they had entirely overlooked before. No one would venture to say he quite understood

[1] *Purg.*, xvii., 1.

Dante ; no one would boast he had got to the bottom of him. He has satisfied so many different minds, and has inspired so many different lines of thought, that it is useless to try and bind up his meaning within the rigid limits of our own modes of thought and action.

In this lies the secret of Dante's greatness, that he combines the deepest individual passion and intensity with mighty intellectual power and entire obedience to supreme law. His work is entirely individual, yet the system which it sets forth is a universal system. The life of the affections merged with him into the life of thought. He is entirely human, yet he passes with fearless steps beyond the farthest verge of what man's mind may reach. We know him and all his surroundings,—Dante Alighieri, a poor wandering exile, a Florentine who lived 650 years ago, with deep-rooted prejudices and strong loves and hates. But as we follow him page after page, he overcomes us by his immense capacities for feeling and for thought, and we merge his clear individuality in the ideal forms of wisdom and goodness. The *Divina Commedia* was the first sign to modern times of the completely enfranchised spirit ; it still remains the grandest memorial of its power. Dante still shows us, as no other writer does, how he took the fruit of knowledge for his food, how he lived through life and overcame it, till his spirit moved in the realm of moral freedom which, in no figure of speech but in very earnest, is the earthly paradise to every toiling man—paradise, at whose entrance Virgil, so long his guide, parted from Dante—since the mere earthly reason had

no longer place—and, parting, said to him these words of wondrous import :—

> Expect no more my speech nor my direction,
> Free, upright, healthy henceforth is thy will,
> And 'twould be wrong to act not at its bidding:
> So o'er thyself I give thee crown and mitre.[1]

[1] *Purg.*, xxvii., 139.

ÆNEAS SYLVIUS PICCOLOMINI, POPE PIUS II.

PART I.

ONCE, and once only, in its history has the Papacy been identified with the general course of European literature and culture, and the experience of that epoch certainly does not encourage it to repeat the experiment. The Renaissance came so suddenly, and came from so many sides at once, that the Papacy in its enfeebled condition at the time had no opportunity for really examining it, whilst it had lost its firm hold upon its old traditions, and found itself committed to the new movement before it had weighed the consequences or really determined upon its policy. It was no longer the vigorous mediæval power that had crushed the rising movements of the twelfth century, had cowed Abelard, had uprooted the growing literature of Provence, had stopped the political speculations of Arnold of Brescia, and had reasserted its sway over the rebellious intellect of Europe; but the Papacy of the Renaissance was the crippled power that emerged from the French captivity, the long schism, the bonds of the general councils,—emerged an object of general suspicion, degraded even in its own eyes, with no weapons but its own craftiness, with no aim but its own restoration, at all events in Italy, to decent respect,

with no policy except that prevalent in Italy at the time—to promise everything asked, and perform as little as possible.

Under such circumstances the Papacy was not disposed to add to its many enemies the men of the new learning: it stood in too great need of them. The reforming views of the Council of Constance had been supported by men of high reputation and great erudition, such as Gerson and D'Ailly. The Papacy must have similar champions on its side; and it was useless in its hour of need to look for a deeper qualification than a power of writing elegant Latin prose. The rising scholars were only too ready to offer themselves to any one who would appreciate their services: to minds exulting in the glories of antiquity the enthusiasms and aspirations of the day mattered little; culture had made them ambitious, and they longed for a sphere in which they might distinguish themselves. They wanted money, if only to buy books: ought not the world to belong to the wise? But wisdom unfortunately was badly paid by those in power; the Pope was more likely to appreciate it than any one else who had money to expend: and then at the Papal Court they might write letters in the style of Cicero, and histories in the style of Livy, and deliver orations equal to any of the great productions of antiquity on the occasion of every fresh arrival of ambassadors from a foreign prince. Hence came the alliance between the Papacy and the scholars of the Renaissance, by which Poggio, Leonardo Bruni, Guarino, and Francesco Filelfo were all Papal secretaries. Even Laurentius Valla, in spite of his audacious use of

criticism in proving the falsity of the Donation of Constantine, was pardoned after a slight apology; and honest souls like Campano were rewarded for sprightly epigrams and jovial manners by bishoprics which they never visited, and the revenues of which they thought needlessly encumbered by the obligation to wear a long and inconvenient garment and look solemn in public.

The Papacy reaped for a while the advantages of this alliance. Rome, from the time of Nicolas V. to that of Leo X., was the literary and artistic capital of Europe; the Popes recovered their external position, the open antagonism of France and Germany was for a while extinguished, and the Papal revenues flowed in securely; but these advantages were bought at a heavy price. Rome, given up to art and literature, ceased to have much care for religion; and Erasmus was startled to find in Rome that no one was considered to be in the fashion who did not hold some false or erroneous opinion about the dogmas of the Church, that the Cardinals made oath "by the immortal gods," and proved the souls of men and beasts to be the same. The Papacy, which had so long held fast to the orthodox faith at all hazards, had now fallen victim to a heresy worse than any she had in former times combated—the heresy of the Renaissance. It needed the voice of Luther and the defection of half Christendom to rouse Rome from its refined sensualism, and bring back the old severe rigid system, which won new victories and put forth new strength in the Counter-Reformation.

The most characteristic personage in the history of

the Papacy during the Renaissance period is without doubt Æneas Sylvius Bartolomeus Piccolomini, Pope Pius II. Born in 1405 at Corsignano, a little village near Siena, of an old noble family, which had decayed owing to the democratic movement of mediæval Italy, he made his way in the world solely by his own abilities and tact—a veritable Gil Blas of the Middle Ages, who saw that the world was all before him, and was determined to use it for his own ends. In early life he had little to help him, as he was one of a family of eighteen, and in his youth worked with his own hands in the few fields his father still possessed ; but all his brothers and sisters died except two, and at the age of eighteen Æneas, the only surviving son, left home to study law in Siena. Law, however, was distasteful to him, and his ambition soared higher than an advocate's gown : he preferred general literature, and was an unceasing student of the classics—nay, he even managed to scrape together money to go for a little while to Florence and attend the lectures of Francesco Filelfo. He obtained a reputation in Siena by writing Latin love poems, and by other small literary efforts, and so when he had reached the age of twenty-six he was recommended as a clever young man, well fitted to fill the post of secretary to Domenico da Capranica, who was passing through Siena on his way to Basle, where the Council had just begun to sit. Capranica had a complaint against the new Pope, Eugenius IV., who had refused to confirm him in a cardinalate conferred by his predecessor.

Æneas was delighted to leave Siena and plunge into the great world of politics ; and his first experi-

ences at Basle showed his penetrating mind the path to success. He found the Council full of needy adventurers and place-hunters, men of culture like himself, who hoped in these troubled times to turn their wits to good purpose, and reap advantages which quiet days would never have put within their reach. There were undoubtedly many worthy and high-minded men who were the chief movers of the Council, but still the efforts for reform rested upon no sure foundation, since the whole movement was little more than a rising of the ecclesiastical aristocracy against the Papal monarchy, stimulated by the ordinary aristocratic desire to share the monarch's plunder. Hence, in spite of the efforts of many honourable men, the question at issue between the Pope and the Council soon became a struggle who should get the larger share in a general scramble for Church patronage.

Æneas soon learned to estimate the Council at its true value, and also had opportunities of studying the condition of Europe generally. Between the years 1432-35 he was in the service of various masters, with whom he visited almost every country in Europe—saw the weakness of Germany by attending a Diet at Frankfort, learned the exhaustion of France after its English wars, and admired the power of Burgundy and the wealth of Flanders; saw the barbarism of Scotland; travelled in disguise from Newcastle to London in the company of a justice in eyre, who little knew to whom he was revealing his views on English politics and his complaints against the feeble Henry VI.; in Italy also he learned the policy of Filippo Maria Visconti of Milan, and saw the immense

influence of Niccolo Piccinino, the great leader of condottieri. So in 1436 he came back to Basle an expert in intrigue, and with a reputation which was sure to be of service.

Æneas himself gives an instance of the Council's zeal for reform. He had managed to insinuate himself into the good graces of the Archbishop of Milan, who showed his appreciation of his elegant Latinity by conferring on him, though still a layman, a cannory in the church of San Ambrogio at Milan. For this irregular appointment the dispensation of the Council was necessary: true, the Council professed to be engaged in putting down such irregularities, and attacked nothing more fiercely than Papal dispensations; but Æneas was a worthy man who had done good service to the Council—it was hard to refuse one who had such good capacities for business, so pleasant a manner, such ready tact, such a happy way of glozing over difficulties and settling disputes; finally, the charming modesty and graceful deference of his speech quite decided the matter: "I ask nothing which may be contrary to your honour: I would prefer your favour, Fathers, without possession of the canonry, to a capitular election with full possession". What wonder that a universal murmur of applause followed this delightful compliment, and Æneas's adversaries were not even allowed to speak?

This was Æneas's first taste of ecclesiastical preferments: as yet he had no intention of taking orders. He lived in a small circle of humanists, and we know from his letters to his friends that his life at this time was one of the grossest sensuality. It was in fact the

utter and unrestrained character of his indulgences, unredeemed by any noble feeling,[1] that saved him from the fatal crime of marriage, by which so many of the early humanists, before they clearly saw their way in life, were unfortunate enough to cut themselves off from the golden road of clerical preferment. Principles, Æneas had none: his Basle speeches are eloquent, suave, and empty. When the breach between the Pope and Council openly broke out, and they excommunicated one another, Æneas, bound by his canonry to the Council, composed tractates, pronounced scathing invectives, and wrote scurrilous libels against the Pope; although, as he says in his first letter of retractation, "I was like a young bird that had escaped from the University of Siena, and knew nothing either of the manners of the Curia or the life of Eugenius". He was a literary adventurer, ready to turn his pen to the best account.

In this respect he was merely a representative of the general character of the early Renaissance, which was a reaction against scholasticism, against the monkery and bigotry of the Middle Ages. It was of little consequence what side was taken, what principles supported—all were equally unimportant to the man of culture—he must only be careful to act in a becoming way in public, and express himself in good Latin. It is very characteristic that Æneas, after he became Pope, still made no effort to stop the publication of the more immoral of his youthful letters, or of his novel *Lucretia and Euryalus;* the entire series was

[1] "Plures vidi amavique fœminas quarum exinde potitus magnum suscepi tædium."

revised by him in his later days, and all were allowed to descend to posterity together. Pope Pius, it is true, wrote a letter of penitence, to be published with the rest. He wrote them, he says, when he was young in years and in mind—(yet *Lucretia and Euryalus* was written when he was forty)—they contain moral and edifying doctrines, to those who will use them aright. "What we wrote in our youth about love, avoid it, O men, despise it. Follow what we now say, and believe the old man more than the youth. Regard not the layman higher than the priest. Reject Æneas; receive Pius" ("*Æneam rejicite; Pium suscipite*"). Really, these letters were among the most popular that Æneas wrote, and he was proud of them; his literary fame required their circulation: as humanist he could justify them by many excellent parallels from antiquity; as Pope he made a decent apology for them.

Æneas was prepared to turn his hand to anything: he wrote love-verses; he delivered speeches; he was even appointed by the Archbishop of Milan to preach a sermon in honour of St. Ambrose. The theologians were indignant at this preference of a layman, but the majority of the Council preferred the more sparkling style and lively manner of Æneas, and listened, he tells us, "with wondrous attention". He wrote a history of the Council of Basle in the style of Cæsar's *Commentaries*, and dialogues in defence of its principles after the style of Cicero's *Tusculans*. If it were possible to satisfy everybody, Æneas would try and do so.

By this means he obtained a secure position at Basle, and held many offices in the Council; but Basle day

by day became a less important place, and a less satisfactory field for a man of ability who wished to succeed. The Council had sat so long and done so little that it began to lose prestige. In 1438 France withdrew, and settled its own Church Reform by the Pragmatic Sanction of Bourges, while Germany at the same time proclaimed itself neutral between Pope and Council. The assembled Fathers of Basle ventured, when it was now too late, upon a decisive step: they brought their conflict with Eugenius to an issue by deposing him, and elected in his stead Amadeus, the retired Duke of Savoy, in the hope that his name and political influence would win back to the Council the allegiance of the princes of Europe. But they were doomed to disappointment, for Felix V. was too unused to ecclesiastical matters to act the Pope to the satisfaction of those around him, and was too skilled in the ways of the world to spend his money without a due return. The place-hunters of Basle found that they would have to maintain their Pope instead of receiving from him; he refused to rob his children of their inheritance, and the various national Churches showed no disposition to give him so much recognition as to confer a right over their revenues. Under these sad circumstances the Council began to thin daily. Æneas, though he was made Pope Felix's secretary, thought he had better move elsewhere; and, accordingly, while on an embassy to Frederic of Germany, he contrived to produce a favourable impression on the Bishop of Chiemsee, by whom Frederic was induced to confer upon him the honour of crowning him Poet with his own hand. It was an odd distinction, and

would be little understood by the Germans. Frederic himself cared little about poetry, and Æneas certainly was not a poet; but it pleased his vanity to think that his talents were now appreciated, and he transferred himself from the service of Felix to that of Frederic, as clerk in the Imperial Chancery. He is not ashamed to account for his conduct later: "When all were leaving Felix and refusing to recognise his Papacy, I betook myself to the Emperor Frederic; for I did not wish to change directly from one side to the other". Æneas wished to get a good position in Germany, and use it as a vantage-ground from which to reconcile himself decently with the Papacy, and even gain its gratitude. So at the age of thirty-seven Æneas left Basle, and went into Germany as a prophet of culture. At first he was bitterly disappointed. He writes soon after his arrival, in utter despair, to a friend: "Here must I live and die, without relations, without friends, without acquaintances, without any conversation with you and my other friends. Would that I had never seen Basle, for then I should have died in my own land, and laid my head on my parent's bosom. Now I may say I am as good as dead, for my life does not differ from Ovid's when he lived in banishment in the land of Tomi." The Emperor took no notice of him; he was merely a clerk in the Chancery; he was disgusted with the German manners of his fellow-clerks, and they were disgusted by his morals; even his talents were not appreciated, for he wrote a comedy in the style of Terence, which only increased their contempt for his moral character. But Æneas was supported in his trials. "Many things there are which

compel us to persevere, but nothing more powerfully than ambition, which, rivalling charity, truly beareth all things, however grievous, that it may attain to the honours of this world and the praise of men. If we were humble and laboured to gain our own souls rather than hunt after vain-glory, few of us indeed would endure such annoyances." Under the influence of these feelings Æneas wrote his most popular treatise, *On the Miseries of Courtiers*, in which he details with querulous humour all the grievances of his position, from the ingratitude of the prince to the sordor of the table-cloths and the hardness of the black bread. But hardest to bear of all is the contempt shown towards literature: "In the courts of princes literary knowledge is held a crime; and great is the grief of men of letters when they find themselves universally despised, and see the most important matters managed, not to say mismanaged, by blockheads who cannot tell the numbers of their fingers and toes".

But presently things looked more bright to him, for he gained the favour of Gaspar Schlick, the Chancellor, a man who had risen by his own talents, and who was opposed to the aristocratic party at court. Schlick knew the value of the keen-eyed Italian in watching court intrigues and letting him know about them; and there are many letters from Æneas to Schlick which show how acutely he could serve his patron. And so, through Schlick's favour, Æneas became better known at the court, and his talents consequently were more appreciated. The young Sigismund, Duke of Austria, a boy of seventeen, under Frederic's guardianship, asks Æneas to

write him a Latin love-letter, which he does with an appropriate address on the uses of love and literature and the connexion between the two. Now, too, he wrote his very questionable novel of *Lucretia and Euryalus*. His private life seems still to have been one of unprincipled self-gratification.

But meanwhile, in his ecclesiastical opinions, Æneas is slowly feeling his way round to that side which he sees will ultimately prevail; at present he wishes to follow his masters and be neutral. His letters consequently utter sentiments favourable to Eugenius or to the Council, or expressive of entire indifference, as he may think most convenient; but his purpose is fixed to make the best of his position and take no false step. "The whole of Christendom," he writes to a friend, "favours Eugenius. Germany only is divided, though I could wish to see her united, and so adapt myself to her; for I regard this nation as very important, since it is not influenced by fear, but by its own caprice or judgment. To whichever side the King and the Electors incline, thither will my little soul follow them; for I may not trust myself more than others." He professes in another letter the most fervent intention of following his master: "You know that I serve a neutral prince, who, holding the middle course, strives after reconciliation. It is not right for servants to wish other than their master's will. I will win the king's favour; I will obey the king, will follow him where he will; I will oppose him in nothing; I will meddle with nothing that does not concern me. I am a foreigner; my purpose is to act the part of Gnatho; what they say, I say; what they deny, I

deny. If they act wisely, they shall enjoy the praise; if foolishly, they shall bear the disgrace. I envy no man's glory, and wish to grieve over no man's infamy."

But Æneas soon had reasons for taking a keener interest in Church affairs. His patron Schlick wished to get the bishopric of Frising for his brother, but the canons elected another. Schlick, however, did not despair; the bishopric might be obtained from others than the canons, and so he turned his attention to Pope Eugenius in the hope of securing what he wanted by his means. It entirely suited Æneas's plans to follow his master in this; by securing the recognition of Eugenius in Germany, he would obtain a strong hold upon the gratitude of Rome, and Rome was the only patron from whom a man of ability could gain substantial rewards. Æneas was now past middle age: he had laboured hard and won very little; for a small canonry at Aspach in the Tyrol was all he had to eke out his scanty salary as secretary. Politics, he now clearly saw, would never lead him to distinction or riches in Germany; the Church alone could give him wealth; the Pope only could restore him to his native Italy, and confer upon him that position which he deserved. To take orders, be reconciled to the Pope, and, if possible, command his gratitude, were now the objects of Æneas's policy.

The first of these was tolerably easy, as the conscientious objections which Æneas had felt in his early days had now disappeared. The fire of youth had burnt out, and his hair was now turning grey. The worship of Bacchus, he wrote to a friend, pleased him

more than that of Venus; he had become practically convinced of the ill effects of his former follies, and wrote letters of sound moral advice to his friends. There was nothing in his religious opinions to hinder him from becoming a good servant of the Church. He had always had strong religious feelings: while a boy at Siena he had been so deeply moved by the preaching of Father Bernardino as to wish to become a monk, and in Scotland he had shown his thankfulness for an escape from shipwreck by making a painful pilgrimage of ten miles barefoot to a shrine of the Virgin. Nor had he any temptation to be free-thinking in his opinions: but he regarded religious opinions and religious observances as the especial province of the priesthood, and thought that others need not be troubled with them. At the end of his dialogues on the Basle Council he gives his opinion that men of letters ought not to be disturbed by the sound of so many church-bells, and ought to be reckoned good Christians without being required to take so many hours from their studies for religious services. Æneas was never accused of unorthodoxy: he had reformed his morals, and so at the age of forty he felt he could conscientiously take orders. "I have a piece of news for you," he writes, "that will surprise you. I am now a subdeacon—a thing I once used to shudder at. But the light-mindedness that grows amongst laymen has now left me, and there is nothing I love so much as the priesthood."

Æneas next entered upon the career on which his political fame is founded, and became the means of bringing back to the Papacy the still neutral German

Church. He was a bold man to undertake an embassy to Pope Eugenius, whom he had covered with every kind of infamy, and against whom he had brought to bear every kind of argument three years before. When he reached Siena, his relatives besought him not to venture into Rome. Æneas answered with dignity that the Emperor's ambassador need have no fear; he knew, however, that he had a more effectual title to the Pope's consideration. After being privately assured of his acceptance, he made in public a decent apology to Eugenius: he had gone astray, but who had not? He had acted for the glory of God and of the Church, and now mature reflection had brought change of mind. Eugenius assured him of forgiveness, and the secret negotiations were commenced.

The task which Æneas had undertaken was a hard one, and the bargain which he negotiated was most scandalous: partly for ready money, partly for rights to spoil the German Church, Frederic sold the German obedience. Still it was a hard matter to win over the independent and strongly national feeling of the Electors, who despised Frederic's feebleness and were repelled by the monastic sternness of Eugenius. Æneas, however, succeeded: he cajoled the king; he bribed the Archbishop of Mainz; and on the night before the final vote of the Diet he ventured to alter with his own hand the Pope's instructions to his Legates, so as to make them just endurable to the Electors' ears. By this means he secured a majority for the Pope, and hurried at once to Rome to have the matter formally settled.

The Pope was ill in bed, and wished before he died

to see this lingering quarrel brought to an end. Against the wish of the Cardinals he signed the Provisions a few days before his death, and almost the last act of his eventful pontificate was to confer on Æneas the bishopric of Trieste. Æneas had well earned his reward, and had gained what was of equal importance to him, a claim to the remembrance of posterity. He had given the last blow to the Basle Council, to the anti-pope Felix, to the rebellion of Germany against the Papacy: he had not lived in vain. But Æneas, like all great men, was not at once appreciated. The successor of Eugenius, Tommaso Parentucelli, Pope Nicolas V., was a high-minded and honourable man, entirely devoted to study; of an excitable temperament, which, under the burden of the Papacy, led him into excess in wine; choleric even to his friends, self-willed, with a contempt for the intrigues of the Curia, and a desire to make the Papacy the centre of European learning. To a man of such aims and of such a character Æneas, whom he had well known in his youthful days, must have seemed the most contemptible of men; and though Nicolas was compelled to use his services, he never trusted him. Æneas was sent back to Germany, where he had leisure to write letters of recantation and apology for his former life and opinions; and was obliged, sorely against his will, to apply himself again to German politics.

His talents were there principally employed in arranging Frederic's marriage, and preparing for his journey to Rome to receive the Imperial Crown. His account of the proceedings in which he took part gives

us a strange picture of the feebleness of Frederic and the suspicions of the Italians. Æneas went to Siena to await there the coming of Leonora of Portugal, Frederic's betrothed bride: the people of Siena were afraid of the presence of their influential countryman; they feared that he would plot some revolution in their Republic; and Æneas found it prudent to retire to the port of Talamone, where he spent sixty days in tedious expectation. Frederic met his bride in Siena, the citizens of which, in spite of their former fears, testified their loyalty in a painfully modern way. "They erected afterwards a marble column as a perpetual memorial to posterity, that the Emperor who came from the East, and the Empress who came from the West, there first encountered one another." But Æneas had not only to make loyal speeches; he had also to exert himself to keep the Pope from being at the last moment terrified at the thought of the possible consequence of receiving so powerful a guest in his rebellious city. Nicolas tried to put off the coronation, but Æneas stoutly resisted; he wrote that he marvelled at this sudden change of the Apostolic mind: that it was not honourable for the Pope to withdraw from his promise. Nicolas was comforted by his guarantee of Frederic's good behaviour, and the ceremony passed off without any disturbance. Æneas appeared on that occasion as the Emperor's chief adviser, and rumour began to destine him to the Cardinalate.

But soon a new and grander interest was opened to Æneas, one to which his fame is permanently attached. The news of the danger of Constantinople from the Turks (1453) caused a sensation throughout Europe.

Frederic was glad to be brought into prominence as the head of Christendom: he was contemptible enough as the head of Germany. The Pope, though he felt he was really powerless, was glad to have a chance of having grants made by the faithful, and "Turk taxes" imposed, which he could well spend in rebuilding Rome and enriching the Vatican Library which he had just founded. But the humanists, above all others, took up the cause with avidity, partly from real sympathy with the Greeks, many of whom they knew, some of them had even visited Constantinople; but very greatly from the fact that here was an opportunity opened to them for eloquent appeals and fierce invective: they had a great capacity for writing, and hailed with delight any subject that admitted of classical treatment. The Turk literature, begun by Poggio, and continued by Filelfo and Æneas, with a crowd of imitators, makes by itself almost a library. Æneas breaks forth at once into a wail: "What shall I say about the innumerable books at Constantinople not yet known to the Latins? Alas! how many names of famous men will perish! It will be a second death to Homer: a second dissolution to Plato. Where now shall we look for great philosophers or poets? The fountain of the Muses is choked up." But the impression on Æneas's mind was not a mere passing one: the idea of delivering Europe from the Turks took hold upon him, and became a real part of his object in life. At first he furbished up his eloquence, and delivered polished Latin speeches at German Diets, to incite them to support the Emperor in the crusade; but the Germans were not so satisfied either with Emperor or

Pope as to hand themselves over unconditionally to their guidance. They raised inconvenient questions about reform both in Church and State, which it required all Æneas's ingenuity to ward off. Luckily the Diet was brought to an end by the Pope's death, as it was thought the questions might be better raised with the new Pope. Alfonso Borja, Pope Calixtus III., an old, bedridden man of the age of seventy-seven, had all the fire and violence of his native land: as a Spaniard he hated the Moslem, and a crusade was the main object of his pontificate. Æneas tricked the discontented Electors of Germany by selling to the new Pope, in the Emperor's name, the German obedience, at the price of his own cardinalate. The wily Italian was, indeed, too clever for the clumsy Germans. This is the third time that he has led the feeble Frederic as he thought fit, and has sacrificed the interests of the German Church, which he was sent to represent, to the requirements of his own ambition. Æneas, however, did not at once gain his reward, as the Pope had so many nephews and Spanish grandees to provide for. It was not till December, 1456, that Æneas with delight left the uncongenial atmosphere of Germany, where for twelve years he had felt himself a stranger and a sojourner, and with decent expressions of his own unworthiness, hastened to Rome, "the Cardinal's only country," as he called it.

At Rome, however, he soon found that a poor Cardinal, who was not of royal or papal blood, had no chance of taking up an independent position. Æneas strove desperately to make the most of his connexion with Germany, and attain to political im-

portance at the Papal Court. But German affairs had now ceased to be of consequence; the Pope cared little for general politics, and was devoted solely to two objects—a crusade, and provision for his nephews. The restored Papacy had lost all its mediæval grandeur and its old traditions; its policy was directed by the personal interests or caprices of the individual Popes, who were more bent on advancing their relatives than promoting the interests of Christendom. So one Pope undid the work of another. Calixtus tore the splendid bindings from the books which Nicolas had collected, and sold them for the purposes of a crusade: and the old friends and advisers of Nicolas had no weight with Calixtus, who was entirely under the influence of his nephews: so that the Borjas ruled in Rome, and the Cardinals who could not submit to them must seek refuge elsewhere. Æneas accepted this position, and entered at once into close intimacy with Cardinal Rodrigo Borja, afterwards infamous as Pope Alexander VI. When he was away from Rome, Æneas watched over his interests, and tried his best to share equally all vacant benefices between himself and his friend. It is quite touching to read of the sad disappointments they sometimes met with. "As regards benefices," writes Æneas, "*I* will take care both for you and me. But we have been deceived by false reports. He who we heard had died in Nürnberg was here the other day and dined with me. So, too, the Bishop of Toul, who was said to have died at Neustadt in Austria, has returned in good health. But still I will keep my eyes open if any benefice shall fall vacant."

That Æneas was a poor man was certainly not his

own fault in the first instance, and was one which he strove his best to amend. He procured from the Pope a monstrous grant of a general reservation of benefices to the value of 2,000 ducats in Germany, and his letters show the greatest eagerness to fill up the amount as soon as possible. But Æneas did not trust to the slow means of wealth to gain importance at Rome. He had learned the art of winning over men ; had learned from the necessities of his early years how injudicious it was to make an enemy, how easy it was to make himself agreeable. So among all the different parties, and all the personal animosities of the Roman Court, Æneas managed to move with graceful sweetness, never took up the enmities of a party with which he might ally himself, and refused to give offence to any one ; he corresponds even with the absent Cardinals in a tone of good-natured friendliness.

And for this Æneas was recompensed ; for on the death of Calixtus (1458) it became obvious to the Italians that the only candidate who was sufficiently unobjectionable to have any chance against Estouteville, Cardinal of Rouen, who had the French influence and his own great wealth in his favour, was Piccolomini, Cardinal of Siena. There were eighteen Cardinals present at the conclave : two-thirds of the votes were necessary for an election. On the second scrutiny it was found Æneas had nine votes, Estouteville only six. The assembled Cardinals proceeded then to try the method of vote "by accession," as it was called. "They sat all in their places, silent and pale, as though they had been rapt by the Holy Ghost. No one for some time spoke or opened his mouth ; no one moved

any member of his body except his eyes, which he cast on various sides. Wondrous was the silence, wondrous the appearance of the men; no voice was heard, no motion seen." Then Rodrigo Borja, who had not yet voted, rose and said, "I accede to the Cardinal of Siena". Then another Cardinal did likewise; one vote only was wanted, and that not long. Cardinal Colonna rose, "I too accede to the Sienese, and make him Pope". The Cardinals with one impulse threw themselves at Æneas's feet: he was clad in the white papal robe, and asked by what name he would be called. "Pius," he answered at once, with Virgilian reminiscence. *Sum Pius Æneas fama super æthera notus.* Again the Cardinals adored him before the altar; then the election was announced to the people from a window. The people, according to the old custom, ran and pillaged the house of the late Cardinal: all Pius's books and works of art were lost to him: but he had one source of wicked satisfaction —the Cardinal of Genoa suffered equally, for many in the crowd confounded the cry "*Il Senese*" with "*Il Genovese*," and both were pillaged to make sure.

Thus Æneas had gained the highest position in Europe solely by his own talents and endeavours. By steady perseverance he had climbed the ladder of preferment; he had always shouted with the majority, had never spoken publicly on the unpopular side, had never made an enemy where he could avoid it, had managed that his own interest should coincide with that of his patron, had had a soul above mere vulgar consistency, had always been prominent, yet never too pronounced, except at Basle, when his blood was

young, and then he had promptly repaired the error and avoided it for the future. And for all this self-denial he had his reward when the Cardinals whom he had cajoled kissed his feet, their hearts bursting with envy, and hailed him Successor of the Apostle. Nor had Æneas gained his position without long and severe toil: "For five-and-twenty years," he said to the Cardinal of Pavia in language modelled after St. Paul, "I have wetted with my sweat almost the whole Christian world; tossed by tempests, bitten by frosts, scorched by the summer-heats, plundered by brigands, cast into prisons, led twenty times to the gates of death". In truth, without any need of hyperboles, few men have combined the labours of practical politics with assiduous study and constant literary production to so great a degree as did Æneas. He had always been a diligent student; at Basle, in his days of youthful frivolity, the boon companion who shared his room used to rail from his bed at Æneas, who pored over some classic; and the habits which he formed early were never lost. It is astonishing to see how many varied interests he retained amid all the bustle of his scheming life; his mind was always active and keen, and it was natural to him to give a literary expression to every thought that occurred to him, and every piece of knowledge that he gained. Even the Basle edition of 1571, which contains his works in nearly eleven hundred folio pages, does not contain nearly all he wrote; many additions have been published separately, many of his productions are yet in manuscript, and much that he wrote has been entirely lost. Of his poems we have very few left, and they are

insignificant; of his carefully prepared speeches we only have a few, yet they fill three volumes quarto. Of his letters we have more than five hundred; besides this, he wrote pamphlets on theology, philosophy, and even natural history; for there exists in manuscript a treatise of his *About the Nature of the Horse.* His mind was perfectly encyclopædic; he seems to have had a perfect passion for seeing everything and writing about it; he had very little choice of subject, but turned his clear and polished intellect to anything which the varied fortunes of his life from time to time brought before him: hence it comes that his fame is chiefly that of a letter-writer and historian, for he lived through so many important events, and has described them so fully, that his writings are a most valuable contribution to an understanding of the age in which he lived. At Basle he wrote a history of the Council; in Germany he wrote a history of Frederic III.; when sent on an embassy to Bohemia he wrote a history of that country: but what impresses us most with his keenness and justness of observation is his interest in geography, and the ease with which he connects geography and history together. He describes the position and the objects of interest in every town he has visited: he never sees a ruin but he acquaints himself with its history, and so round this desire to keep his eyes open his knowledge grew. His literary style is a transcript of his mental qualities: it is not a struggle after polished Latinity, like that of many of his contemporaries; it often falls into barbarisms, but it is always easy, flowing, and clear. Æneas, whose vanity did not overpower his criticism on his own

works, says of himself: "My style of writing is unpolished and bald, but it is frank, and without trappings. I never write with labour, because I do not stretch after things which are too high for me, and which I do not know, but what I have learned I write."

There is no one whose life, regarded as a combination of literature and politics, exhibits more forcibly the simple mental freshness and overpowering thirst for knowledge which is the chief characteristic of the scholars of the age. With childlike eagerness and curiosity Æneas went forth to investigate the world; he took it just as he found it, and described it without a tinge of pedantry. He looked back with only slight remorse upon his early failures and mistakes, for he had always made the best of things as he found them, and he had always learned wisdom from every fresh experience.

The Papacy at least might claim the praise of adapting itself to the time. When Francesco Sforza ruled at Milan, and Cosmo de Medici was moulding Florence; when Alfonso of Aragon had established his learned court at Naples, and France was preparing for the rule of Louis XI., where could the Papacy find a happier mixture of culture and policy, of the wiliness of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove, than in Æneas Sylvius, Cardinal of Siena?

PART II.

In spite of the tortuous nature of his political actions and the blots upon his private character, Æneas was not really a vicious man. It is true that, while he

was struggling upwards, he felt it impossible to avoid many false situations in public matters, and he was determined that no false shame should prevent him in his endeavours after success. In private life he made no profession of being better than his neighbours. "Continence might suit a philosopher," he exclaimed, "but was unfit for a poet;" but his conscience had hindered him from taking Orders till advancing years had cooled his passions, and this was in those days a rare concession to morality. The culture which Æneas had gained from his studies gave him a delicacy of mind and sensitiveness of perception, which saved him from coarse and open offences against current social decorum. He had done many things which probably he wished he had been spared the necessity of doing; but poverty sharpened his wits till they regarded strict honesty as clumsy blundering, and his ambition, which had all its own work to do, neglected, in the pressure of business, the sharp distinctions to which more grovelling minds have time to attend. His letters show a delightful *naïveté* in stating his real position and disclosing his intentions. These letters he deliberately allowed to come down to posterity, and in this he certainly is a strong instance of the great power of candour. Every man, however much he had to conceal, however much he might shrink before judgment, would still stand out better in the eyes of posterity if they could see his real motives than if they were only left to guess at them. As we read Æneas's letters we may laugh sometimes at his vanity, or feel indignant at his effrontery, or despise his self-seeking, while we admire his cleverness; but, as we read on,

we tend to feel a greater liking for him personally. How many men who have been so successful would dare leave behind them so clear a record of their doings? How many politicians (and it is as a politician that Æneas must be judged) would care that all the correspondence should descend to posterity, in which they hunted for places, or violently upheld opinions which they afterwards renounced? Yet in the case of Æneas these are the materials we possess,—materials which he took no pains to suppress or garble.

Moreover, Æneas lived in an age of tortuous policy and wonderful success. He himself was present at the siege of Milan, when the condottier-general, Francesco Sforza, suddenly turned his arms against the Commonwealth, whose hireling he was, and, after subjecting the people to all the horrors of a protracted siege, still managed so well that he was finally hailed by their acclamations Duke of Milan, and ruled them securely till his death. It was a time in which the policy of which Macchiavelli is the passive analyst was unconsciously developing. In Æneas we see this policy in its most insinuating, most graceful, most spontaneous form. He disarmed opposition by kindliness and suavity, by perfect inoffensiveness of character, just as surely as did Cæsar Borja by the assassin's dagger and the poisoned cup. Æneas and Cæsar Borja equally had success as their object; but Æneas succeeded by never making a foe, Cæsar Borja hoped to succeed by never leaving one alive.

This is the key to the character of Æneas: he represented the cultivated and enfranchised spirit of the Renaissance, as guided by a skilful hand through the

mazes of politics. He began by having a perfectly open mind. The Renaissance had taught him and all its early disciples a contempt for the ideas of the Middle Ages, and an entire want of sympathy with them. Yet this contempt they dared not too openly express, so they revenged themselves by uncontrolled vagaries, in which they either pulled down or propped up parts of the old structure as their fancy or interest led them. So it was with Æneas. The man of culture, he held, must perform with ability and decorum the duties of any office to which he is called; must use as skilfully as he can the advantages, and even disadvantages, of his position. In this there was no hypocrisy, no consciousness of meanness, no particle of dissimulation. His opinions in his youth were floating, because the world lay before him and he wished to keep an open mind, so as to be able to turn his talents to the best account: as life advanced, the vague possibilities which youth had held before his eyes fell away one by one and were abandoned, the future became year by year more limited and more defined; and so, side by side with the actual facts of life, his convictions formed themselves, and his opinions and life fitted themselves into one another with wondrous suppleness. From looseness of life Æneas passed to moral respectability, when the force of temptation ceased; from indifference to religious forms he passed to a priesthood of unimpeachable orthodoxy, when he saw that orthodoxy was going to prevail; from adherence to the liberal and reforming opinions of Basle he passed to a rigid ecclesiastical conservatism, and as Pope anathematised the opinions

which in his youth he had skilfully advocated. He did so because his position had changed ; the same opinions did not befit the young adventurer and the man of secure fame; the conditions that surrounded him were different, how could his opinions or desires remain the same?

In this point of view Æneas was quite consistent: he had succeeded, but that was no reason why he should wish others to succeed. As Cardinal he urged upon the Pope the desirability of settling a disputed election to the bishopric of Regensburg in favour of a nephew of the Duke of Bavaria, although he had only slight claim to a capitular election and was under the canonical age ; his election would be more expedient, and would give greater prestige to the Papacy, whose object must be to ally itself with princes. No sentimental reminiscences of his own early days misled Æneas to lend a hand to a struggling brother. He is even very proud of this exploit, as indeed he was of most things in which he had a hand ; but to this triumph of his principles he calls special attention, and remarks that it "marvellously increased his reputation among the Cardinals".

This capacity for making the best of circumstances, this genuine and perfectly unconscious power of self-adaptation to any condition, was quite natural in that day. The revival of the learning of the ancients disgusted the student with the notions of his own day, while antiquity gave no real ideas to enable him to reconstruct his life under the circumstances in which it had to be spent. The culture of the Renaissance was consequently merely concerned with form, and very little with contents. The facts of life were given

from without; the cultivated mind was not concerned with them; the utmost it could do was to try and make them accord with ancient precedent—to rob them, if possible, of their repulsive, ungraceful, or indecorous aspect. Even in the Council of Basle the pious Cardinal of Arles stirred the assembled Fathers to take courage and depose Eugenius, by quoting the examples of self-devotion given by Curtius, Leonidas, Theramenes, Codrus, and Socrates.

The consideration of this cultivated versatility of disposition, which was the natural result of Æneas's studies and was quickened by his ambition and vanity, is necessary for the consistent understanding of his character. The majority of his biographers wish to draw a distinction between his early life and his pontificate, and are willing to imagine that his zeal for a Crusade was the means of raising him into a nobler sphere of personal unselfishness; some even go so far as to argue, that one who was so admirable as Pope must have been equally admirable in his younger days, and therefore wish to read his early writings in the light of his edifying death, and refer all his slippery actions to a sincere desire for the good of Christendom. To me Æneas Sylvius seems consistent throughout. He is a cultivated man, adapting himself gracefully to his surroundings; his opinions, both moral and religious, develop themselves spontaneously, so as to accord with the position which his talents are winning for him—a position which is day by day rising higher and higher, and so making greater demands upon his better nature, and freeing him more and more from the lower requirements of self-interest.

Æneas, then, when he was made Pope, showed a sincere desire to discharge faithfully and well the duties of that office; to discharge them, moreover, in a becoming way, and, above all things, to earn a title to the remembrance of posterity. His ambition was always saved by his vanity from degenerating into mere selfishness, and the vulgar desire to gain benefits and position for himself was always subordinate to the anxiety to make for himself a name and leave a mark upon his times. The times were, unluckily, such as it was impossible to leave a mark upon. Europe could no longer be regarded as united; it consisted of a number of States struggling to a consciousness of their nationality, and at present confused both in their separate aims and in their mutual relations. It was scarcely possible for a Pope to make any impression on Europe such as Pius found it, but it is always possible to leave a name and found a renown by an appeal to a great idea, even when its time has passed away.

This reason alone, if others had been wanting, would have led a Pope of the ambition of Pius II. to identify himself closely with the idea of a Crusade. It had been talked of by the last three Popes: Calixtus had made it his chief object: it was the only aim for which a Pope could hope to unite Europe, the only cry which had any chance of meeting with universal recognition. The Papacy was an object of suspicion to the national Churches, whose open rebellion had just been with difficulty subdued; in ecclesiastical matters it had no chance of obtaining general hearing, nor could it hope to interfere successfully in the political complications

of Europe. But the fall of Constantinople had given a shock to all; the rapid advance of the Turks might well cause general alarm. Opposition to them from motives of European policy, if not from motives of religion, was the only hope for any undertaking on a large enough scale to afford Pius any chance of distinction. Moreover, his fame was already connected with the Crusade; already his eloquence had been heard in Italy and in Germany calling upon all to join the holy cause; his reputation as an orator rested on this foundation, and happily in this matter his present policy did not require a repudiation of the past.

It is in association with the crusading spirit that Pius is generally judged: he is regarded as the last enthusiast of a noble idea—as one who warred nobly, though unsuccessfully, against the selfishness of his time; and, when he found the contest hopeless, died almost a martyr to his mistaken yet generous zeal. Yet, if we examine the facts of Pius' pontificate, we see no signs of overwhelming haste, no traces of any self-sacrifice in essential points, no abandonment even of small matters of Papal policy, to further the end which he professed to hold supreme. It is true that immediately after his accession Pius announced his intention of holding a Congress at Mantua; but when he tore himself away from Rome, amid the tears of the populace, who regretted the loss of the pecuniary advantages they derived from the presence of the Papal Court, he still made no haste to reach Mantua, but spent eight months on the way, lingering fondly in his native Siena, and adorning his birthplace, Corsignano, which changed its name to Pienza in his

honour. He professed a desire to pacify Italy, that it might aim at nothing but a Crusade, but the extent of his desire may be judged by his views about the reconciliation of Sigismund Malatesta of Rimini and Piccinino: "Not sufficiently understanding whether war or peace between them would conduce more to the welfare of the Church—since it was plain that Piccinino could not rest quiet, and it was probable that, if he were relieved from war with Sigismund, he would turn his arms against the Church—the Pope judged that it was the will of God that peace could not be concluded".

Nor did Pius endeavour to free himself from complications, that he might give himself unreservedly to the great cause he had undertaken. At his accession he found the kingdom of Naples claimed by René of Anjou, in opposition to Ferdinand, an illegitimate son of King Alfonso, who had just died. Calixtus had pronounced against Ferdinand, wishing to hand over Naples to one of the Borjas, his nephews. Pius, partly to avoid difficulties, partly with the Italian antipathy to the French, at once recognised Ferdinand. So far he had acted wisely, and had done nothing inconsistent with his great aim. The claim of Ferdinand was a good one, and the Pope might recognise whom he thought fit. But Pius did much more: he entered into a treaty with Ferdinand, and identified himself and the Papal policy with Ferdinand's party; and this he did from no higher motive than nepotism, from which all the culture which Pius possessed did not succeed in saving him. He wished to get a hold on Ferdinand, and secure a principality in the kingdom

of Naples for Antonio Todeschini, son of his sister Laodamia—a young man in no way remarkable, and who in his early days had caused his uncle trouble, and wrung from him a letter of good advice: "Everything in which you now delight—youth, health, beauty, pleasures—will pass away. Wisdom alone, if once we receive her, accompanies us to our death, and after death makes another life blessed." From the care which Pius now takes of Antonio, we are bound to conclude that he profited by these admonitions. Pius raised troops and money to help Ferdinand and to gain a princedom for Antonio as a dowry of Ferdinand's daughter. No doubt there were motives of Papal and of Italian policy also which made the idea of an Angevin King of Naples distasteful to the Pope; but the leading motive of his strong partisanship of Ferdinand seems to have been this amiable concern for his relations. From the point of view of his crusading projects it was most impolitic, for it alienated France from the Papacy, and gave an additional reason for the refusal to take part in the expedition, or to allow the Pope to collect revenues within the French territories. True, the French had another reason to give; they were at war with England, and could not afford to detach any of their forces. Pius answered that he was making a similar demand from the English, and if both sides sent an equal contingent the decrease of strength would be proportional, and they might continue their war with undiminished forces. Surely this *naïveté* must be ironical.

Similarly, if we look at the other European powers, we see that Pius did not take steps towards their

pacification, and did not behave towards them in a way to encourage them to enter upon a crusade. In Germany he quarrels with the Archbishop Diether of Mainz, because he has not paid the enormous sum of 20,500 ducats, due to the Papal treasury as fees on installation. When Diether tried to evade the payment, the Pope set up a rival, who maintained his claims by force of arms. The dispute widened into civil war, which for four years devastated the Rhine provinces. Equally unhappy was Pius in his dealings with Eastern Germany, where, during the whole of his pontificate, he was engaged in a bitter conflict with Sigismund, Duke of Austria, for whom, as a young man, Æneas had written love-letters and some educational treatises. England, engaged in the Wars of the Roses, Pius regarded as almost beneath his notice. He mentions that Henry VI. had sent some lords of rank and dignity on an embassy to the Congress at Mantua, but they had refused to come, and only two priests appeared before him. Pius adds, with a strange ignorance of English forms, that their credentials bore the subscription of no witnesses—the King was so deserted that he had to witness his letters himself, writing *Teste rege*, and appending the great seal. It seems strange that the Papal Curia did not know the ordinary form of an English state paper. But Pius "despised so poor an embassy from so great a King, and did not admit them to a second audience".

We do not see in the papal eloquence, any more than in the papal policy, any burning enthusiasm for a Crusade. His speech at Mantua is polished and laboured, yet not of the kind to thrill an excited

multitude with wild zeal or fill the air with shouts of *Deos lo volt!* Life, he says, is short after all, and troublesome; death comes from small causes, as we see in the case of the poet Anacreon: let us earn in war against the Turks a glorious immortality, "where the soul, freed from the chain of the body, will not recover, as Plato thought, universal knowledge, but will rather, as Aristotle and our doctors hold, attain it". His speech, however, was much admired; but it was followed by a long address from the Greek Cardinal Bessarion, which showed, as Pius remarked with some complacency, how inferior was Greek eloquence to Latin. The whole Congress at Mantua was a failure: no one except Philip, Duke of Burgundy, who promised to lead 6,000 men, made a genuine offer of aid to the Pope.

The Crusades were looked upon by the European nations in general as means for raising money, which the Papacy spent on its own purposes; and the conduct of Pius in the war of the Neapolitan succession did not tend to allay their suspicions. The war continued for five years, in the course of which the papal revenues were almost entirely exhausted, and Pius did not even hesitate to summon to his aid the brave Scanderbeg, whose presence was so sorely needed in Greece to hinder the northward progress of the Turks. We grieve to find the Albanian hero leading for a few months 800 of his troops to help the Pope in Naples; a useless aid, because the hardy mountaineers were unused to warfare in the open field, and in the luxury of Italy degenerated into a disorderly rabble. Scanderbeg retired without having effected anything; but

his presence in Italy is an instance of the mischief done by the empty talk about Crusades in which Europe at this period indulged. The gallant bands, who were inspired by strong national feeling to resist the Turks, were being deluded by false hopes, and prevented by the promise of a large expedition from carrying out, as sturdily as they would otherwise have done, their own little efforts of resistance and defence.

Europe, in fact, did not believe in a Crusade, although it had an uneasy feeling that a Crusade was both right and wise: the various nations recognised the duty and expedience of it, but deferred the performance till a more convenient season. Pope Pius talked more than any one else, as befitted a Pope, but did not show any greater desire than any other prince to sacrifice his own interests, however trifling, to the great end which he eloquently advocated. In speaking, it is true, he was not sparing of himself—miracles almost were wrought to enable him to harangue more conveniently. On one occasion he spoke for three hours, he says, and was listened to with breathless attention; and 'although he laboured under a very severe cough, yet he was aided during his speech by Divine help, and never coughed at all or showed the least difficulty". Another time, though suffering from the gout, "though languid, overcome by pain, pale, and anxious, he could at first scarcely speak at all—when he warmed with eloquence his pain departed, words rushed to his lips, and he delivered a speech of three hours' length, which was listened to with the greatest attention by all". But this speaking availed little when contrasted with the acts of Pius. He spent his energies and money in

the Neapolitan war, thereby openly quarrelling with France; while in Germany he fomented dissension instead of promoting peace. The glory of his death has thrown these considerations into the background, but they were present to the eyes, and influenced the judgments, of his contemporaries.

Pius was, at the same time, quite in earnest about the Crusade; but not with the earnestness of deep conviction or self-devotion. He wished it might come about under his presidency, but he could not sacrifice his nephew's prospects to a shadowy hope. He had urged the duty on others,—till they showed signs of fulfilling it, he need not sacrifice the interests of the Holy See. So Pius sounded the note for a Crusade, and waited for six years to see what would happen. He had conducted with credit the Mantua congress, and this was some gain meanwhile.

We cannot follow Pius through all the acts of his Pontificate, but all of them were guided by the same care for scrupulous external decorum, and the same dexterous balancing of the claims and advantages of present profit and future renown. The attention which Pius pays to decorum, as befitted a man of culture, is seen in his long description of the festival which he celebrated on the occasion of receiving from Greece the head of the Apostle St. Andrew; he met the sacred relic outside the city and conducted it within the walls, amid a crowd which was edified by his behaviour. "The wondrous order and dignity of the procession of priests riveted the attention of all—chanting with palms in their hands, they advanced through the throng an escort to the Pope, with slow steps and

serious countenance." Tears are shed at the moving discourse of Pius; a Latin hymn in Sapphic stanzas composed by Campanus is sung in honour of the Apostle and the Pope. Then the relic was deposited in the Church of S. Luca, where the Pope also spent the night; the next day it was to be carried to St. Peter's: he tells us his anxiety about the weather, lest the rain should spoil the procession; and when the sun shone out in the morning, then rushed into his grateful mind the lines—

> Nocte pluit tota, redeunt spectacula mane:
> Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet.

He tells us how, to improve the spectacle, he remorselessly ordered that the Cardinals should go on foot. 'It was a great sight, and full of devotion, to see these venerable men walking through the slippery streets, palms in their hands, their grey hairs covered by white mitres, clad in priestly robes, their eyes fixed on the ground in silent prayer; and many, who before could never advance more than a hundred yards without their horses, accomplished, on this day, two miles, and that in the mud and laden with their priestly garments."

Again, on the festival of Corpus Domini, celebrated at Viterbo, the Cardinals vied with one another in the grandeur of their shows, knowing that the Pope was a man of taste, and wishing to please him. One device of the Cardinal of Teano was especially praised: a great square through which the procession was to pass was covered over with blue and white drapery, and adorned with arches wreathed with ivy and flowers,

and with eighteen columns, on which sat eighteen boys dressed like angels, who formed a choir to sing a greeting to the Pope. In the middle of the square was a representation of the Holy Sepulchre with the soldiers asleep around it; as the Pope drew near an angel was let down by a rope through the curtain, saluted the Pope "with heavenly voice and gesture," and sang a hymn announcing the Resurrection. Then a small cannon was fired, the soldiers awoke and rubbed their eyes; the tomb opened, a figure stepped out "carrying in his hand the Banner of the Cross adorned with a diadem, and announcing to the people, in Italian verse, the accomplishment of their salvation". Farther on, in the square before the Cathedral was acted the Assumption of the Virgin; heaven was represented on the house-tops, where the Cardinal of Santi Quattro Coronati had not shrunk from the extremest realism: "God sitting in majesty, and bands of holy angels, and blazing stars, and the joys of the glory above, were wondrously represented". All this, to its minutest details, Pius tells us: he was pleased with a successful appearance in public. Like a man of taste, he wished that everything should be well done, and that a proper decorum should distinguish everything that surrounded him.

Sometimes, indeed, this decorum was sadly interfered with; and Pius was keenly sensitive to its breach. Much as he might wish, in the splendour of the Papacy, to forget his antecedents and behave with that propriety which only the untoward circumstances of his early days had made him ever lay aside, still there were some who were not so ready to forget; especially

one Gregory Heimberg, an honest German, who had no belief in the Italian refinements of Æneas, and who had sturdily upheld the independence of the German Church against Æneas's machinations so long as he could. Gregory could not forgive his old foe, though he had become Pope; he was determined to show him that even a blunt German was not altogether defenceless, but could use his opportunity when it came. Æneas has left us an amusing account of Gregory's rude German manners in Rome, where he had gone on an embassy for the German electors to Eugenius, and Æneas had managed to get in advance of him. "Gregory used to walk after sunset, sweltering in the heat, in a manner disrespectful both to the Romans and his own office—with his boots loose about his heels, his hat in his hand, his breast uncovered, waving his arms, cursing Eugenius and the Romans and the Curia, heaping imprecations on the stifling heat." Æneas had laughed at him then, but practice had taught Gregory something better than mere rage, and he came to Mantua to pay Pope Pius off for the tricks that Æneas had played. As ambassador of Albert of Austria, he made a speech before the assembly. He need not, he said, praise his master, as the renowned Æneas had frequently done so himself,—Æneas, who had so often gone as ambassador, and had gained by his speeches the highest glory; he who was no orator could only do his duty, and that with dry words and harsh speech, without any windy sentences or rhetorical finery. Pius winced, but Gregory went on, speaking no word in praise of the Pope, and quoting Terence, who was not regarded as a proper author for the

Papal ear. Not long after, Gregory, in another speech which he made as Sigismund's ambassador, reminded Pius of his intimacy with Sigismund as a boy, and his kindness in writing love-letters for him, "which your Holiness was good enough to translate from Italian into German". Gregory was remorseless; and Pius was painfully aware that he was being laughed at. It must have given him some satisfaction afterwards to pronounce sentence of excommunication on both Sigismund and Gregory for their resistance to Nicolas of Cusa, bishop of Brixen.

But it was not often that Pius met with such treatment; his affability disarmed hostility, and he delighted, as Pope, to ramble about Italy and enjoy the simple homage of the rustics. He could not stay at Rome and lead an uneventful life surrounded by all the equipments of Papal etiquette; he liked to travel and see new places, and learn the history of the various towns he saw; he liked the country, and he enjoyed change of air; his life had been too adventurous, hitherto, to allow him to sink into an old age of mere ceremonial decorum. So, in spite of the murmurs of the people of Rome, Pius used to wander forth attended by a few Cardinals, with whom he might transact the necessary Papal business, and would enjoy the cool breezes of the hills, or refresh his aching frame by sailing up the Tiber, or would settle at the baths of Viterbo, or draw towards the neighbourhood of his native Siena. He would delight in eating a simple meal by the side of a fountain, or would rest while his servants, with much shouting and bustle, would beat the stream for fish; and great was his satisfaction

when the peasants of the neighbourhood, hearing of his presence, flocked to beg his blessing and bring gifts of fruit and bread; nor did he, when the rude herdsman offered him milk in the wooden bowl well dirtied by continual use, refuse the gift, but drank it with a smile of kindliness, and handed it on to the nearest Cardinal.

In his delight in a holiday, and his appreciation of the picturesque in natural scenery, Pius is far in advance of the ordinary sentiment of his time; and in fact is purely modern. He describes the view out of his bedroom window, and the places at which he used to halt for food, in the same way as a modern traveller writing to his friends at home. Here is an extract from his journal: "The Pope advanced from Fabrica to Soriano through roads which were most delightful; for the greater part of the fields were yellow with the flowers of the broom, the rest, covered with shrubs and flowers of every kind, shone with purple, white, or a thousand other hues. It was the month of May, and everything was green; the woods were smiling and ringing with the songs of birds. . . . In Viterbo, the Pope used every day to go out before daybreak into the fields, to enjoy the pleasant air before the day grew hot, and look at the green crops and the flowering flax which, in its colour, imitated the heavens." Passages like this meet us at every page, showing the keen pleasure that Pius took in change of place, his ready observation of the picturesque, and his delight in the beauties of nature.

His diligence was indeed inexhaustible; although he possessed this relish for a holiday, and although he

was so broken down in health that he had always to be carried in a litter, he never neglected either the duties of his office or his devotion to literary pursuits. It is indeed wonderful how persistently he retained his freshness, how easily his mind could receive an impulse, and how laboriously he would follow out a line of study even in the midst of pressing business. The most learned of his works is a *Treatise on the Geography of Asia*, which shows great research, as well as accuracy of knowledge, and truthfulness of conception of the general bearings of geography, and the utility of its study. This work was commenced in 1461, in the height of his Neapolitan war; it arose from a chance conversation between Pius and his general, Frederic of Urbino, who was escorting him from Rome to Tivoli. "The Pope was pleased with the flashing of the arms and the trappings of the horses and men; for what is more beautiful than the ordered line of a camp? The sun was shining on the shields; the breast-plates and crests reflected a wondrous splendour; each band of soldiers showed like a forest of spears. Frederic, who was a man of great reading, began to ask the Pope if the heroes of antiquity were armed like men of the present day. The Pope said that all our present arms, and many others as well, were mentioned by Homer and Virgil." The talk then turned to the Trojan war, which Frederic disparaged, while the Pope maintained its importance; then they discussed the extent and boundaries of Asia Minor, about which they could not agree. "So the Pope, finding a little leisure at Tivoli, wrote a description of Asia drawn from Ptolemy, Strabo, Pliny,

Quintus Curtius, Julius Solinus, Pomponius Mela, and other ancient authors, choosing such points as seemed requisite for the full understanding of the matter." Nor was this all: for in the preface to the *Asia*, Pius tells us his intention (it was partially fulfilled) of writing a geography of the world, with a sketch of the previous history of every country, and a full account of the important events which had occurred in each in his own time. He knows that this literary work will not escape a malignant interpretation. "How comes it, many will say, that the Pope has so much leisure as to spend, in writing books, the time which belongs to the Christian people?" To this Pius answers, what authors since his time have not ceased to answer to their critics: "Let him who despises our writings, read them before he condemn. They contain much from which he may learn; nor is the time spent in their production taken away from public business; but we have deprived our old age of the rest which is its due, that we might record the events of our time which deserve remembrance. Our labours are carried on by night, and we consume in writing the greater part of the hours that are due to sleep. It may be urged that the time would be better spent in vigils and prayers, as it had been by many of his predecessors;" but Pius honestly owns that his culture has outlived the gloomy rites of mediæval asceticism. "We confess that others might have spent their vigils better, but we must give some indulgence to our mind, whose delight lies in midnight studies."

In all other points we are similarly struck with the capacity which Pius shows for taking an interest in

everything he sees: twice in his commentaries does he describe with great relish some athletic sports, of which he had been a spectator. It is true he feels it beneath the Papal dignity to acknowledge the interest he felt, and on both occasions, after most graphic descriptions of the races, he adds that the Pope was not present, but was engaged with the Cardinals on business at the time. He describes, however, in exactly similar language, a theological controversy held in his presence; a strife had broken out between the Minorites and the Dominicans on the tremendous question whether the Blood of Christ shed on the ground during the Passion were worthy of reverence and worship. The strife had waxed high between the two rival Orders, till at last the question was referred to the Pope. For three days the disputants argued before the Consistory. Pius may be pardoned for looking upon the proceedings as a kind of mental and even bodily gymnastic. "It was beautiful and delightful to hear the eminent talents of these most learned men contend in argument, and to see now one and now another press to the front. They strove, as became the majesty of their judges, with moderation and eagerness; but so severe and sharp was the conflict, that, though it was the depth of winter, and everything was stiff with frost, the sweat dropped from them—such was their ardour for victory." Pius does not profess any interest for the question itself, but he details at length the arguments on each side, and watched its alternations with the same delight as he had seen the foot-races at Pienza.

Thus in his Neapolitan war, in discharging the duties

of his office, and in mental relaxation by wanderings in search of new interests, Pius passed the years 1460-64. His health had at first been bad, and grew worse; he could not use his feet, and had always to be carried in a litter; he was a martyr to gout, and suffered dreadfully from stone; he was old before his years; his face showed the marks of the perpetual pains he endured, but he had learned self-control, and would contrive to talk or speak even when suffering most acute agony, and his suffering was known only by the contortion of the muscles of his face, or the twitching of his lips, "although oftentimes he suffered such agonies that there was nothing, except his voice, which could show that he remained alive."[1] Life, he saw, could not last long, and the question grew more pressing every year,—with what fame would his name go down to posterity?

This was a thought always present with him; he was keenly sensitive to public opinion, and showed himself always most anxious to leave a worthy remembrance of himself to after ages. But Pius was too acute to mistake the shouts of his own generation for fame, or to think that a reputation could be conferred by the literary panegyrics so common in his days; he had written too many himself, and knew their real value. Hence he never showed himself a patron of literary men; the acclamations of needy men of letters, which hailed his accession to the Papacy, very soon calmed down when their elaborate eulogiums were but coldly received, and the gifts which they expected failed to appear. Greater still

[1] Campanus, *Vita Pii.*

was the consternation when it was rumoured that the Pope actually set up for being a critic, and laughed at the bombastic productions that poured in on every side; it was known that he had said that orators and poets ought to be supreme, or they ought not to exist. He pulled in pieces the epigrams which were sent him; and an impromptu of his was commonly quoted:—

> Discite, pro numeris, numeros sperare poetæ;
> Mutare est animus carmina, non emere.[1]

Even Francesco Filelfo, in spite of his great reputation and his early connexion with the Pope, found that his offer to be a new Homer, and write the Odyssey of Pius's Crusade, was not accepted with the fervour, or rewarded with the liberality, which he conceived to be his due; after begging in the most abject manner from Pius, he changed his tactics, and wrote the most scurrilous and disgusting libels against him.

Pius knew that his fame could be established only by his exploits; and so, as he saw his life wane, he recurred with greater zeal to his project of a Crusade. He wrote a remarkable letter to Mahomet II., the conqueror of Constantinople, in which he set before him the advantages of Christianity, and explained at length its doctrines; he urged the Sultan to be converted; he proved to him, historically, that he had no right to the possessions which he had lately conquered; but, if he would only be baptised, this flaw in his title might be remedied, the Pope would acknowledge him Emperor of the Greeks and of the East,

[1] "Take, poets, for your verses verse again:
My purpose stands to mend, not buy your strain."

and would establish him in one of the highest positions in Christendom. The letter has been often quoted, but its real significance seems to me to have been strangely overlooked; it is not mere rhetorical bombast or empty verbiage—it is a genuine, though, perhaps, not very hopeful appeal to the old Imperial principle which Pius hoped might still be lingering in the East. He had seen the Greek Emperor reconcile himself with Eugenius to gain help against the advancing Turks. Now the Turks had conquered; but by gaining a place in Europe they might become amenable to European ideas. Pius did not understand Islam and its strength; he did not appreciate—how could he?—the difference between the fiery Turks who had captured Constantinople, and the Teutons who of old had broken up the Empire of the West. He still thought there was a chance that the Papacy might repeat its bloodless triumphs of the eighth century, and that the barbarians of the East might be persuaded, or overawed, to bow before the dignity of the Roman Pontiff. The hope was vain, and perhaps was not very seriously entertained; but the hope of combining Europe against the Turks, Pius soon learned to be equally vain.

The expedition so long deferred was at length undertaken. Europe heard with incredulous wonder that the Pope intended to accompany the Crusaders in person; the various powers of Europe gave answers more or less plausible to his proposals, but none of them sent any troops. Pius waited, and became more impatient and more hopeless of any help. At length he determined to allay all doubts of his good faith (for

the word of the Pope was now, alas! by no means accepted as true); the princes of Europe should see that he was in earnest—"perchance when they see their master and father, the Vicar of Christ, an old man and sick, advancing to the war, they will feel shame to linger at home; they will take arms and embrace with brave hearts the defence of holy religion. If this does not arouse Christians to battle, we know not what will—this means, at all events, we will try." So the infirm old Pope, though his sufferings were aggravated by symptoms of an approaching fever, set out from Rome on the 14th of June, 1464, to go to Ancona and wait till Christendom gathered enthusiastically round his banner. It was a dangerous experiment, and most unwise; neither Pius himself nor his predecessors had established any hold upon the affections of Europe. This appeal to the personal influence of the Papacy was an entire failure—only a few, and they a mere disorderly rabble, assembled at Ancona to await the Pope; and they, when the Pope was delayed on his journey by the increase of his fever, began to disband; as Pius neared Ancona, his doctors drew the curtains round his litter, that he might not have his pain increased by seeing the crowds with their faces set from the city. Pius reached Ancona on the 18th of July, and lived just long enough to realise how entirely his plan had failed. His death has shed a halo almost of martyrdom over the entire attempt. There is something very touching, to us who review the facts in an after age, in the spectacle of the Pope being carried on his death-bed to attempt an undertaking of vital import-

ance for European civilisation, and to attempt it single-handed with chivalrous zeal, because all the princes of Europe were absorbed in petty jealousies and selfish schemes, and had no thought for the common good. Yet it was fortunate for Pius that he died when he did; had he lived long enough to retire unsuccessfully, his proceedings would have been greeted with a shout of laughter, and the Papacy would have lost its prestige even more than it did under Clement VII. It was reserved for a later time that the Papacy should make itself ridiculous in the eyes of Europe; but Pius brought it perilously near such a position.

As it was, however, the bedridden Pope lived three weeks at Ancona sinking gradually, and preparing for his end; his last hours show us the same strange confusion of littleness and grandeur, of simplicity and affectation, of selfishness and goodness which marks his entire life. After crying like a child over the thought that when he was gone there would be no one to look after his nephews—for he knew too well the fate of Papal favourites—he died with his arm round the neck of his friend, the Cardinal of Pavia, and his last words were, "Do good, my son, and pray God for me".

The briefest record of Pope Pius's career is the clearest summary of his character. He was, in a pre-eminent degree, a product of his times, whose excellences and whose failures he mirrors accurately, both in his life and writings. They were times when a genuine enthusiasm for knowledge was widely spread; but the knowledge of antiquity, when obtained, was

remote from the common interests of daily life, and was opposed, both in its principles and conclusions, to the Christian basis on which mediæval life had been built. Hence the learning of the Renaissance could not become a source of national thought, and so of national life, but only of individual culture. This culture Pius II. possessed in a remarkable degree, and was susceptible of its slightest warnings, without being rendered by it over-sensitive and unfit for the coarser struggles of practical life. On the contrary, his culture was to him a source of strength in action, giving him a keen insight into human character, freeing him from ordinary scruples, enabling him to reconstruct his plans of life, when necessary, with such promptitude that there was no waste of energy and no place for remorse: teaching him to make the best of himself, and adapt himself to circumstances as they occurred; to aim at self-gratification not merely in the lower, but in the higher sense of obtaining power, influence, position, dignity; to form opinions not from internal necessity or conviction, but as a convenient padding to lessen the wear and tear of daily life; to gratify refined literary tastes and intellectual interests by a dainty use of the actual facts and surroundings of his position; to mix refinement with morality so that self-respect was never injured, but rather grew with every new success.

A SCHOOLMASTER OF THE RENAISSANCE.

VITTORINO DA FELTRE.

ONE of the chief features of the early Renaissance is its entire simplicity and straightforward earnestness. It was not perplexed by fear lest it might awaken antagonism, for it was not conscious of any opposition to existing systems of life. It appealed only to men's desire to make the best they could of themselves. It called upon them to know the value of the treasures which were really theirs, but which they had let slip from careless hands. Around them were the riches of the past, the literature and art of Italy's golden days, which a wave of barbarism had scattered and hidden too long from the eyes of Italy's true sons. It was an object worthy of the best energies of the noblest minds to gather together all that could be saved from the wreck, to cleanse the remnants carefully and tenderly from the dirt and rubbish with which they had been encrusted, and then set them lovingly before young minds, which might learn from them all that was noble in the life of the past.

This was the spirit of the early Renaissance in Italy. It had no hidden meaning, it cherished nothing which it need be afraid to tell abroad. It combated nothing in existing systems, because it made no claim to have a system of its own. It went along its own course

with a deep belief in man's perfection, and a deep desire to cultivate man's nature into all that it could become.

It is true that a time came when the spiritual enfranchisement brought about by the Renaissance began to degenerate into licence. This is a danger which all movements towards greater freedom have always had to face. It is hard to pour new wine into old bottles, and there is always the same twofold danger—that the bottles will burst, and the wine be spilt. It was so with Italy of the later fifteenth century. Spiritual freedom tended to run riot; the self-assertion of the individual loosened the bonds of society; mental subtility pared away the obligations of morality; religion was threatened with gradual dissolution before the gentle solvent of graceful and playful criticism. Culture had become a source of weakness rather than of strength. The Italian mind had lost its beliefs, and with its beliefs had lost all meaning. Under the hard rule of the foreigner, and under the galling fetters of the old dogmatic system, restored as a harsh despot, and ruling no longer as an indulgent master, Italy was doomed to learn, by three centuries of silent suffering, how freedom could be woven into the web of daily life.

Yet her experience had not been in vain. In the long years of her own darkness she still might feel that the torch which she had kindled was blazing steadily, if not brightly, in other more favoured lands. To mediæval Italy must all who honour culture turn with unfailing reverence; for she has ever been the home of great interpreters who have revealed man to

himself, and have taught him in ever-changing forms to see and know what is the heritage which the past has handed on.

In the higher lines of literature and art this is perhaps sufficiently felt and has been often enough expressed; but in smaller things it is forgotten. We are accustomed, for instance, to look for the origin of our ideas of education to the gradual progress of society, to the workings of modern philanthropy or the enlightened teaching of modern science. Education amongst us has grown slowly to become a part of our political life. Its function is held to consist in drilling the young into fitness to discharge their duties as citizens. Our highest views of education rarely go beyond this. No teacher amongst us would venture to say that he had no belief in the efficacy of formal outward discipline, or of the rigid tests of unbending examinations, but that his aim was to develop with care and tenderness the youthful spirit into liberty, beauty, and grace.

It may perhaps be worth while to bring forward from his obscurity, for a little while, a great Italian teacher of the early and unconscious epoch of the Renaissance. Like all men who have been content only to teach without aspiring to literary fame, his name is seldom heard; for his labours left no other fruit than the noble actions of his scholars, which the world claimed for its own and straightway forgot. Yet his silence might deserve respect. Enough, he said, had been written by those of old; his work was to try and make men understand the meaning of the treasures which they already possessed.

Vittorino dei Ramboldini was born of a noble but

poor family in Feltre, in the year 1378. Having a taste for learning, he went to the University of Padua, where he maintained himself by acting as tutor to younger boys while he pursued his own studies. He was not satisfied merely with the ordinary reading for the doctor's degree, but wished also to obtain a knowledge of mathematics, a science then so little known that there was at Padua only one professor who was acquainted even with the outlines. He, moreover, lectured publicly on philosophy, and refused to part with his mathematical knowledge, except to private pupils on payment of large fees. These Vittorino's poverty made it hopeless for him to pay. In vain he strove by entreaties to prevail on the avaricious Biagio Pelacane to give him a few lessons for the love of knowledge. In vain he tried to melt him by humility —even offering to work out the fees by rendering menial service. For six months Vittorino acted as Pelacane's servant, waiting on him at table, and washing his plates and dishes; but the proud professor was relentless, and would have nothing but the money. Stung by such unworthy treatment, Vittorino procured a Euclid, and never rested till he had puzzled out for himself its contents, and by that means obtained a firm hold of the principles of geometry. He did not, however, wish to use his knowledge as food either for vanity or avarice. What he had so hardly learned he readily taught to any who came to him, till his fame spread in Padua and his story became known. Pelacane discovered, when it was too late, that generosity in education is the best policy, and that a reputation which wishes to stand upon the exclusive possession

of knowledge rests on an insecure footing. He was exposed to ridicule, his pupils all deserted him, and he had to leave Padua for Parma, where he died five years afterwards, in 1416.

Henceforward Vittorino had a secure reputation in Padua, but he lived as a retired student, teaching a few pupils and ready to assist all who came to him. He knew much, but still was ignorant of Greek, till in the year 1420, when he was more than forty years of age, he went to Venice to learn Greek from Guarino. In him he did not find another Pelacane, but a warm-hearted student, who gladly taught him all he knew and warmly appreciated his simple moral worth. Vittorino returned to Padua, and was regarded by all with reverence as a prodigy; by his own efforts he had raised himself to the rank of one of the greatest scholars in Italy. He was now past the prime of life and had shown no desire for self-advancement, no interest beyond a genuine love for knowledge. His company was eagerly sought, and his advice reverently asked and listened to. In 1422 the students of the Gymnasium besought him to be their teacher in philosophy and rhetoric.

At the age of forty-four Vittorino first became a public teacher, and instituted that system of education on which his reputation is founded. Having no object in life except the good of his pupils, he devised the plan of living entirely among them. Accordingly he chose a few, whom he took to live with him in his own house, and whose whole life was spent in his presence. Though this was the plan which he afterwards developed, he does not seem to have been suc-

cessful at first. In a year he resigned his professorship at Padua, disgusted by the insolence and vices of his pupils, and went to Venice, where he at once opened a school. Numbers flocked to him immediately, for he was already known there through his acquaintance with Guarino. Many, however, who applied to him were condemned to disappointment, for he adhered rigorously to two rules—that he would not undertake to teach more scholars than he could do entire justice to, and that he would choose his scholars solely by reference to their fitness in character and intellect to profit by his teaching. No offers of enormous pay could tempt him to relax these rules. The son of the wealthy merchant was sent away, as too much spoiled already to be made much of; the beggar boy whose face had attracted Vittorino's attention in the street was chosen to fill the empty place in his rising school-house. He did not, however, remain at Venice long enough to develop his system fully; in 1425 he received an invitation from Gian Francesco Gonzaga, lord of Mantua, to go to his court and undertake the education of his children. Gonzaga had selected him for this office solely on the ground of his merits; but it was some time before Vittorino could determine to expose his simple and straightforward character to the perils of a court life. He came to the conclusion at last that he would not be justified in refusing such an opportunity of extending his usefulness. He went to Mantua, and there taught without intermission for the next twenty-two years, until his death.

Gian Francesco Gonzaga was a wise and prudent ruler, who knew how to consult the interests of his

State. The position of his city on a promontory between two lakes made it almost impregnable, and the Marquis knew how to use his soldiers to advantage in the perpetual wars between Venice and Milan. He was careful always to be well paid, either for his services or his neutrality, so his people prospered under his rule, and he, in imitation of his more powerful neighbour, Galeazzo Visconti, had instituted a luxurious court, and aimed at introducing greater refinement and intelligence among his people. His wife, Paola dei Malatesti of Rimini, was a woman of really noble character, combining with decided intellectual tastes great practical benevolence, and unaffected affability. The Mantuans regarded her with great respect and affection; "the orphans, the poor, and the monks honoured her as children do their mother, and the people flocked round her when she went into the streets". Nor was she less beloved by her husband, in whose will are contained the strictest injunctions to his successor to consult and obey his mother in all matters. We may assume that Paola had desired to have the best possible education for her children, and that her husband made no difficulties. He was a worthy man, but not of remarkable elevation of mind. Poggio praises him for "virtue, prudence, affability, anxious care for the welfare of learned men, and unceasing diligence in self-education," and his treatment of Vittorino shows that he could certainly appreciate merit in others.

Vittorino was well pleased with his first interview with the Marquis. His only request was that he might have full authority over the servants of his

young pupils, and over the youths who were educated with them. He made no stipulation about salary, saying that he had come to propagate virtue, not to make gain; but the Marquis made him a liberal monthly allowance, and ordered his treasurer moreover to pay whatever Vittorino demanded. The house in which he was to live with his pupils pleased him greatly, but the whole life to which the boys had been accustomed seemed to him radically wrong. Luxury of every kind, rich food and drink, obsequious servants to do the slightest office, a number of the noblest youths of Mantua as attendants, all bent on commending themselves to the princes, all braggarts and flatterers—this was what Vittorino found, and it filled him with despair. How was education to proceed in such an atmosphere, and how was he to change it? His first thought was to resign his post at once as hopeless; but his second thought was that he was at least bound to do his best, and see if the Marquis really had confidence in him, and would uphold his authority. Accordingly, he waited for a little while, and looked on, a passive spectator of the scene around him. He allowed every one to think that he was weak and careless, till they behaved in his presence as though he were not there, and so showed him their real character When he had by this means obtained sure information about them, he suddenly began his reform. All the noble youths of Mantua, with only a few exceptions, were summarily dismissed. The household was rigorously cut down, and the exact functions of the remaining servants were accurately fixed; a porter was put before the door to see that no one went in or out expect

by Vittorino's permission; and simple fare took the place of luxurious living. Vittorino had waited to make sure that his knowledge equalled his zeal, and then introduced all his reforms at once, and carried them out with decision. Great was the commotion in Mantua, and many were the complaints made to the Marquis by parents, who felt aggrieved by this ignominious expulsion of their sons; but the military habits of the condottiere general made him sympathise with vigorous and sweeping measures. He refused to interfere, and waited to see some definite results of the system thus begun.

Vittorino was encouraged by this tolerance to persevere and soon produced results about which no one could doubt. The young princes were not at first sight very promising pupils. Ludovico, the elder, was so fat that he could scarcely walk, and moved as if he had been made in one piece. His brother Carlo was, on the other hand, a tall awkward boy, of weakly and attenuated appearance. Vittorino felt it was useless to make much of minds enveloped in bodies such as these. His first care was to reduce the size of Ludovico, and feed up Carlo into decent proportions. He had a horror of corpulence, declaring that the mind must always be wearied that had to carry a heavy load, and would never be able to see if the cloud of the body were too dense; so he cut down Ludovico's food, and allowed him only simple diet. At the same time, not wishing to seem cruel, he gave him other amusements; and often, if he saw him eating gluttonously at dinner, would interest him in talk to make him forget his absorbing interest in his food; or he would have music and singing intro-

duced to distract his attention, and then would give a signal that his plate should be quietly removed. For Carlo, on the other hand, he provided simple and nutritious diet, telling him to eat whenever he felt hungry, but only allowing him between his meals dry bread, which would be enough to satisfy his wants without encouraging him in gluttony. Under this careful treatment the boys rapidly improved in health and appearance, and their parents understood in a most convincing way the wisdom and value of Vittorino's training.

Secure of his position, Vittorino began to develop his system. He received numerous applications for admission to the vacant places which his expulsions had made, but he subjected all candidates to a rigorous test and rejected all of whose character he disapproved, or who he thought were better fitted for other than intellectual pursuits. He chose his pupils reverently, and impressed upon them that they were entering upon a lofty calling, and that their schoolroom should be to them a holy place (*tanquam sacellum ingressuros*). He demanded that they should give up everything to their studies, saying that a love of knowledge and a love of pleasure could not exist at the same time. He preferred the sons of noble parents, if they were equally fit, for thorough-bred colts, he said, were best worth training; but he took in and taught with equal care poor and ignoble youths who showed signs of promise, and the payments made by the wealthy were devoted to the necessities of his poorer scholars. Under this system Mantua became the great educational centre of Italy, and pupils even crossed the Alps to obtain

the benefits of Vittorino's teaching. His fame brought credit upon the town, and his simple manners and entire devotion to his own duties disarmed all possible hostility. Mantua soon became proud of him, and he was treated with reverence by all. The Marquis rose to meet him when he appeared at court, and would never suffer him to stand in his presence. Wherever Vittorino went the tone of conversation ceased to be trivial, and he reproved even the Marquis for loose or unseemly talking in his presence; the reverence due to youth was claimed by their teacher.

Vittorino's method of education was as universal and liberal as was the spirit of his age. He aimed at cultivating the entire man, in a fulness before which all modern definitions of culture seem narrow and one-sided. The idea of cultivation at present prevalent is that of the refined and high-minded man, who, living in the world without being of it, tries to protect himself from its sordor by the free play of his critical faculties, which he uses with equal freedom upon everything, so as to avoid falling under the tyranny of any. Cultivation is realised by abstraction from the current of ordinary life. This was not the culture of the Renaissance, for then man felt that the world and all its contents were his own possession, and that his surroundings could be moulded entirely to his will. Vittorino did not arm his pupils merely for defence against this world. He equipped them that they might conquer it for themselves. Their future was dark and admitted of endless possibilities; they might become princes, generals, statesmen, cardinals, bishops, or men of letters. Noble birth in those changing times

did not necessarily imply hereditary rights; obscure origin did not hopelessly debar from the richest principalities. Any of the youths before him might be called by accident, or win his way by his own talents, to the loftiest positions. One thing only was certain, that the keen intellect was sure to carve out its fortune.

So Vittorino trained his pupils in all knightly and martial exercises, in which he always took part himself, and taught their bodies agility by athletics, which he always superintended. Riding, wrestling, fencing, archery, tennis, foot-races, and swimming formed part of their daily occupations. Sometimes he would lead them to the chase, or instruct them in fishing. Sometimes he would divide them into squadrons, and organise a sham fight; now he would lead one party to the charge, now help their enemy to hold their mimic castle, and "his heart rejoiced when their shouts went up to heaven and all was filled with dust". He inured them to suffer hardships and be brave, to be indifferent to heat and cold, and never shrink from danger. "Remember, my dear boys," he used to say, "you know not what manner of life Providence may have ordained for you." He allowed no lounging round the fire even on the coldest day, but insisted that the boys should gain warmth by exercise. He was careful that their food should be simple, and set them an example of extreme sobriety; as they pressed things upon him at meals, he would laugh and say, "See how different we are; you are anxious that I should want nothing; I, on the contrary, am careful that you should have nothing unnecessary". He felt that excess of eating and sleeping, and personal in-

dolence and effeminacy, were the first fertile sources of the moral and physical disorders of youth, and that it was useless to attempt to educate the mind if the body were neglected. Yet with all this he was most careful of their health, watching over each of his pupils, and from time to time taking them all to the hills for change of air.

But he did not only develop the body in this way, he was most careful also to refine it. He corrected all faults in voice and enunciation, removed all awkwardness of manner, remedied small personal defects, and instilled dignity and decorum. He taught his pupils to avoid all obtrusive peculiarities, and above all fidgetiness ; if a boy was restless, he would draw a circle on the floor and bid him not come out of it for a given time. He insisted on great attention to personal neatness, and saw that every boy was well dressed in accordance with his rank, and always carefully ; yet he was a bitter foe to foppery, and mocked at those who looked at themselves too long in the glass : he allowed no scents or unguents, for he considered them to be signs of effeminacy. His pupils were trained in all social graces as well as in bodily prowess : they were taught to dance and sing, that they might be fit to shine in the festival as well as on the field.

In matters of intellectual training he was equally universal in his principles and method. He did not disdain to teach the youngest boys, but rather was unwilling to build upon another man's foundation. His advice to all who were anxious to prepare for his teaching was, "to unlearn at once what by misfortune

they had mislearned elsewhere". He taught little boys their alphabet by giving them as toys letters of various colours. He watched the direction which the growing curiosity of the youthful mind most naturally took, that he might gain indications of its natural capacity and bent. A boy's natural talents, he said, were like a field, which if well tilled would produce a fruitful crop of knowledge; but the tillage must be adapted to the field, and the boy's mind must be indulged in that study in which it took the greatest delight. So Vittorino was resolved to supply teaching in all possible subjects, and trained up teachers according to his own views, to whom he would assign special branches of knowledge. He even brought over four native Greeks that they might teach their language accurately. All these masters were treated by him with perfect impartiality, and their subjects met with equal respect. Civil and canon law and natural philosophy were the only special subjects for which he did not provide teachers; but if any student, who had gone through his general course, showed an aptitude for these pursuits, he advised him in the choice of a university, and, if he were poor, maintained him during his studies there. In days when manuscripts were a costly possession, Vittorino's library was renowned throughout Italy, so that his scholars were well provided with every means of study.

He taught first the ordinary subjects of the Trivium, and began by a training in the classical languages, literature, and history. "How foolish," exclaims one of his disciples, Sassuolo da Prato, "are those who strive to study philosophy without an accurate know-

ledge of the language in which it is written ; who do not know that Plato is like Jupiter speaking Greek, and Aristotle rolls on a golden river of speech. No wonder that such incompetent inquirers fail to understand philosophy altogether, and content themselves with the barren teaching of the schoolmen ; and while they think they are leading home Minerva as their chaste bride, know not that it is Calypso, a most wanton woman, whom they hold in their embrace." From this fatal ignorance Vittorino secured his pupils by giving them a broad basis of literary training. Virgil, Homer, Cicero, and Demosthenes were the authors whom he first taught, and the experience of schoolmasters since his days has not been able to suggest anything better. When his pupils had obtained a tolerable knowledge of the classics, they were next taught dialectic, the science of sound logic, and were well exercised in the examination and detection of fallacies in common reasoning. From dialectic they went to rhetoric, and were taught to write, read, and speak correctly and gracefully. Public disputations were held by them, and Vittorino sat by to judge and arbitrate between their arguments. Mathematics and music were ordinarily the subjects next pursued.

As a teacher, Vittorino aimed especially at clearness and simplicity : he considered carefully beforehand the subject on which he was going to lecture, and then trusted to the impulse of the moment to enable him to state accurately and intelligently what he had to say. His expressions, as became his character, were always refined and modest ; but he was careful not to

seem to commend himself by his method of teaching, nor to allow graces of style to hide and overlay the matters he was explaining. He did not encourage his pupils to ask explanations at once of what they could not understand, but bade them go away after each lesson and think it over while it was fresh in their minds; if they found any difficulties they were to come for explanation afterwards. He was anxious to secure attention by kindling interest; he often purposely made mistakes in explaining passages from the classical authors, to see if his class would correct him. He strengthened the memory of his scholars by making them learn by heart the finest passages of the authors they were reading. He was very careful in looking over their exercises, and always pointed out accurately the reason for any objections he had to raise. So ready was his sympathy with his pupils that he would shed tears of joy over a good composition.

He maintained discipline by his force of character, and rarely had recourse to personal chastisement. Remonstrances and reproofs were sufficient, for he was never suspected of partiality, and was most careful to escape being misled by anger. He knew that he was naturally of a choleric disposition, and so took every precaution against it; his elder pupils were charged, if ever they saw him likely to lose his temper, to interrupt him by some question, or call him away to ask his opinion on some other subject, that so he might have time to recover his equal balance of mind. He knew well how to appeal by simple honesty to the boyish mind, and all quailed before his anger or scorn. He was careful by judicious praise to encourage the

timid, and would remorselessly rally the forward to cure them of arrogance.

The moral side of Vittorino's system has been already noticed in some of its chief points. He would receive no boy whom he did not believe to be free from vices, and he allowed no one to come near his pupils except by his permission. He lived entirely among them, and never willingly lost sight of them. He fed them simply, and took care that all their time was well employed. Being a man of fervent piety, he attended mass daily and took his pupils with him. He kept far from them everything that could suggest disorder or even indecorum. Carlo Gonzaga, some time after he had left Vittorino's care returning to his old school and engaging in a game of tennis, forgot himself in the excitement of the moment, when he had made a bad stroke, and uttered an oath. Vittorino, who was standing by as a spectator, sprung upon him, seized him by the hair, and boxed his ears soundly, overwhelming the youth with such bitter reproaches that he fell upon his knees, and, confessing humbly his fault, besought Vittorino to forgive him. Moved by his sorrow the master's anger passed away, and, with tears in his eyes, he thanked Heaven for a pupil so obedient to reproof.

Such is a brief sketch of the various sides of Vittorino's system of education; his pupils showed forth its fruits. Ludovico Gonzaga, who succeeded his father in 1444, was not only a second founder to Mantua and a great patron of the arts and letters, but was beloved by his people for his justice and humanity. Coral Gonzaga, it is true, quarrelled with his brother,

and led a wandering life, but was renowned for his learning and personal kindliness. The third son, Gian Lucido, was a prodigy of learning. Ambogio Traversari tells us that Vittorino once brought Gian Lucido with him on a visit to Camaldoli, when the boy, who was only of the age of fourteen, recited a Latin poem of 200 lines, which he had written in honour of a visit of the Emperor Sigismund to Mantua. "The poem was beautiful, but the sweetness with which it was recited increased its nobility and elegance. This amiable youth showed us two propositions which he had added to the geometry of Euclid. There was also a daughter of the Marquis, about the age of twelve, who wrote Greek with such elegance that I felt ashamed of myself when I thought that scarcely one of my pupils could write it so well."

The daughter here mentioned, Cecilia Gonzaga, was a devoted pupil of Vittorino, and afterwards, to the great anger of her father, refused to marry the profligate Oddantonio of Montefeltro, Count of Urbino, and insisted upon taking the veil. The fame of her learning and piety is widely spread among the writers of the time. The youngest son of the Marquis, Alessandro Gonzaga, suffered under ill-health, which he bore with patience, devoting all his time to literary pursuits, and living a retired and contented life till his death.

It would be tedious to enumerate the various men of literary and political eminence in their day who came from Vittorino's school and bore the impress of his training. A glance down the long list of his pupils shows how his teaching influenced the times; but one

shines among them, who was Vittorino's favourite pupil, and whose noble life testifies that he deserved his master's preference—Federigo, who, on the murder of Count Oddantonio, was called by the people of Urbino to be their prince. Federigo of Urbino is the ideal Italian prince—a bold and successful general, a wise and merciful governor, a bounteous patron of arts and letters, a most polished and accomplished cavalier whose ready courtesy extended to the humblest of his subjects. He was a true father of his people, to whom they all flocked for advice and assistance in their personal difficulties, and whose sympathy and help the poorest knew he could claim. Under him Urbino grew into a political and literary capital, and his fame was so far spread abroad that Edward IV. of England sent to invest him with the Order of the Garter.[1]

The account of Vittorino's school is also the history of his life; for all his interests were centred in his pupils, and when friends exhorted him to marry he would point to his scholars and exclaim, "These are my children". All the money which he received he spent in the maintenance of poor students, or in acts of charity. He was diligent in visiting the poor, he ransomed slaves, released debtors from prison, supplied medicine to those who could not afford to buy it, and indulged in the graceful charity of providing dowers for poor

[1] A few other names may be worth mentioning of Vittorino's more eminent pupils: Francesco Priendlacqua of Mantua, who wrote his life; Gregorio Corraro of Venice; Giambattista Pallavicini, Bishop of Reggio; Taddeo de' Manfredi, Lord of Imola; Antonio Beccaria of Verona; Francesco da Castiglione; Gregorio Guarino, whose father sent him to Vittorino as better able to teach than himself, and Lorenzo Valla.

and deserving girls. For these purposes he drew from the Prince's treasury such sums as he thought he might reasonably take as almoner. If he wanted more he would apply to the wealthy men in the city, and never failed to have his requests supplied.

The only important event that disturbed his orderly life was the quarrel between the Marquis and his eldest son, Ludovico, who, thinking himself slighted by his father, ran away to Duke Filippo Maria Visconti of Milan, in 1436. His father, enraged at the political complications to which this gave rise, obtained from the Emperor Sigismund an authorisation enabling him to disinherit the rebellious boy. Vittorino tried to make peace, and was assisted in this emphatically, but not wisely, by the eccentric sage Poggio Bracciolini. His proceedings in the matter give an amusing specimen of the relations existing at that time between princes and men of letters. Poggio wrote to Vittorino, saying that, though they only knew one another by name, he had heard so much of Vittorino's love for learning and learned men, that he felt no scruple in lading him with the duty of delivering to the Marquis of Mantua a letter which he enclosed. The letter contained a good scolding for the Marquis. His son, Poggio said, had done wrong, it was true, but it was the father's fault for treating him unkindly. His offence had not been against the State, but against his father, and he had done himself more harm by his proceedings than he had done his father. It was not right to punish him so severely. "I know," said Poggio, "that princes are praised whatever they do, and are surrounded by flatterers, who always approve

of their plans. I write to give you good and sound advice." Vittorino doubted whether the letter would produce the effect which Poggio desired; so he waited two months before presenting it, perhaps trying meanwhile to prepare the Marquis's mind for what was coming. His efforts, however, were in vain, as Gonzaga refused to receive the letter, and ordered Vittorino to send it back. Great was Poggio's indignation. He wrote angrily to Vittorino for not having executed his commission at once. A Marquis of Mantua, he bitterly remarked, is not a second Cæsar, that his time should be so valuable as not to receive a letter when sent. If he had been a man of any culture such a letter would have been acceptable to him. It certainly was good enough for him, for it had been shown beforehand to the Pope, and had met with his approval. At the same time Poggio wrote a respectful yet stinging letter to the Marquis; he had heard that he had literary tastes, and assumed that he was consequently polished and refined, and superior to vulgar insolence and pride. Trusting to this belief, he had ventured to write and address him. He was sorry his letter had not been received as he expected: however, the Marquis was the best judge of his own matters. The letter would be shown to those who could appreciate it, as it was founded on reason and supported by arguments which had cogency in themselves, and did not depend merely on their favourable reception by him to whom they were addressed.

We do not know the end of this squabble. Most probably the fear of affronting one who could use his pen with such pungency as Poggio, induced the Marquis

to receive his letter at last. At all events, a few years afterwards Poggio writes of Gian Francesco Gonzaga in a friendly tone, which he would not have adopted if any grudge had rankled in his breast. The unhappy quarrel between father and son was settled by natural affection and motives of policy, and Gian Francesco laid aside his intention of disinheriting his son, to Vittorino's great joy.

Little remains to be told of Vittorino's life. He died at the age of sixty-eight, in 1446, two years after the accession of his pupil Ludovico. He continued teaching up to the time of his death, and reaped the fruits of his healthy and regular life by entire freedom from the annoyances of old age. His biographers record their admiration that he showed no signs of decaying faculties or decreasing vigour. He was in appearance a little man, of impetuous temperament, of spare habit of body, with a fresh, ruddy complexion and sharp features, and a frank, honest, and genial expression of countenance.

Vittorino da Feltre possessed an honesty and simplicity of character, together with a noble self-devotion to a great cause, which would always arrest the attention of any one who came upon the record of his life. But besides his moral worth, the actual work on which he was engaged is still of living interest for us. The system of education existing at present is the legacy of the Renaissance impulse ; the ideal of a "classical education" is embodied in the system which Vittorino carried out.

But Vittorino lived in one of the rare periods of the world's history when man had realised his spiritual

freedom ; when the world had lost its terrors, and its irreconcilable antagonisms were for a short space at rest ; when, like Dante at the entrance of the earthly Paradise, man felt both crown and mitre fixed firmly upon his brow. At such time the teacher, withheld by no inner contradictions, might venture to make his teaching a real reproduction of the variety of actual life. He was not bound to develop merely the intellect, through fear of venturing into dangerous regions of discussion if he advanced beyond simple intellectual training. He was not restrained from encouraging to their fullest extent all manly exercises through fear that they would become too engrossing, for Italian society was too refined to admit a mere athlete into any position of prominence. He was not checked in the adaptation of his teaching to the real conditions of life by the pre-eminent necessity of maintaining a decent standard of morality among an unwieldy and unmanageable mob of boys, unnaturally removed from the ordinary motives to conduct.

In this last point lies the great difference between Vittorino's teaching and all modern methods. He dealt with boys whom he had previously selected as likely to profit by his teaching,—dealt with a number sufficiently small to allow of his real personal supervision. He lived amongst them an honest, simple life, and the fact of his presence among them was the foundation and the system of order and discipline. There was no oppressive enforcement of trivial rules, insignificant in themselves and founded upon no obvious principle ; but master and pupils lived a common life, and acted freely together, because their ends were the

same, and because the life they led was not different in kind, though simpler, healthier, and more active in degree than the common life of the world whose voice surged round the walls of their schoolrooms. Schools amongst us are founded on a quite different basis from that of Vittorino. They are great public institutions for the good of certain classes in society, into which any one can claim admission, and from which expulsion is regarded as a serious disgrace. Hence they are overgrown, and unmanageable except by a system of military discipline. To discipline, mainly, are given up the energies of those engaged in education, and the real moral and intellectual advancement of the individual pupil is subordinate to the formal organisation of the society. Schools grow up each with a recognisable type of character of its own, with traditions and customs which every now and then, when brought into prominence, create equal astonishment and disgust in the minds of those who have not been subjected to them, with a set of principles which have often to be exchanged, and always to be largely modified by the schoolboy when he goes out into the world. This essential difference, which is the fault, not of our schools, and still less of their teachers, but of our whole social condition and our social aims, renders impossible amongst us the flower of perfect training which Vittorino tried to cultivate and develop.

Vittorino's teaching was as broad and liberal as was the life of man, and aimed at nothing less than the full development of individual character, the entire realisation of all human capacity and force. Yet it is wonderful to notice how this revolt against the narrow

ecclesiastical spirit of the Middle Ages, this deliberate working out of the freedom which the Renaissance had proclaimed, still clothed itself in the trappings of the old monastic institutions, and modelled itself after the fashion of that which it had risen to subvert. Vittorino arose a monk of the order of the Renaissance, who went out into the wilderness and gathered round him a little band, whom he trained that they might labour after he was gone, till the waste places should blossom like the rose. He would have no half-hearted disciples; they must give themselves entirely up to him, and submit themselves to his will. "Unlearn," such were his requirements from a neophyte, "what grossness you have mislearned before. Purge your mind from every prejudice and vicious habit, and give yourself up entirely to a teacher who bestows on you a father's care, and whom you must obey as a son." He trained them up to an ascetic system, not that they might elevate the spirit by subduing the flesh, but that they might acquire wholesome habits, and "have their bodies better fitted for all exercises of knightly and courtly grace". He was their intellectual director and father confessor, to whom they came and told all the deviations of which they had been guilty from the course of life and study which he had laid down for them. His disciples went forth and preached to others the glories of their master, and stirred up sluggish souls to intellectual efforts. Here is a letter of one of Vittorino's zealous converts, Sassuolo da Prato:—

"Let two things only be abolished, first bad masters, who being themselves ignorant of liberal arts, neces-

sarily cannot teach them to others: secondly, those parents, the plagues of children, who, blinded by the most unworthy desires, are unable to see the brilliancy of virtue. For how few fathers are there in this our day who take their sons to school, with no other object than that they may come back really better! Every one despises literary culture, admires and loves law and medicine as the means best adapted for making money. The study of literature, they assert, is simply a short-cut to ruin. Nor is this only the opinion of the ignorant multitude; but, what is more grievous to be borne, philosophers, themselves teachers of wisdom and instillers of virtue, allow their pupils to turn their attention to any source of sordid gain, to any servile task, rather than spend their time on liberalising studies. Oh, wretched times! oh, age—would that I could call it iron, but it produces nothing but softness, languor, and effeminacy! But it is useless to storm. The recovery of the parents is desperate, as their disease is inveterate. But let us rather admonish and exhort youths who are fired with zeal for letters and virtue, to hold firm to the belief that natural affection itself requires them to oppose the wishes of parents such as these, and to hold to virtue. If they take my advice, they will shun not only all intercourse with their parents, but even their eye, as though it were a basilisk's, and will betake themselves instead to the excellent Vittorino, the common father of all studies. By him, let them trust me, they will be received with such hospitable liberality that they will feel no further regret for relatives or home. Moreover they will have all the opportunities of study which they can desire, first, store

of books, then teachers, both of Latin and Greek, not only Vittorino himself, but many others able and erudite, from whom they may learn oratory, mathematics, and philosophy."

We seem to hear a pupil of a new St. Francis preaching to all enthusiastic youths that they should break through every natural tie, and embrace the higher life of literary culture which this great teacher has to set before them.

In the same tone of respectful reverence does the pleasant Florentine biographer of the worthies of the fifteenth century, Vespasiano da Bisticci, speak of him :—

"Vittorino's sole employment was to show to others the admirable example of his own life, to exhort and rouse all to a life of good habits, showing them that all things that we do in this world, ought to be done that we may so live as to receive in the end the fruits of our labours. He was not content to give, solely for the love of God, what he had gained by his own sweat and toil, but he laboured that others might do likewise. Poor boys, whom he undertook to educate, he not only taught for the love of God, but supported in all their needs; nor was it enough that he should spend his own salary in so doing, but every year, to supply their wants, himself went forth as a beggar. Almighty God, how great a light of Thy grace had Vittorino, who, having read the words of Thy Holy Gospel, 'Give and it shall be given,' not only did it with his substance, leaving himself nothing, but laboured that others should do the same."

Such was Vittorino da Feltre, a true Saint of the

Renaissance, who combined all the breadth and fulness of the new culture with all the zeal of the old faith, and by a life of cultivated asceticism and reflective self-denial laboured to stamp upon the minds of his disciples the impress of his own character, the breadth and fervour of his own knowledge.

A MAN OF CULTURE.

RIMINI is a spacious town, with many large piazzas. It lies pleasantly on the bank of the river Marecchia, whose mouth once formed a fine harbour, but the sea has receded and has left its traces on the marshy tract which now separates the town from the coast. The country immediately round Rimini is a plain lying between the sea and the spurs of the Umbrian Appennines, which form a fine background to the fertile fields. Most striking among these hills is the rugged outline of Monte Titano, which shelters the towers of San Marino.

Apart from its pleasant surroundings, Rimini is a town full of varied interest. Its position at the mouth of a river marked it out in the earliest times as an important place. It was an old Umbrian settlement; and under the Romans was a stronghold on the frontier of Italy proper, at the junction of the two great Roman roads—the Via Flaminia and the Via Emilia—which formed the chief lines of communication between Rome and the north. The student of Roman antiquity will find in Rimini two splendid memorials of the early Empire. Augustus began, and Tiberius finished, a massive bridge over the Marecchia at the point of junction of the two great roads. The bridge has withstood even the treacherous changes of

the sandy river, whose deposits have driven back the sea a thousand yards since the bridge was built. It is true that the pillars have slowly sunk, the bridge has lost its original roundness, and the grace of its proportions has suffered. But the main structure has survived, and only one of its fine arches shows traces of repair. The key-stones of the arches, adorned with vases carved in relief, the niches of which relieve the wall spaces between the arches, the massive cornice with its rich sweep of moulding—all these denote the thoroughness and carefulness of Roman workmanship. Equally important is the triumphal arch of Augustus, which spans the road leading from the town to the bridge. It is built of Istrian limestone, and has on each side of the arch a Corinthian column which once held a statue on the top. Between the two columns and the arch are medallion reliefs, which still remain—heads of Jupiter, Minerva, Mars and Venus. The architrave has been somewhat spoiled by additions of mediæval brickwork, which were requisite to convert the arch into a fortified gateway in the city wall. Still, the proportions of the arch and its fine sculptured work had a powerful attraction for the great architect who in after days drew from it his inspiration for the great artistic monument of the city.

I need not trace the fortunes of Rimini in the troubled times that followed on the fall of the Roman Empire. Nominally it passed into the territory which was subject to the Holy See. Really, it followed the example of other Italian cities, and passed under the domination of a noble family, the Malatesta, who from their castle of Verucchio, on a rock a few miles down

the Marecchia, developed such a habit of interfering in the affairs of Rimini that their permanent protection was found necessary by the citizens. Early in their history the Malatesta lords of Rimini appear in a lurid light, and the verses of Dante have rendered immortal the story of the unhappy love of Francesca da Polenta, wife of Giovanni Malatesta, for her husband's brother Paolo, surnamed Il Bello.

I pass on, however, to the most famous of his line, Gismondo Malatesta, who ruled over Rimini from 1432 to 1468, and made his city one of the great centres of Italian art.

If we read only the records of the history of the time, we should reckon Gismondo Malatesta as a brutal ruffian, little removed from a bandit, who was the scourge of Italy, and whose violence was restrained by no considerations either of principle or expediency. He was excommunicated by Pope Pius II. as a heretic who denied the immortality of the soul, and had committed every crime, mentionable and unmentionable alike. His life, the Pope says in a summary, was defiled by every villainous and disgraceful deed. Nay, the Pope burned him in effigy in Rome; and it is worth noting that he employed the best sculptor in the city to make the effigy, and paid handsomely to have a good one. "The effigy," says Pius II. with complacency, "had the face, the figure, the dress of Gismondo, so that you would have said it was the man himself rather than his semblance." Out of the mouth of the figure issued a legend, "I am Gismondo Malatesta, king of traitors, enemy of God and men". This is a terrible character; but it must be remem-

bered that papal censures are never wanting in comprehensiveness. Pius II. had no cause to love Gismondo Malatesta; but though he fulminated against him as Pope, he still had something to say for him in private. "Gismondo Malatesta," he writes, "had great powers of mind and body, and was richly endowed with eloquence and military skill. He knew history, had no small acquaintance with philosophy, and, whatever subject he pursued, seemed born for it especially."

Strange as it may seem, these two judgments of Pius II. were both true, and Gismondo Malatesta is the most conspicuous example of the wondrous contradictions of character in which the Renaissance period was so fertile. Gismondo thoroughly mastered the lesson that to man all things are possible. He trusted to himself, and to himself only. He pursued his desires, whatever they might be. His appetites, his ambition, his love of culture, swayed his mind in turns, and each was allowed full scope. He was at once a ferocious scoundrel, a clear-headed general, an adventurous politician, a careful administrator, a man of letters and of refined taste. No one could be more entirely emancipated, more free from prejudice, than he. He was a typical Italian of the Renaissance, combining the brutality of the Middle Ages, the political capacity which Italy early developed, and the emancipation brought by the new learning.

Italy alone could supply the position which rendered such a man possible. Nominally a vassal of the Holy See, he knew that he must maintain himself by his own capacity against the growing power of the Pope and the hostility of powerful neighbours. To fortify

and embellish his capital were measures of political wisdom as well as of private preference. Moreover, it was necessary for him to hold a larger position in Italian affairs, and to enjoy larger revenues than the lordship of Rimini could give. For this purpose he, like other petty rulers, adopted the profession of a soldier. On the decay of the old citizen militia there grew up in Italy bands of mercenary troops, whose services were hired to those States which wished to go to war. At first these troops were led by foreign adventurers ; in time the Italians organised bands of their own. The leaders of these condottieri rapidly rose to importance ; and the princely house of Sforza, at Milan, sprang from a peasant of the Romagna, who embraced the profession of arms. Soon, however, these wandering generals were superseded by the smaller rulers of cities, who undertook the task of keeping under their command bodies of troops, whom they were willing to let out to hire to those of their neighbours whose pockets could afford the expensive luxury of war. It was not altogether a bad bargain for commercial states. The Florentines and Venetians could employ their time more profitably in trade than in military training, and when they wanted soldiers they hired them from the lords of such cities as Rimini or Urbino, who had time at their disposal for soldiers' work. Yet this mode of warfare had its disadvantages. The condottieri fought as a means of earning their livelihood, and were inspired by no patriotic motives. In war after war the same forces came together—sometimes allied, sometimes as enemies. Each general knew the ways of the rest, and conventions were established

for the purpose of conducting battles as cheaply as possible. Blows, however, were not much in favour; campaigns were carried on with much strategy, but engagements were rare. When a fight took place there was little loss of life; those who fell were mostly overthrown by the crush of their comrades. Defeat involved the vanquished in imprisonment until their ransom was paid.

Thus warfare was a very gentlemanly proceeding, and everything depended on the good faith of the general towards his employers. Before he took the field he bargained for terms, and a formal contract was drawn up and signed. Then he led the stipulated number of troops to the city which employed them, and which generally supplied a few soldiers of its own. Their temporary army was reviewed before the citizens, and one of the magistrates made a stirring harangue to the troops, and gave the commander the city standard. All this was gratifying to the Italian love of pomp, and troops were generally estimated by the cleanliness of their armour and the splendour of their trappings. When the ceremonial was over the general led his soldiers to the field; and they entered on their campaign with light hearts, for they knew they would be well paid, and that no great mischief would befal them. The Italian genius turned even warfare into a fine art.

Chief among the condottieri of his day was Gismondo Malatesta, and his ancestors had been so before him. Gismondo himself showed his courage very early. At the age of thirteen he delivered Rimini by leading the soldiers to make a night attack upon the beleaguering

forces. At the age of fifteen, immediately after his accession to the lordship of Rimini, he fought and won a decisive battle, which freed his dominions from the army which the Pope had sent against them.

This precocity is characteristic of Gismondo's nature. He early learned to depend solely and wholly on himself. Growing up in watchfulness and in suspicion, he knew the value of energy and deceit. Tall, slender, with an aquiline nose and keen bright eyes, his face was full of penetration and quickness. His bearing commanded respect and true obedience. His soldiers trusted him, for he shared all their toils, and was the first in every danger. He was a steady disciplinarian, but he was strictly just, and he had a ready eloquence which moved men's hearts. His courage was quite heroic; he shrank from no danger, and succumbed to no fatigue. He went hungry or sleepless without a murmur, and asked no one to do what he was not willing to be the first to do himself. Passionate in the satisfaction of his personal desires, he could direct a siege with the utmost patience, and in the middle of his military operations could dictate letters to Piero della Francesca about paintings, or to Lorenzo de Medici concerning the decoration of a chapel.

His artistic interests, moreover, curiously affected his political conduct. Once he had hired his troops to Alfonso of Naples against Florence. The Florentines sent their learned chancellor Geanozzo Manetti as an ambassador to Gismondo; and Manetti so fascinated him by his talk and by a present of translations of newly discovered Greek manuscripts, that

Gismondo agreed to remain neutral. One is sorry, however, to find that his self-denial did not go so far as to lead him to return to Alfonso the instalment of pay which he had already received. Another time, when fighting for Venice in the Morea, he went to visit the famous Platonist, Gemistus Plethon. Finding him recently buried, he disinterred his remains from ground polluted by the Turk, and carried them reverently to Rimini.

Equally remarkable are the contrasts in his private life. At times he acted like a savage brute, at others he was a model of courtesy. He is said, for instance, to have seated one of his servants on the fire, and held the poor wretch there till he perished. A terrible story was current of his wild and savage passion for a German lady who passed through Rimini with her husband, and how he lay in ambush to seize her on her departure. Her escort was stronger than he expected, and fought desperately, till at last Gismondo, unable to endure the thought that his prey might escape, rushed madly at the lady and foully slew her. Yet this same man felt a profound and intellectual love for a lady of Rimini, Isotta degli Atti, to whom he wrote poems, and whom he celebrated in every way that art made possible. It is true that he married two wives from political motives, but Isotta was the lady of his heart, and in the end he married her as his third wife. The following sonnet shows plainly enough the sincerity of Gismondo's passion, and is a fair specimen of his poetic power: it is addressed "To Isotta":—

O delicate sweet light, soul lifted high,
O gentle creature, from whose worthy face
Beams the clear lustre of an angel's grace,
In your sole excellence my hope doth lie:
My safety's anchor, rooted fixedly,
You moor my feeble bark in one safe place;
My being's prop and stay in every case:
Pure turtle dove of sweet simplicity.
The grass, the flowers, bend low before your tread,
Rejoiced to be of such sweet foot the prize,
Stirred gently by your azure mantle's sweep;
The sun, when in the morn he lifts his head,
Rises vainglorious, but when you he spies
Discomfited he hastes away to weep.

The many representations of Isotta which have come down to us do not suggest any physical charms which could account for Gismondo's profound and lasting attachment to her. She looks tall, gaunt, bony, large-featured, with a prominent nose and a long ungraceful neck. Her strong character, rather than her personal beauty, must have made her attractive to Gismondo. At all events, he paid her homage such as rarely falls to lady's share. Medallists, sculptors and painters reproduced her face; poets were bidden to sing her praises; the monogram $ of Sigismundus and Isotta adorns the works which commemorate Gismondo's name, and the inscriptions *Isotta Italiæ Decus*, *Divæ Isottæ Sacrum* still testify to the wish that her name should be immortalised.

This sketch of the character of Gismondo Malatesta is necessary for the understanding of the great monument which he raised in Rimini, every detail of which bears the impress of the personality of its founder. In token of his gratitude for his success in war, Gis-

mondo vowed in 1445 to build a church in Rimini, and he carried out his design in a way which made his church unique among the ecclesiastical buildings of Italy. Even in his own day Gismondo's church was an amazing thing, and Pope Pius II. said, "He built in Rimini a noble church in honour of St. Francis, but he so filled it with pagan works that it seemed not so much a Christian church as a temple of unbelievers who adored false gods". Posterity has endorsed the Pope's opinion, and to this day the church is little known by the name of its patron saint, but is called in Rimini the *Tempio Malatestiano* (the Temple of the Malatesta). Gismondo chose as the object of his vow the existing church of St. Francis, the burial place of his family, and he summoned as his architect the great Florentine, Leo Battista Alberti.

Few men, even amongst Italians, possessed greater natural gifts, and cultivated them with greater care, than did Alberti. His many-sidedness, his versatility, his vast knowledge, and his fine perception are equally marvellous. Supreme in martial exercises and athletic sports, he was eminent as a musician, as a scholar, an architect, a painter and a poet. He was also a student of the exact sciences, physics, mechanics, astronomy, medicine and law. In Florence he has left us proofs of his architectural skill in the façade of S. Maria Novella, and in the severe and stately lines of the Rucellai Palace. If Brunelleschi was the founder of Renaissance architecture, Alberti gave life to the classical forms of construction, and nowhere more conspicuously than in his work at Rimini.

Gismondo's first intention was to rebuild the church

of St. Francis, but out of respect for the tombs and chapels which it contained he changed his plan, and commissioned Alberti to enclose the brick building of the thirteenth century in a case of marble, so as to preserve the old chapels. This difficult task Alberti accomplished, his genius only found greater scope in grappling triumphantly with the limitations imposed upon it. For the façade Alberti took his inspiration from the noble proportions of the Arch of Augustus. It was a happy thought to weave together the past and present glories of the city, and mark significantly the nature of the architectural revival which he had undertaken. Three stately arches, separated by Corinthian pillars, form the façade; in the middle of the central arch is a simple doorway giving access to the cathedral. Massive simplicity and grace of proportion give this arrangement an exquisite charm. The sole ornamentation is on the strip of red Verona marble which crowns the basement and supports the bases of the columns. As this was exposed to rough usage, the ornaments are simple and not cut in relief, but the monogram of Sigismund and Isotta alternates with the rose and elephant, the badges of the Malatesta, and here and there are medallions with inscriptions and coats-of-arms. Only in the spaces above the arches hang six crowns of flowers and fruit, like votive garlands, and on either side of the door are carved long-flowing wreaths to represent the offerings of the faithful. A massive entablature surmounts this first storey of the façade, and above it rise two pilasters which enclose a bay. Unfortunately, the work was never finished, and the gable of the old Gothic church peeps out incongru-

ously between the pilasters. The imagination has to supply the rest of Alberti's design. The side walls are treated with equal simplicity and grace. A series of arches, of the same size as the side arches of the façade, form an arcade along the walls; but they are real arches, leaving visible the walls of the old church, and in the recesses which they form are placed antique sarcophagi containing the bones of men of letters whom Gismondo delighted to honour. It should rather be said that they were meant to contain their bones, for most of them are cenotaphs. Here, however, rest the remains of Gemistus Plethon, which Gismondo brought from the Morea, and each of the tombs is inscribed with the glories of him for whom it was intended.

If the outside of the church is imposing through its simplicity, the interior is overwhelming by the richness of its ornamentation. Yet even here the severity of the early Renaissance is at once apparent. The main lines of the architecture are respected, and the decoration is but an embroidery, not an addition to the structure. The interior shows a nave of large expanse, with four chapels on each side, separated from one another by a space of wall, flanked by pillars which support Gothic arches extending to the roof. One chapel on each side has been walled in, to make it a more secure receptacle for precious relics; the other six are separated from the nave by balustrades of marble and porphyry. Each chapel is lighted by two Gothic windows, between which stands the altar. The walls and chapels of the interior are those of the old building, and Alberti's skill is conspicuous in the

harmonious blending of the two styles. On classical columns rises a Gothic arch at the entrance of each chapel, but the pilasters which are carried up between the arches reconcile the eye to the transition between the two styles which is everywhere apparent.

Wherever the eye falls it meets with decoration, rich through its profusion, yet severely simple in its details. All is of the same period; all is dominated by the same thought, and inspired by the same taste. Everything is full of symbol and allegory, yet the symbolism is not Christian, but speaks of Gismondo and Isotta, and the glories of the Malatesta line. Monograms, scutcheons, crests recur in new combinations on the balustrades, the friezes, the pavement, the roof, everywhere. Roses, elephants, and the interlaced initials of Isotta and her lover meet the eye in the most unexpected places. Elephants of black marble form caryatides of pillars or support tombs against the wall.

Everything speaks of the lord of Rimini, everything is inspired by the simple elegance of the classic style. The spirit of old Roman art has been set to express the passionate aspirations of mediæval Italy, and the splendid result has been employed as the decoration of a Christian church. Nowhere has the Italian Renaissance expressed itself so frankly, so joyously, as in the temple of the Malatesta at Rimini.

Every detail of this decoration merits attentive study. On the side walls of the chapels are carved in slight relief lovely forms of choiring angels; on the balustrades stand Cupids bearing scutcheons; the columns are adorned with plaques of marble reliefs, where, from a blue background, allegorical figures detach their simple

outlines. The work is conceived in the Tuscan manner, which Donatello perfected, but it has an abandonment and joyousness of its own. We ask ourselves what does it mean, and whence did it come? The best answer to these questions has so far been given by M. Yriarte in his important work on Rimini.

Many of the reliefs explain themselves, and are but purely decorative. The most beautiful among them is a series representing cherubs playi g upon instruments of music. Draped musicians play the guitar, beat the tambourine, dance with cymbals, and blow trumpets; while others sport with the emblems of Isotta and the badge of Gismondo. The whole workmanship recalls the sculpture of Luca della Robbia and Donatello for the music gallery of the cathedral of Florence, and the sculptors at Rimini were clearly under the influence of these great masters. Even more curious is the series of reliefs representing the planets. Diana, holding a crescent, is mounted on a triumphal car drawn by two horses; Mars, as a warrior, with drawn sword and brandished shield, stands on a chariot armed with scythes; Venus rises from the waves, drawn by swans who walk upon the waters, while a flock of doves hover over her head. Another series which sets forth the signs of the zodiac is less interesting, as its representations are more realistic, and suggest a collection of strange animals. Thus, a goat browses on a hill-side; a huge crab is suspended in the heavens, while underneath is a representation of the sea with Rimini on its shore. Sibyls and Old Testament heroes also occur, but these are more ordinary subjects. Suddenly, how-

ever, we come upon a chapel which is adorned with designs of the games of childhood. Little *amorini*, full of the mischievous joy of infancy, sport amidst the waters, chase ducks, ride on shells, or are mounted on the backs of dolphins; or they dance merrily round a fountain, conduct their leader in a mimic triumph, and even ride a-cock-horse, and play at horses. The next chapel rises suddenly to most serious allegory, and represents the works of man. It is the later counterpart of Giotto's large conceptions round the base of his campanile, or the more sombre allegories that run inside the doorway of St. Mark's at Venice. Symbolism has become more complicated, more learned, more pedantic. Giotto frankly represented man at his labour, whatever it might be. Here, on the other hand, we have impersonations. Agriculture is a woman gazing on the face of the sky, and holding fruits in one hand, while with the other she scatters seed upon the earth; Education is a stately dame with a staff thrown over her stalwart shoulder, and looking down upon a group of boys and girls who run to clasp the hem of her garment; Music is a maiden with rapt face and timid awe-stricken mien, who opens her lips in song, and holds in her hands a guitar.

For the student of Italian art all this work is full of the deepest significance. It gives a new sense of the richness and fertility of the age in which it was done. The records relating to it have all perished; and critics once wished to assign the sculptures to the great Italian masters, Luca della Robbia, Donatello, and the like. M. Yriarte has gone far to prove conclusively that they were the work of much smaller men—Simone

Ferucci, Agostino di Duccio, Bernardo Cuiffagni. But all owed something to the presence of Alberti; and their work was directed by Gismondo himself, and supervised by his chief minister of art, Matteo da Pasti, whose fame survives as a medallist. All Italy was full of artists. A fitting opportunity alone was needed for congenial work, and the work was sure to be exquisitely wrought. The fiery nature of Gismondo found ready instruments to accomplish what he wished; his desires were so exactly in accordance with the artistic spirit of his time that they were executed with precision and with force. The temple of the Malatesta remains what Gismondo meant it to be, a memorial of himself, of his life, his character, his ideas, and his love. The only thing inside the church that rises to another level is a fresco by Piero della Francesca, representing Gismondo kneeling before his patron saint, St. Sigismund. It is painted above the door of the Chapel of the Relics, and in its simplicity and strength leads back our minds from the multitudinous details of the decorative work to the grand façade of Alberti.

The church was not finished outside, and the decoration of the choir was never begun, for things at last went very badly for Gismondo. His unscrupulousness made him a vast body of enemies, and Pope Pius II. in the end was much too strong for him. He was defeated by overwhelming superiority of numbers, and was deprived of most of his dominions. His unquiet spirit found some occupation after his downfall in fighting against the Turks in Greece, where he died at the age of fifty-one. With him the glory of Rimini departed.

A LEARNED LADY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THOSE who are interested in the study of human character must always linger over the records of the sixteenth century, must always feel an irresistible attraction in the lives of those who first had the problem set before them of the reconciliation of the contending claims of the conscience and the intellect. The intellectual movement of the Renaissance revived the buried culture of antiquity, and created a desire for clearly defined personality which, as it grew, tended to regard morality as an obstacle to free self-development. Against this the Reformation movement asserted the dignity of the individual conscience, and in the interest of the sincerity of the religious life limited the sphere of free inquiry, and fettered the childlike curiosity which had been the charm and the power of the Renaissance. The few who attempted to co-ordinate these two impulses will always be marked characters in the history of thought. More, Erasmus, and Hutten will always be objects of curiosity and interest. But many who occupied no prominent position, and who left no lasting results behind them, are equally deserving of attention. Those especially who, in Italy, were deeply penetrated with culture, yet felt the piercing power of the new religious impulse, have been too generally disregarded.

The absorbing interest of the great religious conflict of the sixteenth century has drawn all eyes upon the battle in which such mighty interests were at stake. When Europe was marshalled into two great camps, and the aspirations of national life ranged themselves on either side, those who looked upon the problem as an individual problem, and sought to reconcile for themselves the antagonism which they felt, were disregarded at the time and have since been neglected. Yet it is worth while to recall, where it is possible, these forgotten lives, discover the spirit which they breathe, and listen to these voices crying in the wilderness, where their accents were scattered by the unheeding winds.

Such a one was Olympia Fulvia Morata, who was born at Ferrara in 1528, whose life we purpose to trace from her letters, and leave it to speak its own lesson.

No city tells so distinctly the story of the rise of an Italian princely family as does Ferrara, which lies about forty miles south of Venice, not far from the coast of the Adriatic Sea. Though still an important city, it is sorely shrunk from its ancient grandeur, and the grass grows thick in its broad and deserted streets. We soon see the reason for the breadth and straightness of the principal streets, for all converge towards a huge fortress that rises threatening and majestic in the city's centre. It is a colossal red-brick building in Gothic style, with four massive towers at the four corners, walls of vast thickness, balconies high up on every side, and small windows—a place meant for defence against every foe. Round it is a deep moat, across which the entrance in old days was by a draw-

bridge. It was the castle of the lords of Este, who made themselves masters of Ferrara, and left this substantial token of the way they held it. No chance for the citizens to make a commotion; from every side the castle could pour forth its soldiers, who would scour the streets. No chance of plotting in secret; the castle seemed a spy set over the whole city. No hopes of seizing it by surprise; its moat and drawbridge on all four sides made it too secure. No hopes of reducing it by siege; its spacious courtyards were well supplied with stores, and gave ample room for every kind of sport. From their mighty castle the lords of Este kept the Ferrarese in subjection, and ruled them with a magnificent and generous rule.

The ruling families which made themselves masters of the Italian cities might have many political faults, but they were always representative of the aspirations of the citizens whom they ruled. They kept down all patriotic sentiment which had its root in the municipal traditions of the past, but they were at one with their subjects in the desire for the glory of their city in the present. When the New Learning arose in Italy, and men returned to the study of classical antiquity, the whole life of the Italians became absorbed in the pursuit. Universities teemed with scholars, and every city was anxious that it should number amongst its citizens artists and men of learning who might spread the influence and increase the glory of their city. But the Italian universities had their roots in the feeling of municipal freedom, and under the baneful patronage of princes, the art and learning of Italy put forth its dying splendour while it lost its vital principle.

Universities flourished, and scholars increased; but the universities lost their hold upon the popular life, and the scholars wrote elegant nothings, and ceased to be leaders of their fellow-men.

Among the cities where art and literature were munificently encouraged, Ferrara, under its Este lords, might claim a chief place. In the beginning of the sixteenth century the court of Duke Alfonso was gay and brilliant. Dosso Dossi, Bellini, and Titian were all employed to paint him pictures, and it was a current saying, "Ferrara has as many poets as its country has frogs". Chiefest amongst those was Ludovico Ariosto, whose *Orlando Furioso* remains the most perfect satire on the downfall of the Middle Ages, the most splendid interpretation of the inquiring, polished, humorous spirit of the new age which had arisen in its stead. The beliefs and sentiments of the Middle Ages melted away when touched by the poet's magic wand amid a burst of inextinguishable laughter; the monstrous, deformed, inhuman Caliban of the past disappeared before the gentle, sprightly Ariel of the present. But Ariosto pointed to the glories of a future which Italy was not to possess. He died in 1533, and Duke Alfonso in the following year. It was not long before a new spirit took possession of Ferrara—the spirit of theology, which Ariosto, when he wrote, had imagined for ever laid to rest.

Duke Alfonso was succeeded by his son, Ercole II., who had married Renée of France, daughter of King Louis XII. and Anne of Brittany. Renée had been brought up in the French court with her cousin Margaret, who became Queen of Navarre, and the two girls

had together become imbued with the new religious spirit that was seething in Northern Europe. At first it was doubtful how far the new spirit might prevail, either in the Roman Church or in the affairs of each national Church, and Renée and Margaret had no feeling of rebellion against existing authority in the religious speculations in which they indulged in common. When Renée went to Ferrara in 1527, she carried her new opinions with her; but the spirit of Italian culture was much too tolerant to heed what opinions any one chose to entertain. Renée was skilled in philosophy, geometry, astronomy, and was fond of learned men. She gathered round her many of the new school of religious thought. When the spirit of repression rose in France and drove many French theologians to quit their native land, they took refuge for a time at Ferrara. There came the first poet of modern France, Clément Marot; there for a time came Calvin before he settled in Geneva, and till his death he continued in correspondence with Duchess Renée; there came Languet, the historian. Moreover from various parts of Italy the new theologians gathered round Renée's court, M. A. Flaminio, Aonio Paleario, Peter Martyr Vermigli, Celio Calcagnini, and Celio Curione.

The new opinions gained adherents in Ferrara, amongst others a professor in the university, Pellegrino Morato. Morato was a native of Mantua, who had been summoned to Ferrara by Duke Alfonso to act as tutor to his younger sons, and had afterwards stayed as professor of classical literature in the university. In Ferrara he married a wife, and for a while basked in the full enjoyment of princely patronage.

But it would seem that he ventured to write a book which entered with too much boldness into theological controversy. Duke Ercole II. did not wish to have the reputation of fostering heretics; if people chose to hold their tongues in public they might hold what opinions they liked; but he could not have his professors bringing him into disrepute. Morato was ordered to leave Ferrara, and taught at Venice, Vicenza, Cesena, and perhaps at other places. But his friends in Ferrara did not forget him. One of his brother professors, who also agreed with him on questions of theology, Celio Calcagnini, when time had done away the effects of his rashness, and the hostility against him had subsided, prevailed on the Duke to recall him to Ferrara in 1539.

Morato was soon restored to high favour at the court, and when in 1540 Duchess Renée wanted a girl to share the studies of her eldest daughter Anna, his daughter Olympia was chosen for that purpose.

So at the age of twelve Olympia Morata left her home for the court of Ferrara. She was two years older than Anna of Este, whose companion she was to be. She had been carefully instructed in all the learning of the age, had gained a considerable knowledge of Greek and Latin literature, and was seriously engaged in the study of rhetoric, or the art of public speaking. How carefully she was educated we see from a letter of her father on the subject of pronunciation, addressed to her at this time. In our day we should consider this question as a very trivial one, and if a teacher were to urge it seriously upon scholars he would probably fail in awaking any enthusiasm. But

in Italy artistic feeling prevailed on every point. The object of education was to enable every one to make the best of themselves. The importance for this purpose of manner, of voice, of mode of speaking, of turn of expression was keenly felt by all. Pellegrino Morato was doing nothing pedantic or affected when he wrote as follows to his daughter :—

"Pronunciation rather than action is the important point in speaking. The speaker ought to use his lips as the reins of his voice, by which he raises and drops it in turn; he ought to adorn each word before it leaves his palate. But he ought not to do this inelegantly by distorting his lips, puffing out his cheeks, or looking as if he were cracking nuts with his teeth. A lady, before she leaves her chamber, consults her mirror for her expression. The voice ought to do likewise. If it is rough or too sonorous the lips and teeth should be used as barriers to check it; if it is too thin the cheeks should be used to give it animation; if it is too shrill the lips should be drawn together to give it volume, so that the long words be not tripped up by the too delicate palate. Strive that your speech be made pleasant in the speaking. The seductive power of the Goddess of Persuasion, the suavity of Pericles, the bees on the lips of Plato, the chains of Hercules, the lyres of Orpheus and Amphion, the sweetness of Nestor, nay, the grace of Christ Himself was nothing else than a sweet, soothing, cheerful, soft speech, not affected nor elaborate, but beautifully, delicately, and subtly harmonised. The greatest orator will change the sound not only in every sentence according to its sense, but in every word. I for my part would rather

hold my tongue than speak harshly, inarticulately, or unpleasantly."

Such are some of the maxims contained in a long letter which deals in detail with many practical points of pronunciation. It is full of references to classical authorities, and shows none of that condescension to an inferior intelligence which we should expect to find in a letter addressed to a child of twelve. That it was not the outpouring of a pedant we know from the statement with which it begins, that it was written at Olympia's special request, in answer to her own questions. Her father begins by saying that it was a difficult subject, "Yet I write because I neither can nor ought to deny you anything, seeing that you are my daughter, and are anxious not only to speak artistically, but to express your speech gracefully".

At the court of Ferrara Olympia Morata began her higher studies by attending the classes of the professors at the university, her own father, Celio Calcagnini, and especially two Germans, Chilianus and John Sinapius, who were doctors of medicine, but taught literature. To Chilianus Sinapius Olympia felt that she owed much, and like all who are really in earnest with knowledge, she expressed to him her deep sense of gratitude. "To my father," she says, "I owe the beginning of life; to you, my teacher, the beginning of living well. From you I learned to count as nothing the things which are commonly reckoned good, but looking up to virtue to reckon it as the one peculiar good of the soul which can never be lost." Under the teaching of Chilianus, Olympia rapidly advanced in her knowledge of Greek, and devoted herself to the study of Cicero. At the age

of fourteen she wrote Latin letters, translated several of Boccaccio's stories into Latin, wrote observations on Homer, and several rhetorical compositions in praise of celebrated men of old times. She then turned her attention to the higher branches of learning, philosophy, and theology, and wrote dialogues in Greek and Latin in the style of Plato and Cicero, dealing with philosophical and theological subjects. She was scarcely sixteen years old when she was requested to give lectures in the University of Ferrara, in which she commented on the *Paradoxes* of Cicero, and discussed the philosophical problems which that book contains. There was nothing extraordinary in a lady lecturing in Italy at that day. There was no notion of rivalry between the sexes, any more than between classes in the State. All were at liberty to do their best, and they had an audience sufficiently critical to take whatever was said at its real worth. Olympia's real knowledge and gracefulness in speaking won for her lectures both respect and attention. She might long have taught at Ferrara if religious difficulties had not again arisen.

While Olympia Morata had been quietly educating herself at Ferrara, the great religious conflict had been more and more agitating Europe ; the gulf between the opposite parties of Catholics and Protestants had been widening, and the political issues of the religious controversy had become more clearly marked. The Papacy had been forced to quit the attitude of easy tolerance which, under the impulse of the New Learning, it had so long assumed, and the Inquisition was again set in motion to purge Italy of heretics. France also had become decidedly and pronouncedly Catholic,

and the Pope and King of France alike looked with suspicion on the court of Ferrara and the freedom of opinion which was there encouraged or tolerated by the Duchess. Accordingly her nephew, the French king, joined with the Pope in urging the Duke of Ferrara to look more closely after the orthodoxy of his wife, and to purge his court from heretics. Ercole II. did not wish to have the reputation of favouring heresy, which would be a hindrance to his political projects. He therefore restrained his wife's liberty, took the education of his children into his own hands, made many changes in his court, and ordered inquisition to be made into the Lutherans at Ferrara. Olympia was driven from the court, was looked upon with great suspicion from her openness of speech, and was abandoned even by her patron, the Duchess Renée, who thought it wise to bow before the storm. Olympia, at the age of nineteen, was suddenly deprived of the luxuries and of the leisure which a court life had secured her, and lived in poverty with her father, who was also deprived of his endowments, and was in failing health. For some months she had to nurse him in his last illness, harassed by the feeling of living in an atmosphere of perpetual suspicion, so that she dared not even be seen reading her Bible. Her father died within a year, and left Olympia, who was not yet twenty, to take care of an invalid mother and look after the education of three sisters and a brother, who were all younger than herself.

It was a hard situation for a girl of Olympia's age. She was abandoned by every one, reduced to poverty, harassed by the feeling that all her actions were spied,

and that an imprudence on her part would bring down punishment not only on herself, but on her helpless mother and sisters. She had come to this all at once, from living in the luxury of a court, being petted by princes and princesses, and having a crowd of listeners to her lectures on philosophy. But she had not been effeminated by her courtly life, nor had her practical capacity been weakened by her learning. Knowledge had only given her a keener insight into the things needful for life. Culture had only brought her that true refinement of soul which has its riches in itself and is independent of outward things. Knowledge and culture in her case only gave greater fulness of meaning to a deep religious feeling. "I do not regret," she writes, "the short-lived fugitive pleasures which I have lost. God has kindled in me a desire to dwell in that heavenly home in which it is more pleasant to abide for one day than a thousand years in the courts of princes."

Olympia did not suffer the miseries of this position more than two years. A young German doctor who was studying medicine at Ferrara, Andrea Grunthler, loved her in spite of her poverty. As she says, "He was not deterred either by the hatred of the Duke or by my misery from marrying me". He was a man of good birth, of considerable attainments, and was possessed of sufficient private property to maintain a wife. "If I had continued in the Duke's favour," says Olympia, "if he had given me wealth, he could not have placed me in a better position than that in which, poor and bereft of all, I have been placed by God." The young couple were glad to leave Ferrara, and Grunthler

went soon after his marriage to arrange for a home in Germany.

It might be thought that such an educated lady as Olympia was superior to anything so commonplace as falling deeply in love; but the following extracts from one of her letters to her husband during his absence will prove the contrary:—

"I greatly grieve that you are away from me, and will be away so long; for nothing more grievous or more painful could befal me. I am always afraid lest some mishap or illness should overtake you. I know my fears outstrip the reality; but, as the poet says—

"Love is full of anxious fear.

Let me know, I beseech you, how you fare, for I swear that nothing could be dearer or more delightful than you, and I know that you know it. I wish, dear husband, that you were with me, so that I could show you more clearly how great is my love for you. You would not believe me if I were to tell you how I long for you; nothing is so hard or difficult that I would not willingly do it to give you pleasure, yet I could bear anything for your sake more easily than your absence. I beseech you to strive with all your might that this summer we may be together in your home. If you love me as I do you, I know that you will manage it. But, not to trouble you, I will say no more, nor did I touch the subject to reproach you, but only to admonish you of your duty, although I know that you are as anxious as myself."

Olympia did not long pine in her husband's absence. Her old tutor, John Sinapius, who had returned to

Germany as a physician, recommended Grunthler to Ferdinand of Austria. One of the King's counsellors, George Herman of Guttenberg, welcomed Grunthler and his wife on their arrival in Germany early in 1550. Herman himself had need of medical advice, and they stayed some time with him near Augsburg. When he was cured, they settled in Augsburg. Olympia left her mother and sisters in Ferrara, but brought with her her brother, of the age of eight, that she might relieve her family by taking charge of his education. Grunthler refused a lucrative post at Linz, which Herman offered him from Ferdinand of Austria; for he did not choose to go to any city where he could not openly express his religious convictions. In 1557 they removed to Schweinfurt, Grunthler's native place, then an important city lying between Würzburg and Coburg. Here Olympia enjoyed a little rest, and set herself to the work of turning the Psalms of David into Greek verse. She also wrote several Latin dialogues dealing with moral and religious questions. "If you ask what I am doing," she writes, "I bury myself in literature, and often spend the whole day in reading; for there is no greater solace that I can find. My husband also is busy with his studies." Indeed Olympia was sorely to be pitied. Germany was a strange land, whose language she knew very imperfectly. Everything must have been strange and rude and primitive to a cultivated Italian lady. She had no literary society, few of the refinements or graces of life around her. Compared with the princely splendour of Ferrara, Schweinfurt must have seemed a semi-barbarous place.

Yet amid these uncongenial surroundings Olympia did not shut herself up in herself or her own pursuits, but was eager to help others. She writes to a young man, a pupil of her husband's, to comfort him amid the political disturbances of the time, which he was afraid might interrupt his studies. Listen to her wise advice, which all students might well lay to heart :—

"Do not trouble yourself too much for fear lest these sad times interrupt your studies: you will not lose much by that, for there is as much good in securing what you have acquired as in acquiring something new. Even if you go to war, you can find time to read some one book without a teacher ; for everything cannot be got from teachers, they can only point the way to the fountains. I advise you, therefore, to read some one book, to read it again and again, and weigh its meaning, for it is better to know one thing well than many things moderately."

She bestirred herself also to have some of Luther's writings translated into Italian, and deplored her own ignorance of German, which prevented her from doing such a work herself. Moreover, her heart was moved within her at the behaviour of a German preacher in Schweinfurt, who, in spite of his office, did not always observe the rule of temperance. She writes to him :—

"I have often wished for an opportunity of talking with you, but as I have never been able to find one, I determined to tell you in a letter what I wished to say face to face ; for the precept of Christ, which all ought to obey, does not suffer me any longer to delay. Since I find that you ofttimes act amiss I am driven to admonish you, if I would obey Christ. You ought,

therefore, if you consider rightly, in no way to be angry with me for thinking that you ought to be admonished for your excessive self-indulgence, which is opposed both to your ministerial office and to your grey hairs. Even men who make no professions of religion agree that intemperance is disgraceful to an educated man; more disgraceful to a Christian, whose purity of life ought to lead others to God; most disgraceful to a minister who shows others the way and does not follow it himself."

It is sufficiently remarkable that a lady not yet twenty-five years old should have felt herself called upon to write on such a subject to an old man; still more remarkable that she should have done it with such simplicity and tact. The letter is a proof that only the wise can be genuinely simple.

The tranquillity of Olympia's life was soon to come to an end, and the fruits of her labours were ruthlessly destroyed. The religious question had convulsed Germany. Catholic and Protestant states watched one another with growing hostility. The Emperor Charles V. waited his time, and at last struck a blow against the Protestants which he hoped would be decisive. But the French king, in spite of his Catholicism, did not wish that there should be a powerful ruler over a united Germany; the German princes were afraid lest, after his success, Charles V.'s hand should weigh too heavily upon them. Charles V. was forced to give way before an alliance between France and his turbulent vassals in Germany. Then confusion grew greater as adventurous spirits pressed on to see what sport could be gained by fishing in troubled waters. Amongst

others who were wishing to try their fortunes, the erratic Albert Alcibiades of Brandenburg wished to better himself at the expense of the prince bishops of Würzburg and Bamberg. In 1553 he entered Franconia and stationed in Schweinfurt part of his troops, who inflicted on the citizens all the miseries of military licence and exacted from them large contributions in money. Moreover Albert's foes besieged his army in Schweinfurt, and the luckless citizens, after being pillaged by their unwelcome guests, had to undergo all the horrors of a siege. Their provisions were at a low ebb, and the crowding within the city walls of the soldiers in addition to the citizens soon produced a plague; half the citizens died, many more went mad with horror. Grunthler was stricken with plague, and nothing could be done for him, as all the medicine in the city was long since exhausted; but Olympia's careful nursing managed to rescue him almost miraculously from the very jaws of death.

He was scarcely restored to health before the besieging troops were reinforced and the siege was actively pressed; day and night bombs were hurled into the city, and for days Olympia and her husband were driven to hide for safety in their wine-cellar. At last Albert saw that he could hold out no longer; he took advantage of the darkness of night to elude the besiegers and march with his forces out of Schweinfurt. But the army of defence was as lawless as the army of invasion, and was anxious only for booty. The luckless citizens of Schweinfurt were punished for having had an army quartered on them so long, and their city was given up to pillage. The brutal soldiers

rushed in and set it on fire. Olympia and her husband received a warning to flee if they wished to escape being burned to death. Penniless they fled, but even so were stopped and stripped of their clothes: Olympia made her escape clad only in her linen smock. Exhausted with hunger and terror, Olympia and her husband managed to drag themselves fifteen miles, to the little town of Hamelburg. The burghers were afraid to admit them within their walls, but at length Olympia was allowed to enter, looking, as she says, like a queen of beggars, barefoot, with dishevelled hair, clad in some rags which she had borrowed on the way. Fatigue and excitement brought on a low fever, but in spite of her illness the folks of Hamelburg were too afraid to allow her to stay more than four days. At the next town which they reached Grunthler was imprisoned by an officer of the Bishop of Würzburg, who said that he had orders to kill all refugees from Schweinfurt. Luckily he was prevailed upon to wait a few days till application could be made to the Bishop, who ordered Grunthler's release. They managed to crawl away to Rineck, where the Count received them kindly and sent them on to the Count of Erbach, who was a Protestant. He and his wife did what they could to repair their losses, and by his influence obtained for Grunthler a post in the University of Heidelberg.

There Olympia settled in the middle of 1554. She had indeed been driven from place to place since she quitted her native land. All her books and papers had been destroyed at Schweinfurt, except a very few, which a friend afterwards bought back from a soldier

who happened to have carried them away. She and her husband had no money except what was given by the kindness of friends, and they had to practise rigid economy. Even so Olympia's kindliness made her seek for a refugee from Schweinfurt as a servant, that she might be useful to some one who had suffered the same miseries as herself. Her learning had not made her neglect the duties of a good housewife; her letters about servants and expenses show the utmost carefulness and capacity for household management.

Olympia's health had greatly suffered from her privations, and she was for some time incapable of much exertion. Yet she renewed her intercourse with men of letters, resumed her studies, and tried as she was able to replace her writings which had been destroyed at Schweinfurt. She also strove to form another library—a difficult undertaking in those days, when books were luxuries. It is pleasant to find that in this she was aided by the liberality of the great Basel printers, foremost among whom were Froben and Izingrin, who joined together to send her a handsome present of books. She went on with the education of her brother, and also took the daughter of her old teacher, John Sinapius, to be educated in her house.

But rest and peace were not long to be Olympia's portion. Again misfortune overtook her and her husband. A plague broke out in Heidelberg, and the majority of the students and inhabitants fled from the city. Grunthler could not afford to go, and Olympia again had to endure a time of misery. Luckily they escaped the plague, but Olympia's fever returned with such violence that her strength was entirely exhausted

and death came daily nearer to her. A few days before her death she wrote to her old friend Celio Curione, who was himself recovering from a serious illness:—

"How tender-hearted are they who are joined together in true Christian friendship, dear Celio, you may judge when I tell you that your letter moved me to tears. For when I read that you had been saved almost from the jaws of death I wept for joy. For I see how God protects you that you may long be able to serve His Church. As to myself, dear Celio, know that I have lost all hope of longer life. I have tried all that medicine can do without avail. Daily, even hourly, my friends expect nothing but my departure, and I think this will be the last letter you will receive from me. My body and my strength are both exhausted; I have no relish for food; day and night phlegm threatens to suffocate me. The fever is raging and incessant; pains in my whole body deprive me of sleep. Nothing is left for me but to breathe out my soul. But I still have a spirit within me which is mindful of all my friends and all their kindness. So I wished to thank you for your books, and to thank most warmly all those good men who sent me so many beautiful presents. I think that I shall soon die: I commend to your care the Church, that whatever you do may be for her profit. Farewell, most excellent Celio, and when you hear the news of my death do not grieve, for I know that my life will only begin after death, and I wish to be dissolved and be with Christ."

This letter did not reach its destination till Olympia was in her grave. It was enclosed to Curione by her

widowed husband, who gives the following description of her death :—

"When she was almost dying, waking a little out of sleep, I saw her look pleased and smile softly. I went nearer and asked why she smiled so sweetly. 'I saw just now,' she said, 'a quiet place filled with the fairest and clearest light.' When she could speak no more through weakness, 'Courage,' I said, 'dear wife; in that fair light you will dwell'. Again she smiled and nodded her head. A little while afterwards she said, 'I am quite happy'. When next she spoke her eyes were already dim. 'I can scarcely see you any longer,' she said, 'but everything seems to me full of the most beautiful flowers.' They were her last words. Soon after, as if overcome by sweet sleep, she breathed forth her soul. For many days she had repeated that she wished for nothing but to be dissolved and be with Christ, whose great mercies towards herself she never ceased to speak of when the disease allowed, saying that He had illumined her with the knowledge of His word, had weaned her mind from the pleasures of this world, had kindled in her the longing for eternal life; nor did she hesitate in all she said to call herself a child of God She bore nothing worse than if any one, for the sake of consoling her, said that she would recover from her illness. For she said that God had allotted her a short term of life, but full of labour and sorrow, and she did not wish again to return from the goal to the starting-point. She was asked by a pious man if she had anything on her mind that troubled her. 'For all these seven years,' she said, 'the devil has never ceased to try by all means to draw me from

the faith; but now, as though he had shot all his darts, he nowhere appears. I feel nothing else in my mind except entire quiet and the peace of Christ.' It would be long to tell you all that she said, to the admiration of us who heard her. She died on 26th October, 1555, at four o'clock in the afternoon, in the twenty-ninth year of her age and the fifth year of her married life."

Such scraps of her literary remains as could be found were edited by her friend Celio Curione, and were published at Basel in 1562. They were characteristically dedicated to Queen Elizabeth of England, as being the most learned lady of her age.

In literature Olympia Morata is little more than a name. Yet the record of her simple life of self-devotion to the cause of truth and intellectual freedom is more precious than a library full of her writings. In her intellectual character we can clearly see the meeting of the two great movements that produce modern thought—the Renaissance and the Reformation. To the culture which came from the study of classical antiquity she added the seriousness and sincerity of the new religious life. She showed an example—rare in any age, most rare in the age in which she lived—of a religion that was free from fanaticism, from affectation, from intolerance, from desire for controversy. Culture gave her genuineness and breadth of view, depth of insight to distinguish what was real from what was seeming, strengthened her to turn her convictions into the stuff of which her life was built. Listen to her words on the weary disputations with which her time was vexed: "About the sacraments I know that there

is amongst Christians a great controversy, which would easily have been settled long ago if men had taken as their counsellor, not their own vanity, but Christ's glory and the good of His Church, which is advanced by concord".

But the spirit of freedom, of sincerity, of simplicity, of broad-mindedness, of culture, which animated Olympia had no place in the turbulent times in which her lot was cast. Her fate in life was a symbol of the fate that befel the spirit which she expressed. Driven out of Italy, where free inquiry was checked by stern repression exercised in the name of orthodoxy, it could find no abiding-place beyond the Alps. The bitterness of polemics, the anarchy of self-seeking licence, the turbulence of struggles in which politics and religion were strangely interwoven—all these causes combined to trample down the "sweet reasonableness" of Christian culture. The savageness of the religious conflict of the sixteenth century destroyed the spirit of free inquiry in the Renaissance, and narrowed the Reformation into dogmatical polemics.

JOHN WICLIF.[1]

THE increasing attention that has of late years been paid to Wiclif and his writings is a most hopeful sign of a genuine desire to understand more fully the Reformation movement, and obtain a clearer idea of its real meaning and importance. The Reformation summed up and expressed so many different impulses and so many different aims, that the first object of an inquirer into its history must be to separate its various parts, and consider them, so far as is possible, in their separate spheres, before he can hope to represent them collectively in their full significance. Hence the importance of the special study of the English Reformation, which was a natural consequence of the previous national history, and was determined in its character and extent by political and national, rather than by speculative and universal considerations: in consequence, though it might be illogical, it was self-developed, and was free from the influences of violent antagonisms and forcible reactions.

If this is true of England generally, as contrasted with the Continent, it is especially true of Wiclif in his relation to the Reformation movement in England itself. He was entirely unaffected by any external influences, by any theories of the Waldenses, or other mystics; he was not urged on by personal motives, nor by the pressure of strong political necessities; he was

[1] *A Review of Johann von Wiclif*, von Gotthard Lechler, 1873.

no mere dreamer, but a man profoundly versed in all the learning of his time; "in theology most eminent, in philosophy second to none, in scholastic exercises incomparable": he was led to his opinions solely by his own mental development, and was maintained in them by the national feeling of England; he spoke simply as he thought, and met with no opposition sufficiently strong to deter him or compel him to throw his opinions into a purely defensive form. Wiclif is pre-eminently the embodiment of strong common sense, great earnestness and integrity of purpose, clear insight and unswerving honesty in the expression of what he held to be true. In this lies the importance of his life and opinions to the historical and to the theological student, who is desirous of discovering the real meaning of the Reformation, and is not merely anxious to find in it a confirmation of his own opinions. To the sectary and to the disputant, Wiclif is still merely a name, or is known only by a few passages of his invective, and is confused with the general mass of those who strove against the Pope and identified him with Antichrist. Recently, however, greater interest has been felt in Wiclif and as a consequence more accurate knowledge has been obtained, and his works have for the first time been made public. Especially have the labours of the late Dr. Shirley contributed to this result: his edition of the *Fasciculi Zizaniorum*, a polemic against Lollardism, attributed to Thomas Netter, of Walden, contains most valuable criticism on Wiclif and his teaching. Moreover, Dr. Shirley was deeply impressed with the desirability of making the works of Wiclif more widely known; he devoted much valu-

able labour to a critical examination of the immense mass of manuscripts existing in the public libraries of Europe which were attributed to Wiclif; and, as a result of this examination, he published a Catalogue of Wiclif's writings, which might serve as a basis for further research. He also prevailed on the delegates of the University Press at Oxford to undertake the publication of some of the writings of one of the greatest sons of that university, one who expresses the noblest period of her intellectual supremacy, and shows her in her grandest aspect as a genuine seeker after truth,—one in whose mouth the learning of the Middle Ages still rings with the deepest significance for the ear of modern times. Hence Dr. Lechler edited for the university, from a collation of four Vienna MSS., Wiclif's *Trialogus*,[1] the most learned of his works, and the one which gives us the greatest insight into the speculative ideas on which his teaching was founded; and more recently, Mr. Thomas Arnold has edited with conscientious care a selection from Wiclif's more popular and practical writings in English,[2] consisting of his sermons and a number of his shorter treatises.

The results, therefore, of this fuller knowledge and more accurate investigation, Dr. Lechler puts before us in two bulky volumes, which deal with the subject in a most comprehensive way.

But though Dr. Lechler has exhibited Wiclif's teaching more fully, more accurately and more systematically than had been done before, he has failed to grasp the whole significance of the period in which

[1] *Johannis Wiclif Trialogus.* Edidit G. Lechler. Oxonii, 1869.

[2] *Select English Works of John Wiclif.* Edited by T. Arnold, M.A., three vols., Oxford, 1869-71.

Wiclif lived, or to bring out in full relief the greatness of his position in our national history.

Wiclif has suffered so much from being regarded purely as a Reformer, and his position in relation to English history and English thought has been so much misstated, that it is perhaps still worth while to attempt to sketch its significance, in its more general bearing.

Born near the little village of Spreswell,[1] near Richmond, in Yorkshire, about the year 1324, Wiclif went at an early age to Oxford, with which his fame and his teaching were ever afterwards associated. Oxford cannot have been in a very flourishing condition during his student years: the Black Death was desolating England, and before its ravages the number of scholars had greatly diminished, and other thoughts than those of study had taken possession of men's minds. Still in spite of this terrible drawback, intellectual life beat vigorously in Oxford: the strife between the followers of Scotus and Ockham added the warmth of philosophic controversy to the immemorial feud between North and South: the questions raised by Ockham about the relations of the spiritual to the temporal power, his fervid writings in defence of the Emperor Lewis against Pope John XXII., must have stirred men's minds at Oxford as elsewhere. Wiclif may have listened to the lectures of Thomas Bradwardine, "Doctor profundus," as his contemporaries called him, who explored in his treatise, *De Causa Dei*, the question of Free-will and Necessity, and vindicated God's goodness even in the evil of the world around,—a follower

[1] Dr. Poole has pointed out that Spreswell, long said to be the birthplace of Wiclif, is a misprint for Ipreswell, now Hipswell.—(L. C.

of Augustine, as of one who "gave glory to the grace of God, and was a grand and sturdy champion of God's grace". Whether Wiclif heard him or not, he must have discussed these opinions, which, though within the pale of the Church's teaching, differed little from those which Luther afterwards used as the basis of his Protestant system. Richard Fitzralph also, afterwards Archbishop of Armagh, deeply impressed Wiclif, both speculatively by his learned refutation of the errors of the Armenians, and practically by his endeavours to check the Franciscans in the exercise of their privileges, and secure against them the position of the parish priest as well as the discipline of the university. Wiclif, we know, was an eager student, well versed in logic and metaphysics, deeply learned in theology, and delighting in the mathematical and natural sciences, from which he never wearies of drawing illustrations both in his books and sermons.

Wiclif's personal history at the university has been rendered complicated by a doubt about his identity, owing to the existence of a person with a similar name,—a doubt which has been increased by a desire to clear him from any personal motives in his breach with the Papacy and the established ecclesiastical system. It is hopeless here to discuss the arguments or do more than indicate the general bearings of a question which belongs to the antiquary rather than the historian.[1] In Wiclif's time, only a few privileged

[1] I have to acknowledge the great assistance I have received in forming an opinion on this subject from a paper read to the Oxford Ashmolean Society by the Rev. Prebendary Wilkinson, and afterwards published in the *Church Quarterly* for October, 1877.

scholars could find shelter in the walls of a college; whether Wiclif did so or not cannot be said with certainty: if he did, his connexion with the North would naturally lead him to Balliol; but Balliol was a very poor college at that time, and could not maintain scholars longer than was necessary for them to proceed to their Master's degree. By the disputations held to qualify for that degree an aspiring scholar's reputation was made; and whether Wiclif had been a member of Balliol Hall or not, it cannot excite any surprise if Merton College, the mother of nearly all Oxford's great names in the fourteenth century, received a man of Wiclif's distinction and reputation as a member of her society; at all events the name of John de Wiclif is found in the list of Fellows of Merton in the year 1356. At this time also colleges were few, and college feeling was not yet powerful enough to absorb a wider patriotism or engender local and petty jealousies. So, on a vacancy in the Mastership of Balliol Hall in 1361, Wiclif was called to preside over the fortunes of that still struggling society; he did not, however, long retain his office, for in the same year he was presented by Balliol to the living of Fillingham, in Lincolnshire. He still, however, resided a good deal in Oxford, and continued to teach; and is mentioned more than once in the books of Queen's College as tenant of a room there.

But in the year 1365 Wiclif was called to a new office in the university. Archbishop Simon Islip was desirous of raising the reputation for learning of the secular clergy, who had suffered greatly from the ravages of the "Black Death," and whose ranks had

been hastily filled up; he had therefore founded a new hall at Oxford, in which regular and secular clergy were to study together. According to the original statutes, the Warden was to be one of the monks of Christ Church, Canterbury; but Archbishop Islip was dissatisfied with his first nominee, John Woodhall, and using a founder's privileges altered his first statutes and nominated John de Wiclif as Warden in his stead. Soon after making this appointment, Islip died, and was succeeded by Simon Langham, who, being himself a monk, took a different view of the question of Canterbury Hall; the expelled Warden raised a complaint; the matter was investigated by the Archbishop, and a decision given in his favour; Wiclif and his party of seculars had to retire in their turn, and Woodhall triumphantly returned. It was now Wiclif's turn to appeal, and the case was argued before the Papal Court, where it was finally given against Wiclif, and the Pope's decision confirmed by an order from the King in 1371.

So far there is nothing inconsistent in this account of Wiclif's life, and there is no reason for distrusting contemporary evidence on the matter; but it has been pointed out that there was another John Wytcleve, or Whitecliffe, who was vicar of Mayfield, and apparently well known to Archbishop Islip, to whom the Wardenship of Canterbury Hall more fitly applies. Dr. Shirley has produced considerable evidence in favour of this view, and discredits the value of the testimony of the contemporary controversialist, William Woodford, who states that Wiclif *per religiosos possessionatos et prælatos expulsus fuerat de aula monachorum Cantuariæ.*

These arguments of Dr. Shirley, which seemed at first sight very strong, are on further investigation not so convincing, and are, as Dr. Lechler points out, not enough to counterbalance Woodford's testimony, of whom Wiclif himself makes honourable mention, and to whom he acknowledges his obligations.

Really the desire to clear Wiclif from any suspicion of personal motives in his after-life, and an exaggerated conception of the importance of the Canterbury Hall episode, are perhaps at the bottom of the wish to make two John Wiclifs, and so exempt the Reformer from any grudge against either monks or Pope. There is, however, no reason for viewing the question of the Wardenship of Canterbury Hall as one of great importance, or as likely to arouse bitter personal feelings; it was merely a part of the standing quarrel between the regular and secular clergy: Archbishop Islip tried to moderate between the two; Archbishop Langham, being a monk, could not desert his order, and almost as a matter of course gave his decision in its favour. Wiclif appealed to the Pope, who confirmed Langham's decision, as did also the King, who did not, however, neglect to take a good fine from the monks as the price of his compliance. Meanwhile Wiclif was living peaceably in his rooms at Queen's College; no extraordinary fate had befallen him; no slur had been cast either upon his character or his orthodoxy; it was merely an incident in the fight of parties, and the monks had won the day. It was not a question of much importance; the position of Warden of Canterbury Hall must have been a very slight honour to a man of Wiclif's reputation; nor is it wonderful that

he was appointed a royal chaplain, probably by the same Archbishop Langham who dispossessed him of an office which he considered only fit for a monk. The King also would have no hesitation in confirming, especially when his exchequer benefited in the process, the Pope's decision on a purely technical point, although it concerned a person of considerable reputation in his own court. The question was a legal question, and was considered without any personal feeling; Wiclif alludes to it once in passing, and calls it a *familiarius exemplum* of what he regarded as an abuse; with the exception of Woodford's slight mention, it is never brought forward against him, simply because it contained no ground for personal attack.

Wiclif continued to teach at Oxford and discharge the duties of royal chaplain, when, in the year 1366, he was called upon by the King to answer the untimely demand made by Pope Urban V. for the homage of England. His answer is especially interesting, as he gives the arguments which he had heard used in Parliament, recapitulating the speeches of seven Lords, and thus supplying us with probably the earliest record of a Parliamentary debate. It was the commencement of the most vigorous crisis of the reaction against the Papacy which had begun in the reign of Henry III., and which was gathering strength in England during the whole of the fourteenth century.

Already had the shadows of misfortune begun to close over the last years of Edward III.: France was almost lost: the Black Prince was stricken by a mortal illness: a stream of turbulent spirits, trained in the wars, was setting homewards and adding to the dis-

quiet of men's minds. A bitter anticlerical feeling prompted Parliament in 1371 to petition the King that secular men only might be employed in his court and household: William of Wykeham resigned the seals, and a lay Ministry, in which the chief mover was the Duke of Lancaster, came into power. Hence sprung the alliance between the Duke and Wiclif, an alliance prompted by political interest on one side, by national and patriotic feeling on the other. But Wiclif was soon disappointed by the timidity of the new Government: the Papal collector appeared as usual in England, and the Government was content to administer to him an oath that he would do nothing contrary to the laws or liberties of the kingdom. In a remarkable pamphlet, printed by Dr. Lechler in his Appendix, Wiclif indignantly asks, Can it be otherwise than pernicious to the laws and liberties of the realm that a foreign potentate should plunder it at will?

It was Wiclif's first disappointment, but he was soon to meet with still harder ones. Parliament clamoured for redress of the wrongs which patrons of benefices were continually suffering at the hands of the Pope and his provisors, and it was agreed that the matter should be discussed at Bruges with Papal commissioners, at the same time as the congress was being held to arrange peace with France (1374). Gilbert, Bishop of Bangor, was head of the commission, and Wiclif, we may suppose, its leading member. The conference ended, and all waited for its results. The peace with France was another instance of the failures of English diplomacy; and when, in September, 1375, six lengthy bulls arrived from the Pope, full of arrangements for

past informalities, but with no promise of amendment for the future, popular indignation began to wax high. The promotion of the Bishop of Bangor to the See of Hereford seemed a recompense for his traitorous betrayal of England's interests: peace had been made with France to further the intrigues of the Duke of Lancaster: had he truckled to the Pope as well to suit his own ends? The first "lay Ministry" had belied all its promises of ecclesiastical reform: a reaction set in, and the "Good Parliament" (1376) left a deep impress of its zeal on English history: the long list of grievances against the Pope which it drew up bears the strongest marks of Wiclif's influence.

Wiclif was still merely a parish priest: in 1368 he exchanged the living of Fillingham for that of Ludgershall, in Buckinghamshire; and in 1374 was presented by the King to the living of Lutterworth, which he held till his death. Yet he was an important person in England, and his adherence to the Duke of Lancaster involved him in the struggles of political parties. The Good Parliament was not to repeat its triumphs, for the death of the Black Prince again threw power into the hands of Lancaster, and enabled him again to assert his influence over the now imbecile King. He was determined to rid himself of his chief political foes, and accusations were brought against William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, the chief of his opponents; in consequence of which Wykeham's temporalities were forfeited, and he was banished the court. But the clergy, under the leadership of Courtenay, the popular and aristocratic Bishop of London (he was of the noble family of the Earls of Devon), made Wyke-

ham's cause their own, and refused to proceed with the business of Convocation till Wykeham had received a summons to attend (February, 1377). This was Courtenay's first triumph, and he was determined to follow it up: he compelled the reluctant Archbishop Sudbury to summon Lancaster's clerical champion, Wiclif, to answer to his Ordinary for his opinions. The story of his success need not be repeated: Lancaster's insolent bearing and unbridled tongue roused the feelings of the Londoners in defence of their Bishop; Lancaster had to flee, and the inquiry ended in confusion almost before it had begun. The Duke, blind with rage, hastened to Parliament, and proposed to deprive the City of its municipal rights and privileges; the Londoners rose and sacked the Duke's palace of the Savoy; nor would they desist till Bishop Courtenay interposed to save what still remained. Courtenay had gained his object: Lancaster was overcome, and had to permit Wykeham's return. No further measures were taken against Wiclif; we do not even know what were the charges preferred against him: this trial was no effort of the English hierarchy to repress heresy, but rather a political movement on the part of the clerical-ministerial party to discredit the chief of the opposition.

Dr. Lechler throughout his work attributes an amount of ecclesiastical intolerance to the English bishops, which they do not at this time seem to have possessed. Sudbury and Courtenay were both of them politicians rather than ecclesiastics, and behaved accordingly. Dr. Lechler assumes that Wiclif was summoned before Convocation, but Foxe's language, though vague, seems to make it more probable that he was summoned before

the Archbishop as his Ordinary. Similarly, Dr. Lechler, forcing Foxe's expressions, asserts that the English bishops lost no time in applying to the Pope, whose bulls against Wiclif are dated 22nd May, 1377. Dr. Lechler is too exclusively employed in writing the life of a Reformer, who as such, he assumes, must necessarily have been persecuted, and does not sufficiently consider the national attitude towards the Papacy, or the character of the English bishops. Pope Gregory XI. had reasons enough for wishing to interfere in English affairs, without requiring the instigation of English prelates: in his bull addressed to Archbishop Sudbury and Bishop Courtenay he reproves them as "slothfully negligent, insomuch that latent motions and open attempts of the enemy are perceived at Rome before they are opposed in England": he orders them to inquire at once into Wiclif's opinions, and send him the result; and, as if foreseeing opposition and desirous of providing against it, he issues a bull to the King, praying him to grant the Papal commissioners his favour and protection in the discharge of their duty. At the same time also, to strike terror into the minds of Wiclif's followers in their stronghold, a bull was sent to the University of Oxford, reproving its members for suffering "tares to spring up among the pure wheat of the glorious field of the university," and bidding them give up Wiclif to the Papal commissioners.

Although the commission is dated 22nd May, no action was taken by the commissioners till 18th December: they were not in a hurry to proceed on such an unpopular business. Walsingham, the monkish historian, complains bitterly of their dilatoriness and

half-heartedness. Edward III. died on 21st June, and the first Parliament of Richard II. showed itself strongly opposed to Rome,—nay, even submitted for Wiclif's opinion the question of the constitutional legality of prohibiting the export of English money to the Pope. Wiclif gives his judgment in favour of the legality of such a prohibition : he bases his opinion on the natural law of self-preservation, and the gospel precept that almsgiving (for he regarded Church property as alms) ceases to be a duty for those who are themselves in want.

It is not, under these circumstances, surprising to find that the Archbishop wished to act cautiously, and to discharge the duty which the Papal injunctions had laid upon him, with all possible circumspection. The Council of the University of Oxford doubted whether they should receive the Papal bull or not ; the Archbishop's summons to Wiclif was couched in very courteous terms, and made no mention of the imprisonment which the Pope had enjoined, if necessary. Wiclif appeared before the commissioners early in 1378, but their sittings soon came to an end ; the Princess Dowager of Wales sent them a message to desist, and the clamours of the Londoners left them no option : they seem to have been only too glad to rid themselves of a somewhat ignominious office, and the monkish writers are loud in denouncing their cowardice. The matter went no farther for the present, for on 27th March Gregory XI. died ; and the schism in the Papacy that ensued supplied it with other occupation than that of investigating heresy in England.

The Pope had submitted to his commissioners

nineteen points on which he had been informed that Wiclif was heretical, and on which he wished him to be further examined: they are questions concerning (1) the denial of the right of private property and of right of inheritance; (2) the assertion of the right, and in some cases the duty, of secularising Church property; (3) the assertion that the Church discipline of absolution or excommunication is necessarily limited by its conformity to the law of Christ. These conclusions are obscurely expressed in the Pope's bull, and are technically defended by Wiclif; they are only useful as indicating the source from which his opinions grew, and the side from which he approached the question of reform. Wiclif was emphatically an Englishman, and developed his opinions round the national grievances: as one called in to counsel the Parliament smarting under Papal exactions and awakened fully to their ignominy, he had passed on to find in Scripture and in natural right, a firm basis for national remonstrance and resistance.

The outbreak of the Papal schism was watched by Wiclif with the deepest interest: at first he expected great things from Urban VI., whose character stood high before his election to the Papacy; he was, however, soon disappointed by the cruel and perfidious character of Urban's acts: he ceased to be an adherent of Urban, and became neutral. Gradually, as the miserable schism went on, and the high office of successor to St. Peter was made an object of every possible intrigue and trickery, the heart of Wiclif waxed hot within him, and his indignation found quick expression: each of these pretenders was equally antichrist; the

institution of the Papacy itself was mischievous and destructive. If any good were to be done for the poor sheep wandering without a shepherd, every serious man must give himself to the work and do what he could, whether helped or hindered by those in power. The years between 1378 and 1382 seem to have been years of untiring labour on Wiclif's part,—years consumed in efforts at reform. He organised and sent out preachers throughout the land; he translated parts of the Scriptures into English; he preached and wrote continually, and his utterances were carried far and wide through England.

First, Lutterworth became a centre for itinerant preachers, who went forth, as the disciples of St. Francis had done before, to labour amongst the poor and the neglected; perhaps these preachers consisted first of those who had gathered round Wiclif as their master in Oxford, and had been impressed by his zeal. The reform of preaching was one of Wiclif's great objects, and many of his sermons and addresses are directed to that object. Too often, he complains, not God's word, but other matters, are the subjects of preaching; barren speculations, legends, tales and fables, take the place of Scripture teaching; even when God's word is preached, it is not preached rightly,—not in simplicity and purity, but with self-assertion on the preacher's part, with elaborate ornament and turgid rhetoric. But the "trewe preestis" (*fideles* or *simplices sacerdotes*) who go forth under Wiclif's influence go forth to preach God's word, and that only,—to preach it "where, when, and to whom they could". So vigorous were they, that in 1382 Archbishop Courtenay

writes that "heretical doctrines are spread on every side, not only in churches, but in public places and other profane spots". Wiclif had set on foot a great spiritual revival in the Church; and (as Dr Shirley has remarked) if his mental acuteness had not led him to examine the intellectual basis of his belief, and so involved him in a criticism of the doctrine of Transubstantiation, he might have come down to us canonised as St. John de Wiclif, founder of a new order of preaching friars.

Even, however, within the limits of this institution, Wiclif seems to have advanced to a point where collision with the hierarchy was inevitable. These "pore preestis" were at first all duly ordained, but soon we find the Lollard preachers are laymen, and this change seems to have been made with Wiclif's knowledge and approbation: in his later writings the preachers are no longer called *simplices sacerdotes*, but *viri apostolici* or *evangelici*.

It was for these preachers that Wiclif wrote many of his smaller English tractates, and perhaps some of his sermons were intended as models for them; but his great work was the translation of the Bible into English, undertaken by him and his associates—a work which marked an epoch not only in the ecclesiastical, but also in the literary history of England.

Under these circumstances we cannot wonder that a man of Wiclif's keen, penetrating intellect rapidly developed his opinions when once he had the goal clearly before him: moreover, what he clearly saw he lost no time in clearly expressing; thought and utterance were to him almost identical: he strove onward

towards the highest truth he perceived, and was not hindered by the traditions or prejudices of his earlier years from accepting honestly the conclusions of his thought: "many things that once I thought strange, now seem to me to be catholic: when I by God's power became a man, I put away by God's grace childish things". Wiclif has, indeed, a proper claim to the title of "Doctor Evangelicus," for no one could take his stand more resolutely upon the plain basis of Scripture. The constitutional struggles of England's past history had already stamped deeply a feeling of legality and order on the English mind, and coloured its view of all things else. "What claim can we have to Christian privileges," exclaims Wiclif, "if we abandon our Great Charter, written and given to us by God, on which alone can we found our claims to His kingdom?" Every action of the individual's life is only so far legitimate as it is in accordance with the law of the gospel, —nay, "the whole body of human law ought to depend on the law of the gospel as on a rule essentially divine". We seem to hear the principles of Savonarola, and to see foreshadowed the workings of Puritan theocracy.

But how was Scripture to be interpreted? At first Wiclif admitted two sources—reason and the "exposition of holy doctors approved of by the Church". But he soon advanced beyond a position which would have re-established authority and have robbed him of all that he had won. In his later writings he insists that the Holy Ghost alone can expound to the individual Christian the Scriptures, even as Christ taught His apostles; he only can hope to understand aright who leads a holy life and seeks the truth in humility of mind.

Moreover, he lays down some modern canons of interpretation: "Scripture contains but one Word of God"; "One part of Scripture is best expounded by another". In one passage he calls attention to the necessity of noticing carefully St. Paul's use of prepositions and adverbs. He insists with the utmost emphasis on the right of all Christian men to the Scriptures. "If the worde of Christ is the lyfe of the worlde, howe maye any antechriste for dreade of God take it awaye frome us that be christen men, and thus to suffer the people to dye for hunger?"

Noticeable also is Wiclif's strong desire to set forth Christ, under the forms of political phraseology, as the supreme Head of the human race: he calls Him "Conquestor optimus," "Cæsar noster," "Cæsar semper augustus"; "God made him Priour of al his religion, and he was Abbot of the best ordre that may be". He is our Bishop; He is our Pope. Hence Wiclif objects to the limitation of the term "Church" to the clergy; the Church consists of the whole number of the elect; it is "moder to eche man that shal be saved, and conteyneth no membre but ownly men that shalen be saved"; yet of this salvation can no man be sure either in his own case or that of another. Thus Wiclif is opposed to all hierarchical pretensions, and objects to the elevation of an office into the basis of a class distinction: there is no difference of class between layman and clerk; every Christian ought to be a theologian; a good layman is higher than a negligent priest; if priests do not do their duty, the laity should deprive them of their possessions as being enemies of God's Church.

In the early part of his life Wiclif was on friendly

terms with the Friars: he recognises them as established by the Holy Ghost for the edification of the Church. They on their part seem to have stood by him; and many of his biographers, who failed to follow his gradual development, have been puzzled by the presence of four Friars as his advisers when he appeared before the Archbishop. His spiritual earnestness led him early to rebuke the indolence of the wealthy monastic orders (*religiosi possessionati*); but it was not till the year 1380, when first he attacked the doctrine of Transubstantiation, that he became embroiled with the Friars. On this question, as on all others, he is led by a rational study of the Scriptures to controvert the prevalent materialism. In a sermon on the text, "I am come not to do My own will, but the will of Him that sent Me," he observes that the two wills are not alternatives, but co-existed in Christ. This principle of interpretation he applies to the words of consecration: the bread remains bread, but is also, *principaliter*, the body of Christ; he who holds the materialist view "destroys grammar, logic and natural science, and, what is more lamentable, does away with the meaning of the gospel". As Christ's godhead and manhood co-exist in one person, so does Christ's body co-exist with the bread. Consequently the adoration of the Host is mere idolatry. Wiclif, as Dr. Lechler remarks, overthrew Transubstantiation; and it is perhaps his greatest contribution to the theology of the Reformation. The Hussites took up the question where he left it, and attacked the denial of the cup to the laity; it remained for Luther to overthrow the doctrine of the sacrifice of the Mass.

It was this question of Transubstantiation that brought Wiclif into his last collision with the hierarchy. He published in Oxford twelve theses on the subject which he was prepared to maintain. The Chancellor, William of Berton, took counsel with twelve Doctors of Divinity, and forbade unorthodox teaching on pain of expulsion from the university: there was great excitement in Oxford, and Wiclif appealed, not to his Ordinary, the Bishop of Lincoln, but to the King: the question was a national question, to be settled by King and Parliament alone.

But before Wiclif's appeal could proceed before the King, the rising of the villeins under Wat Tyler and Jack Straw had terrified the barons and the middle class, which was rapidly rising in wealth and importance: a reaction had set in against Wiclif, against innovation generally: he was looked upon as a dangerous person, and instead of being powerful enough to make an attack, had to stand upon his defence. There can be no doubt that Wiclif himself was entirely without any share in the disturbances of the eventful year 1381. The cessation of the French wars had brought back to England a number of villeins who had served in their campaigns, and who found it hard to submit to their former serfage: land had been changing hands, the commercial classes had become large proprietors, the sentimental side of the relations between lord and vassal had now fallen away: at the very time that the iniquity of villeinage was most clearly seen, its oppressive character was making itself more harshly felt. The demands of the villeins show how entirely their rising was the result of their social misery, though they

seem to have had amongst their leaders some who contemplated schemes of political or social revolution. True, they put the Archbishop mercilessly to death, but it was as Chancellor, not as Archbishop, that he suffered. True, they plundered monasteries, but it was for the same reason that they sacked lawyers' offices and destroyed all parchments,—they wished to abolish all those title-deeds by which they were transferred like cattle from one owner to another. The clergy were wealthy, and had no sympathy with the people; the mendicants were poor, and so had a fellow-feeling with them; the poor were all welcome, their hatred was only against the rich. The attempt to implicate Wiclif in their rising has no foundation whatever in the facts of the case. But still we can see how Wiclif was looked upon by the affrighted burghers, when they began to recover from their shock, as a man whose principles were dangerous, one with whom it was not well to agree too far. Certainly socialistic and communistic principles had been spread among the rebels, and Wiclif had been accused by the Pope of denying the rights of ownership and hereditary succession. No doubt Wiclif in his teaching had been led on by the necessity of combating the Pope's claims to suzerainty over England to consider the whole question of lordship and ownership (*dominium*). The claims of the Pope and the claims of the hierarchy were to him equally untenable; the canon law had adopted the term *dominium* to express the position of the clergy towards the laity, and it expressed also the Pope's position towards the Church: Wiclif was compelled to examine its real meaning. The metaphysical basis

of Wiclif's system was consistently realistic; the "universal" and the "idea" are used by him as interchangeable terms: the idea is the thought of the Divine Mind expressed in the created thing; the Divine Intelligence is actually and completely reproduced in the created world, and in every part of it (*omne ens est realiter ipse Deus*). God, therefore, is the sole Lord of the world; He became its Lord by the creation: all lordship of men is a lordship founded on force: only so far as it is in accordance with God's law is it a rightful lordship. Wiclif advanced his realism consistently to the farthest point, and we cannot doubt that opinions such as these produced some impression on the social theories of an oppressed yet not degraded people. Wiclif's theories on this point are full of interest.

We cannot, however, wonder that the man excited some suspicion who taught the people, "Whanne men geve not almes to pore nedy men, but to dede ymagis, either riche clerkis, thei robbyn pore men of her due porcoun, and needful sustinance, assigned to hem of God himself; and whenne thei robben pore men, thei robben Jhesu Crist, as he seith in xxv. ch. of Math. &c."

It is not therefore surprising to find that when the tumult had subsided, a violent reaction against all new opinions set in. Henry le Spencer, the fighting Bishop of Norwich, girt on his armour, and ruthlessly massacred the villeins on their way home. The middle class, as represented by the Commons, compelled the young King to revoke the charters which he had granted to the villeins, who too trustingly believed a king's word. Courtenay, Bishop of London, Wiclif's old antagonist, succeeded to the Archbishopric ren-

dered vacant by Sudbury's murder, and we cannot wonder that he wished to put down opinions which had brought his predecessor to an ignominious death. Some inquiry was necessary, but the one which the Archbishop set on foot was conducted with all possible moderation: an assembly of bishops, doctors of theology and doctors of law was held in London to decide on certain opinions which the Archbishop laid before them: of these, ten were pronounced heretical, fourteen erroneous. No mention was made of persons, nor were the condemned opinions attributed to any particular party: a more moderate course would scarcely have been possible, consistently with the maintenance of ecclesiastical discipline.

Such facts may at present, it is to be hoped, be admitted without hesitation and judged with calmness. But Dr. Lechler unfortunately has advanced very little beyond the unreasoning and uncritical judgments of Protestant apologists. In his eyes, Wiclif was right and the Bishops were wrong; consequently their assertion of their own opinions, which happened also to be those of the majority of Christendom, was iniquitous persecution: the fact that the opinions were first condemned and then the persons is only an additional proof of the subtle malice of Wiclif's foes, who proceeded in this insidious way to undermine his prestige. Such a view as this robs a character like Wiclif's of its real interest: a reformer with a large party to support him, committed to a desperate contest with a resolute body of opponents, is not really so grand and noble a sight as is the earnest seeker after truth who has advanced step by step, saying out the utmost that he saw, with

no deliberate system, with no settled plan of antagonism,—but still with such a hatred for saying "Peace" when there is no peace, that even the most considerate demeanour of those in authority, who are themselves perplexed and would gladly keep silence so long as they could, cannot lead him for a moment to gainsay his beliefs or fall back on the old system, though that still suffices for so many, and though he knows that he has no system to set up against it or offer in its stead. Wiclif remained within the Church, though his opinions were condemned by the Church to which he still clung: and he was left undisturbed in his quiet parish of Lutterworth.

The opinions of Wiclif which were condemned as heretical concerned Transubstantiation and the priestly office: those condemned as erroneous dealt chiefly with matters of Church discipline. An attempt was made to pass a statute empowering the civil officers to assist the ecclesiastical in inquiring into the condemned opinions in the different counties. The Commons, however, refused their consent: as yet their terror had not advanced so far as to make them lay aside their natural and healthy prejudice against investigations into men's opinions. Oxford, however, stood out against the ecclesiastical decree: the orthodox and heterodox parties were very evenly balanced; Wiclifite opinions were publicly preached, and ecclesiastical feeling ran high among the excitable students. The royal power, however, was invoked, and the Archbishop as Metropolitan held his court of inquiry: three of the chief leaders of Wiclif's party in Oxford, Hereford, Repington and Aston, were examined, condemned and

excommunicated. Their opinions, however, were not strong enough to stand this test: two of them recanted; of Hereford we have only uncertain accounts. Apparently, Wiclif himself was also summoned, though this is uncertain: if so, the Archbishop must have been contented with a very slight explanation of his opinions. Perhaps he was already showing signs of infirmity, and had given up teaching in the university, so that he no longer came under the scope of the Archbishop's intention, which was to maintain the orthodox opinions amongst the lecturers there.

Anyhow, the last two years of Wiclif's life were spent in peace at Lutterworth, and his utterances are not those of a man whose moral force had been checked by persecution. The iniquitous plundering expedition to Flanders made by Henry le Spencer, the Bishop of Norwich, in 1383, under the name of a Crusade against the Clementists, on behalf of the rival Pope Urban VI., raised Wiclif's disgust: he wrote a tract in which he expressed his contempt for the two men, calling themselves vicars of Christ, who are snarling like two dogs for a bone; it is time for the princes of Europe to arouse themselves, and take away from both this bone of contention, the temporal power: nay, Wiclif even addresses a letter to the Archbishop, remonstrating against his sanction being given to a crusade of one Pope against another. Urban VI. is said to have summoned Wiclif to answer for his opinions before him; but Wiclif's health prevented him from appearing. He published, however, a letter to "alle trewe men," explaining his reasons for not going, —a letter couched in terms of biting irony and uncon-

cealed contempt for the Papal authority. "I take as holesome counseile," he exclaims, "that the Pope leeve his worldly lordschip to worldly lords, as Christ gaf him, and move speedily all his clerks to do so: for thus did Christ, and taught thus his disciples, till the fende had blynded this world."

Wiclif died at Lutterworth on 31st December, 1384, in consequence of a paralytic seizure which had come upon him three days before, as he was attending mass in his own parish church.

Wiclif was, in an emphatic sense, the first of the Reformers,—the first man who examined not merely some one part of the existing system, but who ventured to expose its very foundations,—one who was not content merely with speculative utterances, but who set himself, and drew others with him, to lead a life in accordance with the gospel. He was no mere popular teacher, appealing to the emotions of his hearers, and setting up a simple moral standard which touched the hearts of men made callous by immoral, because unmeaning, dogma and ceremonial: deeply learned himself in all the wisdom of the schoolmen, and throwing his teaching very frequently into a formal and scholastic mould, he argues out his opinions with clearness and force, and uses an almost modern power of criticism in his attacks on current doctrines. He is in all things eminently rational and critical; never appeals for his basis to purely emotional or even purely moral considerations; yet his formal method is profoundly penetrated by an earnestness, a sincerity, a fervent desire for truth, which leave no place for coldness. It was this fervour of earnestness, joined with clearness

and precision of thought, that made him so great a master of the English tongue, and enabled him to stamp his mark so definitely upon it.

In truth, standing as he does so near the source of English literature, Wiclif is no unapt symbol of some of the most characteristic qualities of English thought: deep moral earnestness; an abhorrence of semblances; an entire self-forgetfulness in the pursuit of truth; sincerity that refused to be hardened by conceit into consistency; clearness that would not be led farther than was needful for immediate purposes; honesty that did not shrink from negation if negation was all that was possible; a thorough desire to bring all opinions to the test of practice and judge them by their results; a feeling of the moral duty of spreading knowledge, of popularising the results of study, and making them known to all. Nor is Wiclif less remarkable in his historical position and the development of his views: here, too, he is a type of later English movements. Commencing from the national dislike to the Pope, as being England's national foe, he was a constitutional patriot before he passed into the region of ecclesiastical reform. His views developed in the midst of great national commotions and excitement, but, though stimulated by passing politics, received from them no tinge of insincerity or distortion from complete integrity. The true spirit of the gospel sent him to the poor and needy, and he never let go their cause.

Even in the faint outlines in which we see him across the gulf of five centuries, he attracts us to him as one who yet has a living message for us; even in the faint

outlines—for he still wanders, in spite of Dr. Lechler's efforts, a spectral form in the region of antiquarianism and archæology. Not till we know more of scholastic theology—not till the details of contemporary history have been more carefully worked out—and not till Wiclif's works have been still more thoroughly explored and edited—can we hope that he will stand out to us a breathing figure with a message to us that we can fully understand.

THE ITALIAN BISHOPS OF WORCESTER.

It is a familiar fact that the See of Worcester for forty years before the Reformation was occupied by a series of Italian bishops, and this fact is often quoted as an instance of Papal aggression on the rights and revenues of the English Church. Doubtless it is an illustration of the unsatisfactory working of the machinery of the Church in a time when the Papal supremacy had ceased to be beneficial; but, as a matter of history, the appointment of these Italians was due to the English King, and not to the suggestion, still less to the authority, of the Pope. In the fifteenth century the Papacy had little power of interfering in English affairs contrary to the royal will. The Italian Bishops of Worcester were really servants of the King and not of the Pope. They illustrate one side of the secularisation of the Church, the appropriation of its revenues to the service of the State, by conferring spiritual offices on temporal officials. No invariable line of distinction can be drawn between things temporal and spiritual; and in all ages of the Church great churchmen have exercised an influence upon national affairs. In early times they were bishops first and statesmen afterwards. Then came a time when they were statesmen first, and were chosen to be bishops on account of their tried capacity.

[1] A paper read to the Worcester Architectural and Archæological Society, on the 16th of August, 1889.

But in the fifteenth century we reach a point in which bishoprics were frankly regarded as affording salaries for such officials as the rapid development of the State required for its increasing needs. The case of Worcester is only exceptionally flagrant, because its revenues were deliberately set apart for the payment of a diplomatic agent at the Roman Court. The agent was chosen for his fitness for the task. He was naturally an Italian, for an Italian was more useful than an Englishman. He was avowedly resident out of England, and permanently discharged his episcopal functions by proxy. This system was set on foot by an agreement between the King and the Pope—an agreement which no doubt seemed natural and obvious to both of them. It illustrates the decay of the spiritual life of the Church, and it illustrates also the great development of diplomacy, which was a marked feature of the sixteenth century.

It is interesting to inquire why Worcester should have been specially selected for this distinction of maintaining a non-resident bishop. It may be noticed that it did not stand alone in this honour. In 1502 its neighbour, Hereford, received as its bishop an Italian of enigmatical career, Adrian di Castello, who was translated in 1504 to Bath and Wells; similarly, in 1524, Lorenzo Campeggio was made Bishop of Salisbury. Thus it would seem that the western part of the Midlands was thought to be best able to dispense with bishops, and Worcester best of all. The reasons, we may be sure, were political rather than spiritual, and probably arose from the improved condition of the Welsh Marches. In earlier times the Bishops of

Hereford and Worcester had much work to do in guarding the Marches, and often played an important part in English politics, but their importance gradually dwindled as the organisation of the state grew more complete. In 1478 the establishment of the Court of the President and Council of Wales at Ludlow marked that the days of episcopal government were past. Henry VII. intended that his son, Arthur, should exercise the functions of Prince of Wales, and for a few months before his death in April, 1502, the boy kept his Court at Ludlow. In the face of these changes it was well to abolish the old traditions of the Sees of Hereford and Worcester, and this could easily be done by leaving them for a time in the hands of foreigners. The revenues of Worcester were large enough to form an ample provision for an ambassador, and the diocese was so well filled with wealthy monasteries that the external dignity of the Church would be well provided for without a bishop. Such, perhaps, were the motives of policy which marked out the See of Worcester as a suitable prey.

Moreover, the degradation of the bishopric was a gradual process. The first step was to appropriate part of the revenues of the see to provide a salary for the new officials, whom increased intercourse with the Roman Court rendered necessary. Henry VII. encouraged foreigners, who were men of letters, to settle in England, that they might introduce a higher standard of polite literature, and might become channels of communication with other countries. Among these foreigners was an Italian, Peter Carmelianus, who became the King's Latin Secretary. In 1486 Henry

VII. granted him "the pension which he that shall next be promoted unto the bishopric of Worcester is bound to yield to a clerk of ours at our nomination".[1] When this system had been established it was easy to take the next step of raising the pensioner to the possession of the full revenues of the see. In the first instance, however, the man so chosen was one who might conceivably be fit to discharge the duties of his office. It cannot be said that the first Italian bishop was an entire stranger to England, or was likely to be permanently non-resident. On the contrary, he was a man who had spent most of his active life in the country, and was well versed in English affairs. He was, further, a scholar and a man of letters, whose pen had been used in attempting to bring into England the graces of style which Italy was cultivating with eager delight. He may well have been chosen as a representative of the new life of the Renaissance, which in the troubled times of the War of the Roses had found little place in England.

Of the early life of Giovanni dei Gigli I have not been able to discover much. He was a native of Lucca, was born in 1434, studied in some university, took the degrees of Doctor of Canon and Civil Law, but found time also for the study of classical literature. It is quite possible that he may have seen in Italy, in 1459, a distinguished Englishman who greatly impressed the Italians by his scholarly attainments—John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester. In English history Tiptoft is only known as a ruthless soldier, whose execution in 1470

38. [1] Campbell, *Materials for a History of the Reign of Henry VII.*, i.

was hailed with universal joy; but in Italy he was one of the very few Englishmen who had a reputation for culture. He went as ambassador to the Popes Calixtus III. and Pius II., and his speech to Pius II. drew tears of joy from the Pope's eyes. He spent some time in Venice, studied at Padua, bought books in Florence, rambled unaccompanied through the city, and attended lectures as a simple student.[1] However, Gigli can have had, in his early days, no expectation that the name of Worcester would become more familiar to him. He found employment at the Roman Court in the department of finance, and in course of time was sent to England as Papal collector. Perhaps he came early in 1472, when English affairs were quieter after the death of Henry VI. At all events he had been in England long enough to make himself acceptable in 1478, for in that year he was collated to a canonry at Wells, and on 10th March, 1479, was made rector of St. Michael's, Crooked Lane, London. In 1480 he preached at the opening of a synod at London, and in eloquent language laid before the assembled clergy the needs of the Pope. Sixtus IV., he informed them, had converted all his plate and jewels into money, for the defence of Rhodes against the Turk. He asked them, in a voice tremulous with sobs, if they would not come to the aid of the Holy See in its struggle against the enemies of Christendom.[2] His oratory, however, was thrown away, for his audience had listened to similar pleadings before, and the days of crusading

[1] Vespasiano di Bisticci, *Vite di Uomini Illustri*, 403.

[2] Wilkins, *Concilia*, iii., 613, where the name is printed "Joannes de Sighs".

zeal were past and gone. But though he did not help the Pope, he seems to have increased his own reputation, and in 1482 was made Archdeacon of London and Prebendary of Hoxton in St. Paul's Cathedral.[1]

Gigli no longer regarded himself as a foreigner, but made England his home, and sought a career as a man of letters. Learning and letters had not flourished during the Wars of the Roses, and there was great need of a literary revival, which Gigli was quite willing to further. He began in the region of theology, and at the request of the Bishop of Lincoln wrote a little treatise about "The Observance of Lent," which he sent to Peter Carmelianus, who passed on the manuscript to Richard Fox, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, one of the King's Privy Council.[2] Gigli was so well satisfied with the success of his first venture that he aimed at a more ambitious undertaking. He composed an Epithalamium, or marriage song, to celebrate the hopes of peace which were awakened by the union of the two Roses in the wedding of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York on 18th January, 1486. This poem he sent to Fox with a letter written in the approved style of the Italian humanists. He praises Fox for his love of literature, and laments that so few follow his example. He quotes the stock instances of devotion to letters in the heroes of classical antiquity, and throws in David, Solomon, and the Fathers of the Latin Church to suit the greater seriousness of the English mind. He assures Fox that he will find nothing

[1] Newcourt, *Repertorium Ecclesiasticum*, i., 61.

[2] Gigli's letter addressed "Domino Ricardo, Regio Secretario," is in the British Museum, Harleian MSS., 336.

in the poem that is not Christian in tone and true in fact, nothing that is unbecoming to the gravity of a statesman; if any one should say that a marriage song is not a fitting theme for an ecclesiastic, he answers that Our Lord dignified the marriage of Cana by His presence. "Why," he adds, "should not an ecclesiastic, in a time of general rejoicing, utter his congratulations about an event on which depends the prosperity of the people and the lasting peace of a great nation?" He leaves it to Fox's judgment whether or no the poem is worthy of the King's attention.

The poem itself, consisting of some five hundred lines of Latin hexameters, is neither better nor worse as poetry, than the mass of such like complimentary verses; but it differs from them remarkably in that its main object is not personal, but political. It does not so much extol the valour of Henry VII. or praise the beauty of Elizabeth, as rejoice over the end of a period of civil warfare and celebrate the coming glories of a time of peace. In this it corresponded to the needs of the English people, and to the policy of the Pope, who did his utmost to help Henry VII. in securing his hold upon the English crown. Gigli's aspirations for the future of England do him great credit, and show that he had a real interest in the welfare of the country of his adoption. It is probable that Henry VII. valued such an expression of opinion, and was glad to welcome Gigli as a man who would help to revive in England a taste for literature.[1]

[1] The poem is in the British Museum, Harleian MSS., 366. It was first noticed by Pauli, *Geschichte von England*, v., 529, where a few lines are quoted; afterwards by Balzani, *Un' ambasciata inglese a*

Gigli's reputation as an accomplished scholar was now established, and in 1487 he was sent to Calais as "a man excellently skilled in things both human and divine" to show the French envoys a sample of the oratory which England could command.[1] For this service he was rewarded by the archdeaconry of Gloucester in February, 1484, and he thus became connected with his future diocese.[2] He was employed by Pope Innocent VIII. to publish an indulgence in 1489,[3] and this seems to have been the last display of his activity in England. Soon afterwards he went to Rome as the permanent representative of the English

Roma in *Archivio Romano*, iv. A still longer extract is given by Gairdner, *Memorials of Henry VII.*, pref. lviii. I hope that Count Ugo Balzani will shortly edit it entirely, with more information about Gigli than I have been able to discover. Meanwhile I give two extracts which may serve as a specimen :—

Discidii nunc finis adest, si munere tanto
Dignos esse velis votisque intendere justis,
Eboracensis superest clarissima virgo,
Virtutis nec stirpis egens, pulcherrima toto
Corpore cui facies grato suffusa nitore
Splendet matura nondum formosa juventa.
. . . . . .
Non mirum est igitur cognatas jungere dextras
Si cupiat quocunque jacent subsidere regna
Dum tamen ipse velis : sed te non gloria tantum
Ista juvat quantum tranquille reddere paci
Et patriam stabili componere federe tandem,
Et bella et cunctas bellorum avertere causas,
Armaque civili rorantia sanguine multo
Tollere perpetuo finemque imponere cladi.
O pietas immensa viri, populusque beatus
Talis cui presit divino munere princeps.

[1] Bernard André in Gairdner's *Memorials*, 56.
[2] Browne Willis, *Cathedrals*, i., 666.
[3] Wharton, *Anglia Sacra*, i., 538.

king, to keep watch over England's interests and transact English business at the Papal Court. Another of his duties was to welcome English ambassadors when they came for special purposes, provide for their reception with due decorum, instruct them in the necessary formalities of procedure, and arrange for their entertainment. In 1592 he was well known in Rome, and is called "orator antiquus regis Anglie".[1] In that year he received the Bishop of Durham, and again in 1496 Robert Sherborne, Archdeacon of Buckingham,[2] both of whom came as ambassadors from England.

Probably by this time it became obvious to Henry VII. that the diplomatic intercourse between England and Rome was not likely to diminish, and that it was desirable for his representative at the Papal Court to be a man of some position. The possession of a bishopric would confer upon its holder both dignity and income. Pope Alexander VI. made no objection to this arrangement, and by bull dated 30th August, 1497, appointed Gigli Bishop of Worcester. He received the temporalities on 5th December,[3] and was enthroned by proxy on 12th April, 1498. He did not long enjoy his promotion, but died at Rome on 25th August, 1498, and was buried in the English College there.[4]

[1] Burchard's *Diarium*, ed. Thuasne, i., 490. Burchard was the Papal master of ceremonies.

[2] *Id.*, ii., 289. [3] Rymer, *Fœdera*, xii., 657, 670.

[4] His epitaph is given by Thomas, *Survey of the Cathedral Church of Worcester*, 202: "Joanni Giglio, Lucen . Vigornien . Episcopo, juris utriusque consul . consummato virtutis viro, serenissimi Henrici septimi Anglie Regis apud Pontificem Oratori Sylvester Regia liberalite Dignitatis successor Patrueli B. M. posuit. Obiit anno salutis 1498, mense Augusti, etatis lxiiii."

Gigli's death had not given Henry VII. time to judge how his experiment would succeed. He had found the usefulness of an agent in Rome who was thoroughly versed in the ways of the Papal Court, and had been fortunate enough to command the services of a man who had a thorough knowledge of English affairs. There was no one with the same qualifications fitted to replace him ; but Gigli had a nephew who had probably helped him in his business, and was well spoken of as a capable man. This nephew, Silvestro dei Gigli, son of Giovanni's brother Niccolo, was also a Lucchese. He was born in 1463, and had followed in his uncle's steps; he studied law with some distinction, entered his uncle's household and knew all his affairs.[1] No doubt Silvestro pointed out these qualifications to the King and the Pope, who agreed that he should carry on his uncle's work. That he should receive at the age of thirty-five the reward which his uncle only earned at the age of sixty-three shows the increased importance of the post of English representative at Rome. It was certainly a rare piece of good luck to fall to the lot of a young and untried man.

As Giovanni had died at the Papal Court, the Pope, according to ancient usage, claimed the right to appoint his successor, and did so with due solemnity. "On 24th December, 1498, the Pope, calling to himself the cardinals who were present, by their advice set over the See of Worcester—which was deprived of the consolation of a shepherd by the death of Giovanni dei Gigli of good memory, ambassador of the most serene

[1] *Memorie per servire all Istoria del Ducato di Lucca*, ix., 140.

King of England at the apostolic seat, who demised at the aforesaid seat in the month of August last past—the reverend father Silvestro dei Gigli, of Lucca, nephew of the deceased bishop aforesaid."[1] After this the King, on 7th March, 1499, confirmed him in the temporalities of the see, calling him "archipresbyter Luccensis, causarum nostrarum in curia Romana sollicitator,"[2] and he was enthroned by proxy on 16th April.

Bishop Sylvester lived for some time at Rome, where he saw strange doings in the Borgia Court. In November, 1499, he was present at the baptism of Rodrigo, son of the Pope's daughter, the famous Lucrezia.[3] He saw the unexpected death of Alexander VI., and was one of the guardians of the conclave at which his successor, Pius III., was elected,[4] in September, 1503. Pius only survived his election for a month; so Gigli witnessed another election, conducted on purely political grounds, and saw the new Pope, Julius II., complete the downfall of Cesare Borgia. From these high matters he was called to the duties of his office by the arrival of an embassy to tender England's obedience to Julius, in May, 1504.[5] At the end of the year the Pope sent a token of his gratitude to the English King in the shape of a Papal cap and sword, and Gigli was chosen to bear them to England. He presented them to the King at Richmond with due pomp on Christmas Day, 1504.[6]

It might have been expected that Bishop Sylvester, finding himself in England, would have paid some at-

[1] Burchard, ii., 501.
[2] Thomas, Appendix, 130.
[3] Burchard, ii., 576.
[4] *Id.*, iii., 266.
[5] *Id.*, 355.
[6] Bernard André in Gairdner, *Memorials*, 86.

tention to his diocese, but his Register does not show that this was the case. He did not ordain in person, and the documents of the see still run in the name of his vicar-general. Perhaps he thought it unwise to disturb existing arrangements, which went smoothly. Perhaps he felt that his position was purely secular, and that his wisest course was to emphasise this fact. He seems during his stay in England to have remained about the court, where probably he was able to make himself useful in many ways, especially by organising ceremonies after the Italian model. In July, 1508, he was sent to receive and escort into London the Ambassador of the Emperor, Andrea de Brugo.[1] Early in 1512 Gigli returned to Rome as chief of the English Ambassadors to the Lateran Council, which met to settle the affairs of the Church, and separated, after doing so to its own satisfaction, just on the verge of the great outbreak in Germany which changed for ever the fortunes of Western Christendom. Gigli, however, did not take much interest in the council, but was more in his element in secular politics, where he was annoyed to find himself occupying only a subordinate position. With the accession of Henry VIII. there had come a further increase of English diplomacy; and the young King committed the conduct of affairs at Rome to a man whom he knew and trusted, Christopher Bainbridge, who was sent to Rome in November, 1509, and was paid for his services by the revenues of the See of York. Bainbridge was made a cardinal in March, 1511, and occupied a position which Gigli could not

[1] André in Gairdner, *Memorials*, 122.

hope to rival.[1] But the Englishman could not easily learn the courtly manners of Italians, and Bainbridge was unpopular in Rome through his overbearing conduct.[2] Gigli set himself to prove to the King and Wolsey that he could serve their interests better than Bainbridge, and Bainbridge resented his meddling. No love was lost between them, and on 20th May, 1514, Bainbridge wrote to the King accusing Gigli of plotting with the French Ambassador and betraying his master's secrets. "Your orator's secretary," he wrote, "showed unto a right credible person that his master, with the said Protector of France, did triumph and make good cheer together, using these words: 'Let these barbarous people of France and England every one kill other, what should we care therefore, so we have their money to make merry withal here?' Sundry cardinals, and many other great men also, have showed me that they marvel your Grace will use such an infamous person to be your orator, who is named here universally the falsary orator of England."[3]

The quarrel was cut short by the death of Cardinal Bainbridge, 15th July, and it was believed by his two English secretaries, William Burbank and Richard Pace, that he had died of poison. Suspicion fell

[1] There is an account of him by Mr. Gairdner in *Dictionary of National Biography*, ii., 433.

[2] Paris de Grassis, *Diarium*, quoted in *History of the Papacy*, iv., 276: "Et dicitur præsertim quod de facili non fiat Anglicus Cardinalis, quia nimis se opprobriose habent in illa dignitate, quod visum est manifeste in Cardinali nuper defuncto Anglico". Written in 1515.

[3] Ellis, *Original Letters*, second series, i., 226, etc.

upon a priest attached to his household, one Rinaldo of Modena, who had formerly been a member of the household of the Bishop of Worcester. A *post-mortem* examination was held, and the doctor reported that the right lobe of the heart was decayed,[1] which in their opinion was a clear sign of poisoning. Rinaldo was committed to prison and confessed to the crime; he had bought the poison at Spoleto, had administered it on Corpus Christi Day (20th June) in a pottage; next day the cardinal took to his bed and never rose again.[2] He further stated that he acted at the suggestion of the Bishop of Worcester, who gave him fifteen ducats, saying, "If we do not get rid of this cardinal we shall never live in peace". Rinaldo confessed also to other crimes in the hope of saving his life, but was told that he could not be pardoned for murder. Next day, 26th August, he mortally wounded himself with a small knife which he had managed to conceal, and before his death withdrew his charge against the Bishop of Worcester, but refused to give any account of the motive of his crime. This withdrawal was not believed by Pace and Burbank, nor by popular opinion in Rome.[3] Pope Leo X., however, seems to have been satisfied, for no steps were taken against Gigli, who said mass on 3rd September, before a gathering of cardinals and ambassadors, in thankfulness for the conclusion of

[1] "Et inventum est cor ejus vitiatum in dextra parte cordis," quoted in Creighton's *History of Papacy*, iv., 207.

[2] The confession of Rinaldo is given in *Lettres de Louis XII*, iv., 343.

[3] Burbank's letters to Henry VIII. are in Ellis, *Original Letters* first series, i., 99-108; Pace to Wolsey, *id.*, third series, i., 177.

a peace between England and France.[1] Gigli had his own answer to the charge. Rinaldo, he said, had been in his service three months in England, and was dismissed as intractable; he was always mad and almost a brute. He had stolen from Bainbridge, and had poisoned him to escape discovery; he had falsely accused him of being an accomplice in the hope of saving himself.[2] Pace, however, was not satisfied with these pleas, and the judges were of opinion that Gigli should be imprisoned and tortured to make him confess. There was a difficulty in proceeding thus against the ambassador of the English King, and the Pope and Pace both agreed in referring the matter to Henry VIII.[3] By this time Pace and Gigli were at daggers drawn, and each complained of the other; but Pace, though he might be mistaken, had no personal motive, and could write: "The Bishop of Worcester's labours and mine be very different in the controversy depending betwixt him and me: for he doth seek nothing but favours and procureth the same by effusion of money and large promises. I do desire nothing but equity and justice."

Henry VIII. does not seem to have troubled himself about the matter. Gigli had a friend in England in the person of Andreas Ammonius, another Italian who was employed as the King's secretary, who forwarded his pleas to Wolsey.[4] Wolsey had benefited by the

[1] Brewer's *Calendar of Henry VIII.'s Reign*, i., No. 5,387.

[2] *Id.*, No. 5,365.

[3] Pace to Henry VIII., 25th September, in Ellis, *Original Letters* first series, i., 108.

[4] *Calendar*, i., No. 5,449.

death of Bainbridge, whom he succeeded in the See of York, and whom he hoped to succeed as cardinal. There was a good deal of business to be done at Rome in consequence, and Gigli was likely to do it expeditiously when he knew how much depended on Wolsey's favour. Pace diligently guarded the possessions of Bainbridge, which Wolsey wanted to convert to his own use. So Wolsey backed Gigli; and when the English King showed no desire for further inquiry, the Pope felt himself absolved from further trouble in a scandalous affair. Gigli was acquitted, and Wolsey congratulated him on his acquittal; nay, he promised to punish those who had slandered him.[1] Pace was excepted, and Gigli magnanimously undertook to forgive him. The cause of Bainbridge's murder was no further investigated, and Gigli's complicity was not proved. But it must in fairness be admitted that it was Wolsey who hushed the matter up rather than the Pope. It was not till 9th January, 1515, that Leo X. sent his formal acquittal, founded on the exalted character of Gigli and the insufficiency of the evidence against him.[2] In February Gigli wrote that he and Pace were fully reconciled, and recommended his late enemy for a prebend on the ground of his good services.[3]

The death of Bainbridge, whether brought about by Gigli or not, certainly added to Gigli's importance in Rome, where he became the confidential agent of Wolsey, and did his best to further his ambitious schemes. If the charge of his complicity in the murder of Bainbridge rested on no better foundation

[1] *Calendar*, i., 5,464-65. [2] *Id.*, ii., 10. [3] *Id.*, 151.

than did Bainbridge's accusation that he was false to English interests, it was not worthy of credence; for Gigli threw himself into Wolsey's policy and served him faithfully. In July, 1515, the Pope thought that his zeal deserved some reward, and recommended him for a richer bishopric;[1] but Wolsey did not judge it wise that another important see should be saddled with a non-resident bishop, and Gigli's gentle hints for further promotion were unheeded. Gigli was made to work hard to procure Wolsey's creation as cardinal and afterwards as legate; and in July, 1516, he wrote sadly to his friend Ammonius complaining of Wolsey's ingratitude. "He is profuse of good wishes," he writes, "but he could have made me Bishop of Lincoln as easily as give me a horse."[2] In November he again complains to his friend that it is impossible to satisfy the outrageous demands which Wolsey makes of the Pope, and sadly adds, "You and Wolsey have caused me to tell the Pope a thousand lies".[3] In August 1517, Ammonius died of the plague, and Gigli was appointed to succeed him as Papal collector in England, an office which he discharged by deputy as he did his bishopric.[4] By the end of 1518 Gigli aspired to the cardinalate,[5] but his suggestion does not seem to have obtained Wolsey's support. In 1519 arose the momentous question of the election to the imperial crown, a part for which Henry VIII. was vain enough to think himself fitted, and the important duty of

[1] *Calendar*, ii., 761.

[2] *Id.*, ii., 194: "Sempre e stato donator di bon giorni ma havrebbe potuto farmi cosi vescovo di Lincolna quanto darmi uno cavallo".

[3] *Id.*, 2,579. [4] *Id.*, 3,657. [5] *Id.*, 4,442.

sounding the Pope on the matter was entrusted by Wolsey to Gigli, in one of the most outspoken letters which that great diplomatist ever wrote.[1] He had the unpleasant task of conveying to the Pope a letter of franker scolding than popes generally received, when Henry's endeavour came to nothing.[2]

It is interesting to know that Gigli had to obtain leave both from Henry VIII. and Leo X. before he could take a few days' holiday in November for the purpose of visiting his relatives in Lucca.[3] On his return he was again overwhelmed with business, and in March, 1520, Wolsey was so satisfied with his long service that he urged Leo X. to create him cardinal;[4] but the Pope did not consider that Gigli possessed the qualities necessary for so high an office, and made up his mind not to promote him unless he had some overwhelming reason for conciliating the English King.[5] Gigli waited eagerly for the next creation, and bewailed his fate when he was passed over. He pestered the cardinals till the Pope almost made up his mind to tell him openly, that he was not prepared to incur the infamy which his creation would entail.[6] In fact Gigli was tolerated in Rome, but that was all. Henry and Wolsey might forget that he had been accused of murder; but Leo had a longer memory, and had certain vague notions of decorum. However the importunity of Gigli did not trouble the Pope long. In April, 1521, he lay dying; and Cardinal Campeggio did not wait till he was dead before writing to Wolsey

[1] Martène and Durand, *Amplissima Collectio*, iii., 1,285.
[2] *Id.*, 1,301.
[3] *Calendar*, iii., 444-516.
[4] *Id.*, 600, 647, 651.
[5] *Id.*, 853.
[6] *Id.*, 1,080.

to beg for the see which was soon to become vacant. Gigli died on 18th April, and was buried next day.[1]

Campeggio's entreaties were not heeded, for Henry aspired to use the revenues of Worcester to bind to his side a greater man than Campeggio. On 21st May he wrote to Cardinal Medici, the Pope's cousin and principal adviser, to offer him the vacant see, "a gift all unequal to his merits".[2] But as Medici was already Archbishop of Florence and Narbonne, and held numerous other lucrative posts, he felt some shame at openly accepting another bishopric. He therefore offered to resign Worcester in favour of a trustworthy man, Geronimo Ghinucci, who was then in London as Papal Nuncio, "with certain stipulations as to the revenues," which doubtless meant that Ghinucci, in return for his compliance, was to pay him a pension out of the see,[3] an arrangement to which Wolsey could not object, as he himself was in receipt of a similar pension from a see in Spain. Ghinucci at once took Worcester under his protection and complained to Wolsey of interference on the part of the vicar of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who wished to visit the monks of the Cathedral, and excommunicated them on their refusal to acknowledge his right. Doubtless Wolsey vindicated the rights of the non-resident bishop not to do his duty, and repressed the zeal of an unauthorised intruder who attempted to do it for him. But though Medici was willing to resign, the process was slow. The death of Leo X. in December, and the election of Hadrian VI.,

[1] *Calendar*, iii., 1,247. [2] *Id.*, 1,298.
[3] Ghinucci to Wolsey, 12th July. *Id.*, 410.,

who was absent in Spain at the time, put difficulties in the way. It was not till 26th September, 1522, that Hadrian's bull was issued for Ghinucci's appointment.[1] Thus Worcester only just escaped being able to reckon a Pope amongst its bishops; for Medici, who afterwards became Pope Clement VII., was not actually bishop, but only administrator of the see.

The appointment of Ghinucci indicated that the See of Worcester was made over to Italians, beyond the possibility of escape. The arrangement created no difficulties in England. The clergy of the diocese had grown accustomed to it; and the King still needed helpers at the Roman Court. In Ghinucci he found a man of greater mark than Gigli, a man well versed in the business of the Curia, and personally acceptable to the Pope. Geronimo Ghinucci was of noble birth, a native of Siena, brought up from his youth in the Curia. He was first a Canon of Siena, then a Clerk of the Papal Camera, or Treasury, at Rome, where he rose in 1514 to the important post of Auditor. His labours in conducting the necessary steps for the summons of the Vatican Council were rewarded by the Bishopric of Ascoli, conferred on him on 15th October, 1512. His theological attainments were such that when proceedings were instituted against Luther at Rome, in July, 1518, Ghinucci and Prierias were appointed as judges in the cause, which, however, soon passed out of their hands.[2] In May, 1520, Leo X. was alarmed at the boldness of Wolsey's policy, about

[1] Ghinucci to Wolsey, 12 July, 2,569.

[2] Ughelli, *Italia Sacra*, i., 471; Ciaconius, *Vita Pontificum et Cardinalium*, iii., 569.

which he was not consulted, and named Ghinucci as his nuncio to England, that he might learn what had happened at the Field of the Cloth of Gold.[1] It was while Ghinucci was in England on this mission that the proposal was made that he should receive the See of Worcester, and he found means to make himself acceptable to Wolsey, promising that "the bishopric and all things belonging to it should be at his command".[2] Apparently he had to go and seek the new Pope, Hadrian VI., in Spain, to secure his consent, for he wrote to Wolsey from Saragossa in May, 1522.[3] Thence he went to his duties in Rome, and contented himself, so far as his diocese was concerned, with looking keenly after its temporalities. He had need to practise economy, for he was saddled with a pension to be paid to another Italian friend of Wolsey, Giovanni Matteo Ghiberti, Bishop of Verona.[4]

In nothing was Wolsey's greatness more clearly shown than in his knowledge of men, and his capacity of attaching them to himself. He did not stop to win their affection, but he demanded and received their entire obedience. Ghinucci is an instance in point; though bred in the Papal Court it is doubtful if he served the Papacy with the same diligence that he served Wolsey, who became more and more exacting as difficulties gathered round his path. It would be tedious to unravel all the threads of the diplomatic web, which Ghinucci for six years was employed in weaving and unweaving. It is more interesting to trace the help which he gave to Wolsey in his schemes

[1] Brewer, *Calendar*, iii., 780.
[2] *Id.*, 1,916.
[3] *Id.*, 2,242.
[4] *Id.*, iv., 4,589.

for the revival of English learning. In May, 1526, Ghinucci was commissioned to seek in Rome for scholars who would come to England to teach in Oxford, which Wolsey hoped to regenerate by his great foundation of Cardinal College. He was ordered also to seek for books and procure transcripts, especially of Greek manuscripts, both in the Vatican Library and that of Venice, and he sent catalogues of both that Wolsey might make his choice.[1]

In December of the same year Ghinucci was ordered to undertake a more laborious task, that of envoy to Charles V. to arrange the difficulties which had arisen between him and Francis I. of France respecting the Treaty of Madrid. He first visited the French Court at Poissy, and then sought the Emperor at Valladolid.[2] He did not prosper in the main design of his embassy, for war went on in Italy. He escaped the horrors of the sack of Rome by the troops of Bourbon in May, 1527, and he did not see the Papacy reduced to the lowest point of helplessness and the Pope a prisoner in the hands of the Imperial generals. He remained in Spain till July, 1529, when he left for Paris, where he received the momentous news of the fall of Wolsey. Already Ghinucci, like everybody else in Henry VIII.'s service, had been employed in the abominable business of the King's divorce; and upon Wolsey's disgrace Henry turned to Ghinucci for help. On 5th October he was sent to the Pope to maintain the right of the English King to change his wives at his pleasure.[3] It was his business as a canonist to prove conclusively to

[1] Brewer, *Calendar*, iii., 2,158, 2,181-86, 2,272.
[2] *Id.*, 2,831, etc.
[3] *Id.*, 5,988.

the Pope that it was unlawful for a man to marry his brother's wife, and for this purpose we find him ransacking libraries, conferring with Jewish Rabbis, and improving his knowledge of patristic theology. This strictly utilitarian pursuit of the writings of Basil, Chrysostom, and Gregory Nazianzen, together with devices for inducing theologians of the Italian universities to give their opinions in the King's favour, occupied Ghinucci's energies for some time,[1] and he did this dirty work so much to the King's satisfaction that Henry VIII. in November pressed the Pope to make him a cardinal.[2] The request was received on 19th May, 1532,[3] but met with no answer at the time, as the Pope's policy was under the influence of Charles V. Ghinucci continued to do his best to further Henry VIII.'s divorce, but was unsuccessful. Thwarted by the Pope, Henry went his own way, and the English Church withdrew from the jurisdiction of the Roman See.

One of the acts of the memorable Parliament of 1534 deprived of their bishoprics the two Italians who were then holders of English Sees, Campeggio, Bishop of Salisbury, and Ghinucci. Great as was the abuse, and excellent as was its abolition, it is difficult to assign the actual remedy to any higher motive than the desire to punish Campeggio for not furthering the King's divorce, when he acted as legate in England in 1529. The fact was obvious that both Campeggio and Ghinucci owed their sees to the personal action

[1] The letters of himself and his companion, Croke, are to be found in Pocock, *Records of the Divorce*, i., 480, etc.; ii., 617, etc.

[2] *Calendar*, iv., 6,735. [3] Pocock, ii., 263.

of the English King, who only awoke to the evils of non-resident bishops when it suited his own purposes. Even so, the proper means of dealing with non-residence would have been by a Synod of the Bishops of the Province of Canterbury. But Henry was not concerned either with propriety or precedent: he wished to show the Pope and the Curia that his power had no bounds, and that an obedient Parliament would throw a veil of legality over anything he chose to do. The act of Parliament laid down no general principles, and had no general application. It merely set forth that the King had chosen to make Campeggio and Ghinucci bishops, and now chose to deprive them of their office. It recited laws against granting benefices to aliens, and against sending money out of the kingdom, and proceeded: "Notwithstanding which wholesome laws, the King's highness, being a Prince of great benignity and liberality, having no knowledge of the same laws, hath nominated, preferred, and promoted Laurence Campeggio, Bishop of Salisbury, and Hierome, a stranger born out of the King's realm and dominion, to the See of Worcester; which said two bishops, neither regarding their duties to Almighty God nor their cures of their said bishoprics, ever since or for the most part of the time, have been and yet be resident at the See of Rome, or elsewhere beyond the sea, far out of and from any of the King's dominions; by reason whereof the great hospitality, divine service, teaching and preaching, the laws and examples of good living, have been for many years past not only withdrawn, decayed, hindered, and minished, but also great quantity of gold, silver, and treasure, have been

yearly taken and conveyed out of the realm, to its great impoverishment; IN CONSIDERATION WHEREOF be it enacted that the said two Sees of Salisbury and Worcester from henceforth shall be taken, reputed, and accounted in the law, to be utterly void and destitute of any incumbent, and the King may appoint as though the bishops had died." There was a proviso that if either of the bishops, within four months, came into residence, and took an oath to be King's true liegemen, and observe the laws of the realm, they might retain their bishoprics.[1] The act is an excellent example of Henry's legislation, and of his magnificent audacity in finding good reasons for doing right in an unjust and tyrannical fashion.

Ghinucci's connexion with Worcester thus came to an end, but he does not fade from history. Henry felt that he had behaved badly in thus summarily deposing a man whom he had only a year before recommended for the cardinalate—a man who had served him only too faithfully. Even a year later the Imperial envoy at Rome wrote of him: "He hath hitherto been a chief enemy of the Queen's cause".[2] As some compensation for this treatment he was allowed a pension of 1,400 ducats, which, however, do not seem to have been paid with much regularity, as in November, 1534, he wrote to remind Cromwell of the King's promises, and signed his letter "Hie. Wigornien," which he corrected into "Hie. Auditor Camere".[3] However, his connexion with England ultimately served him in good stead; for on 20th May, 1535, he was created

[1] *Statutes of the Realm*, 25 Henry VIII., c. 27.
[2] *Calendar*, viii., 786. [3] *Id.*, vii., 1,413.

cardinal by Paul III. at the same time as Bishop Fisher. Fisher's creation, at a time when he was in prison, was an unwise act on the part of the Pope, and cost the good bishop his head. Ghinucci's creation was probably due to a wish to appear impartial: if Fisher was chosen because he opposed Henry, Ghinucci was chosen because Henry had recommended him, and he was still regarded as the King's great supporter in Rome.

We need not pursue Ghinucci's career farther. He died in Rome on 3rd July, 1541, and was buried in the Church of St. Clement.[1]

A point of considerable interest still remains to be considered: how was the business of the see administered under these non-resident bishops? The answer is, that it was not neglected, but was done by deputy, and Worcester was not worse off because its bishop lived in Rome than were other English bishoprics, whose holders lived in London and were immersed in public business. Wolsey, for instance, held the Archbishopric of York for fifteen years, and during that time discharged all the duties of the entire body of Cabinet Ministers of our day. It cannot be said that Gigli and Ghinucci neglected their episcopal duties more than he did. Like him, they were engaged in secular affairs, and regarded the income of their sees as a payment for public services. Doubtless they exercised from a distance a general supervision over their dioceses, and were referred to about important points; but the ordinary work was done by their

[1] Ciaconius, *Vitæ Pontificum*, iii., 470.

deputies. Moreover, the system of delegation was so complete, that there was no chance for a resident deputy to assume the position and dignity of the distant bishop. The functions of the bishop were split up and divided so that each portion of them could be efficiently but formally discharged. To see how this was possible, it is worth while to consider the legal nature of the episcopal power. A bishop, like all priests, had an office committed to his charge, with a twofold power, the *potestas ordinis* and the *potestas jurisdictionis*, *i.e.*, the power of administering the sacraments, and the power, which flowed from this, of exercising jurisdiction. The *potestas ordinis*, the exercise, that is, of the priestly functions especially reserved for a bishop, could only be entrusted to another bishop; but the *potestas jurisdictionis* could be delegated to any properly qualified ecclesiastical judge. Hence a suffragan bishop and a vicar-general between them supplied the place of an absent bishop, without diminishing the authority inherent in his office. When the bishop appeared, the suffragan's power ceased in his presence; and as *judex ordinarius*, or ordinary, his jurisdiction was superior to that of his vicar or delegate, which was derived from him. Hence when a bishop was absent, his suffragan performed the episcopal functions of ordaining and confirming, but that was all; the vicar-general, with the powers of commissary, did all the business part of the bishop's work —held spiritual courts and visitations, presented and inducted to livings, and such like. Another man, again, had the care of the temporalities of the see, leased farms, collected rents, and held manorial courts.

Each of these was responsible to the bishop, carried out his orders, and could be removed at his will. However long the bishop was absent, there was no diminution of the plenitude of his power or the integrity of his rights.

It is worth while to gather together a few notices of the way in which these separate parts of the bishop's work were performed. The episcopal work proper was done by suffragan bishops, who took their titles chiefly from Oriental sees. It was one of the maxims of the Church never to acknowledge any diminution of its dominion. If some parts of Christendom had fallen into the hands of the unbelievers, so that Christian bishops could no longer live and labour therein, still the bishops were always in existence, ready to return when occasion offered. Meanwhile these bishops *in partibus infidelium* were ready to help their more fortunate brethren, whose sees were undisturbed. Doubtless they were in most cases nominated for Papal consecration by those whom they were meant to represent, and were paid by some benefice or other post, supplemented in some cases by a small money payment. The existence of these suffragan bishops was almost universal, and it was not only the non-resident Italians who made use of them. The Register of Bishop Morton shows that the ordinations of the years 1487, 1492, 1493 and 1497 were performed by suffragan bishops, two of whom were afterwards employed by his successors. Thus the substitution of an Italian for an English prelate did not make a very marked difference in the conduct of the business of the see.

Of these suffragan bishops little is known except their names, and in many cases the titles of their sees are hard to identify. The following list is tolerably complete :—

1498.—Thomas Cornish, Bishop of Tenos.

1498-1500.—Donatus Imolacensis Episcopus.

1501.—Ricardus Olonensis Episcopus. His name was Richard Wycherley, a Dominican of Warwick : he was employed by Bishop Morton in 1487 and 1493. He died at Worcester in 1501, and was buried there in the Church of the Blackfriars.[1]

1503.—Edward Bishop of Gallipoli.

1503-23.—Ralph Heylesden, a Franciscan, consecrated 3rd March, 1503, Bishop of Ascalon.[2] He received a pension of 150 gold ducats out of the see,[3] and was instituted Vicar of Cropthorne on 15th October, 1508.[4]

1524-26.—John, Bishop of Panada.

1526-41.—Andrew Whitmay, Bishop of Chrysopolis, had been employed in the same office in 1497, was master of St. Bartholomew's Hospital in Gloucester.[5]

In like manner the legal part of the bishop's business always required an ecclesiastical judge, who bore the title of vicar-general. All that happened when the bishop was non-resident was that the vicar-general's powers were increased by a commission from the

[1] Walcott in *Notes and Queries*, second series, ii., 1.
[2] Wadding, *Annales Minorum*, xv., 271.
[3] Stubbs, *Registrum Sacrum Anglicanum*, 146.
[4] *Registrum Sylvestri de Gigliis.*
[5] *Calendar of State Papers*, vi., Appendix 5.

bishop empowering him to act in his stead. Documents ran in the vicar-general's name, and he styled himself "Reverendi in Christo patris et domini. . . . Dei gratia Wigorniensis Episcopi, pro reverendo patre extra suam diocesim in remotis agente Vicarius in spiritualibus generalis." The following is a list of vicars-general during this period :—

1487-1503.—Thomas Wodyngton, LL.D. He was already in office in the episcopate of Bishop Morton, and was continued by Bishop Gigli.

1503-4.—Thomas Alcock.

1504-11.—Robert Holdsworth, or Hallesworth.

1511-18.—Thomas Hannibal, D.C.L., of Cambridge, Prebendary of Gevendall in the Church of York, 1504.[1] He was employed by Wolsey as a diplomatist, and was made Master of the Rolls in 1524.

1518-22.—John Bell, educated at Balliol College, Oxford, Archdeacon of Gloucester, and Warden of the Collegiate Church of Stratford-on-Avon. He was employed by Henry VIII. in his divorce case, especially in the business of procuring from the University of Oxford an opinion in favour of the King.[2] In 1539 he succeeded Latimer as Bishop of Worcester, but resigned in 1543, and died at Clerkenwell in 1556.[3]

1522-32. Thomas Parker, Dean of the Collegiate Churches of Stafford and Tamworth, afterwards Chancellor of Salisbury.

1532.—Thomas Bagarde, LL.D., appointed by Henry VIII. one of the Prebendaries of the Cathedral Church of Worcester, when it was refounded in 1541.

[1] Wood, *Athenæ Oxonienses*, i., 654. [2] *Id.*, 584.
[3] Thomas, *Survey of the Cathedral Church of Worcester*, 205.

This sketch will suffice to show that the commissioners of the absentee bishops were capable men, many of whom obtained promotion for their merits, while one of them was afterwards created Bishop of Worcester, and another only vacated his office to become a Prebendary of the Cathedral Church.

Another point remains to be considered, the management of the temporalities of the see at a time when the bishop could exercise no personal supervision. Of course former bishops had employed agents for the collection of their rents, and all that now happened was that greater responsibility was thrown upon these agents, and probably men of some standing in the neighbourhood were chosen for the purpose, though on this point we have only scanty records. However, we know that in 1523 Ghinucci appointed as supervisors of his lands John Gostewick, John Russell of Strensham, and Thomas Russell his son, with a salary of £100 a year.[1] The choice of such an important family as the Russells seems to show that the bishop intended his representative to have considerable power. Similarly the name that is preserved of the Bishop's Receiver-General, John Hornyold, is that of another well-known Worcestershire family. The business connected with the lands of the see was well and carefully transacted, though sometimes things did not go smoothly; for we find that the collectors were disturbed by the conduct of Nicholas Poyntz, High Steward in Gloucestershire, who held courts, let lands, and took fines at his pleasure, so that the tenants refused to pay their rents, and £60 was lost in consequence.[2]

[1] *Calendar*, iii., 2,843. [2] *Id.*, 533, 1,274.

Thus the system would seem to be as follows: The local agents collected the rents, and accounted for them to the Receiver-General, while matters of management were referred to the Supervisors, who probably acted as guardians of the bishop's rights and exercised the discretion which naturally rests with the owner of property. The Receiver-General accounted for his receipts to the bishop's agent in London, who would naturally be an Italian, such as the Papal collector, who would have means of sending the money to Rome, and would act as the bishop's banker in England. An account of John Hornyold as Receiver-General for the year from Michaelmas, 1532, to Michaelmas, 1533, is preserved in the Public Record Office. It shows that the receipts for the year amount to £975 17s. 10d.; and we should probably be justified in multiplying this sum by twelve to obtain its equivalent at the present day. The expenses of management and collection are certainly moderate. Sir George Throckmorton receives £10 as High Steward in Worcestershire and Warwickshire; Walter Knight, as Supervisor, receives only £5, and John Hornyold, as Receiver-General, £16. The Deputy Steward has £3 10s.; the Auditor, £5 10s.; the Warden of the Palace and Jailer, £2 12s.; and the Apparitor-General £1 13s. 14d. Altogether the salaries paid to Englishmen only amount to £44 5s. 4d.[1] The Italian officials were paid at a much higher rate; for Sylvester Darius, who was Papal collector in England and looked after the politi-

[1] The Receiver-General's Account of the Bishopric of Worcester 24 to 25 of Henry VIII. is to be found in *State Papers, Henry VIII.; Calendar*, vol. vi., No. 1,175.

cal interests of Ghinucci, received £33 6s. 8d. from the rectory of Hullendon, and lived rent free in the bishop's house in London.

The detailed accounts of the maintenance of prisoners in the jail, which formed part of the Bishop's Palace in Worcester, show that a prisoner was fed for a farthing a day; and the sum thus spent in alms amounted to £61 5s. 1d. Repairs to the Palace at Worcester and Hartlebury cost £12 16s. 10d.; and the expenses of the audit were £8 13s. 9d. The Bishop's Proctor-General in London, Antonio Bonvixi, had already drawn upon the receiver for £200; so that £703 6s. 9d. was still due to the bishop, who had only spent £70 11s. out of his large income within the limits of his diocese.

THE NORTHUMBRIAN BORDER.[1]

I MUST own to a desire for a fuller recognition of the fact that English history is at the bottom a provincial history. This truth is chiefly left to be exhibited by novelists and poets. The historian and the archæologist investigate with care the separate origins of the early kingdoms, the steps by which they came under the overlordship of the West Saxon kings, and their incorporation into a consolidated kingdom under the Norman successors of the West Saxon line. But at this point they generally cease their inquiries. The history of the central kingdom, the progress of the central administration, becomes so important and so full of interest that it absorbs all else. It is true that curious customs are noted by the archæologist, and that particular institutions force themselves into notice. But the vigorous undercurrent of a strong provincial life in different parts of England is seldom seriously considered by historians. Yet the moment that English life is approached from the imaginative side, it is this strong provincial life that attracts attention. Our great novels are not English, but provincial. Our best-known types of character are developed within distant areas, and owe their expressiveness to local circum-

[1] An address delivered to the Archæological Institute at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

stances. "Sqeuir Western," "Job Barton," "Mrs. Poyser," "Andrew Fairservice," Tennyson's *Northern Farmer*, all live amid definite surroundings, and all are racy of the soil which bore them. I am sure that no better service can be rendered by an archæological society to historical study than an attempt to bring the characteristic features of different parts of England into due prominence. Archæology has done much for history in the past. It has ofttimes gathered evidence when written records are silent. It has pieced together fragments of the life of days of old when the human voice was still inaudible. It has settled disputed points by appeals to the eye on which there could be no doubt. In archæology, as in all other sciences, there are those who say that almost all has been done that can be done. The records of stones have been ransacked, explored, classified and interpreted. Even if this were so, which is scarcely the case, there remain innumerable traces of the past, still unrecognised and unsuspected. Local character, habits, institutions, modes of thought and observation, are all the result of a long process, differing in different parts of England. They are only to be seen and understood by a sympathetic searcher and observer who looks upon each part of England in the light of its past, who sees that past, not only in ancient buildings, here and there, but on the whole face of the land, and in the hearts and lives of its inhabitants. I admit that this is no easy task. I admit that the results of such inquiry must at first be very hypothetical, and its conclusions tentative. But I think that the inquiry is well worth pursuing; and it must be pursued speedily, if at all.

Of this provincial history, no part of England possesses clearer traces than does Northumberland. It has always held the same position in English history from its very beginning. It has always been a Border-land. It is true that the Border has varied in extent; but whether it was great or small Northumberland has always been within it, and has generally formed its chiefest part. But we are met at the outset of our inquiry by the question, How came there to be a Border-land at all? The answer to this question brings into prominence a part of English history which it is too much the fashion to neglect. The northern Border-land was the creation of the Romans, who mapped it out with accuracy and defined its limits. If I were asked, What permanent results are left of the Roman occupation of Britain? I should answer that they marked out the territory between the Solway and the Clyde on the west, and the Tyne and the Forth on the east, to be a land of contention and debate, and that it remained with the character that they impressed upon it, down to the middle of last century.

If we were so careful of our early history as are some folk, we would erect upon the wilds of Redeswire a statue of C. Julius Agricola as the founder of our Border State, the originator of the elaborate constitution contained in the *Leges Marchiarum*, and other such like documents. It was Agricola who consolidated the Roman province in Britain, and first faced the difficulties of determining its limits. We know how in his first campaign he conquered the Ordovices and reduced the Isle of Mona. In his second campaign

he brought into subjection the tribes of the western coast between the Dee and the Solway. He was careful to make good every step of his way, and keep open his communications. The trees fell before the axe of the legionary, and a rude but sufficient road was opened. Every night the Roman camp was occupied in some secure position, every day chronicled a steady advance of the invader. Permanent forts were raised in advantageous spots, and Agricola showed both the fire of a general and the sagacity of an explorer. From the Solway his forts most probably ran along the Eden and the Irthing to the Tyne. He found a narrow neck of land which he could occupy with ease, and by holding it secure his retreat. Then in his third campaign he advanced against "new peoples," tribes who as yet had not felt the arms of Rome. He penetrated, it would seem, to the Tay, and then again paused to secure the territory which he had acquired. Again, he occupied a narrow neck of land between the Clyde and the Forth. This was occupied by forts "so that the foe," says Tacitus, "were driven almost into another island". I need not follow Agricola's course of conquest to the Grampian Hills, nor his voyage of circumnavigation, nor his projected reduction of Ireland. Agricola's career came to an end, and with it came to an end any plan for extending Rome's sway over the whole of the British Isles. The only question which was considered by his successors was the boundary of the Roman Province. Should they take the northern or the southern line of forts by which Agricola had secured his conquests for the time? Rome's statesmanship and Rome's generalship never

again contemplated the execution of Agricola's design of a complete conquest. For a time opinions wavered which boundary to choose. At length the line of forts along the Tyne and the Irthing was selected to mark the region south of which the "peace of Rome" was to be carefully maintained. The mighty rampart, which Dr. Bruce has taught us to call the wall of Hadrian, was erected as a majestic symbol of the permanence of Roman sway, as a dividing line between civilisation and barbarism. But this was done without prejudice to the future extension of the Roman occupation to Agricola's farther line of forts. The Roman province was to stretch in full security as far as the Tyne and the Solway. Rome's influence was to be felt as far as the Clyde and the Forth. Two great Roman roads, each with several branches, passed northwards through the wall. Watling Street, with its supporting stations of Habitancum and Bremenium, traversed this county. The whole of Northumberland and the Scottish Lowlands are covered with traces of Roman and British camps, which tell clearly enough the tale of Border warfare in the earliest days of our history. They tell of a long period of constant struggle, of troops advancing and retreating, of a territory held with difficulty, of perpetual alternations of fortune. In the days of the Roman occupation the Border wears its distinctive features. Its future history is a changing repetition of the same details.

But though we may generally gather that this was the history of the Roman Border, many puzzling questions remain. Why did the Romans fix their boundary

where they did? The military reason of obtaining a narrow tract of land to fortify was no doubt a strong one. But the Romans were a practical people and wished to make their province of Britain a profitable possession. It may be that the valley of the Tyne was the most northern point where they saw a prospect of making agriculture immediately remunerative. By the Tyne Valley they established their boundary, and only kept such a hold of the country to the north as might help to secure the Tyne Valley from invasion. It proved to be a difficult and in the end an impossible task. The sturdy tribes of the north learned to value at its true worth the intolerable boon of Roman civilisation, the colonist, the tribute and the tithe corn. In their moorland forts they resisted to the utmost. Constant warfare increased their discipline and power of combination. The growing wealth of the province offered a richer prize to their rapacity. Ever watchful for an opportunity they broke through the line of the wall and swept like a storm-cloud over the southern fields. Much, very much, has been done in explaining the Roman Wall as illustrative of the life of the Romans. Something remains to be done in studying it as illustrating the character of those whom it was built to repel. I could conceive it possible that an archæologist who was skilled in military science, and had the power of reproducing in his mind the local features of a bygone time—that one so gifted might make a military survey of the country round the Wall, which would be full of suggestiveness for a picture of British life. I must own that the Wall is to me more interesting for the impression which it gives of the power of the Britons

than of the mightiness of Rome. We know Rome's greatness from many other memorials. We know the bravery of the Britons only by the reluctant testimony of their enemies.

As we muse upon the ruins of Borcovicus another question strikes us. How came it that the men who so stubbornly resisted the massive legionaries of Rome, who marched against them in their thousands, gave way before the onslaughts of the Angles who came in small bands in their boats? It would seem that the need of resistance to Rome had called into being a premature organisation, a reckless patriotism, which produced a rapid reaction and degeneracy. The very greatness of Rome's power warned the Britons of their danger. Its advance was steady and threatened to spread northwards over the land. The Angles who settled along the east coast and passed up the river valleys did not awaken the same dread, or call out the same feeling of national danger. But the insidious progress of the colonist was more deadly than the warlike advance of the invader. Little by little the Britons were thrust into the hill country of the west. The line of the coast and the river valleys were gradually occupied by the clearings of the Angles. The land was still a Border-land, but the line of the Border no longer ran between north and south, but between east and west. When Ida, whom the fearful Britons called the Flamebearer, combined into a kingdom the scattered settlements of a common folk, it was in the Roman Border-land that those settlements began. They reached from the Tweed Valley northwards and southwards, till Ida occupied the rock of

Bamborough as a central point, and then extended his domain to the Tees.

The question of the Border between Briton and Angle, between east and west, was long contended and with varying results. The Britons on their side again united into the kingdom of Strathclyde, north of which was the Scottish kingdom of Dalriada. I will not impose upon your time and patience by tracing the variations of this western boundary. It will be enough to recall a few points of interest in the struggle. In 603 the combined army of Britons and Scots advanced to attack Æthelfrith's Northumbrian kingdom. They entered the vale of the Liddell, whence one pass leads into the valley of the Teviot and the Tweed, while another leads into the North Tyne. Here at a spot which Bede calls Dægsastan, a name still preserved in Dawstaneburn and Dawstane-rig, was fought a battle which determined for many years the security of the Northumbrian Border. "From that time," says Bede, triumphantly, "no Scot king dared to come into Britain to war with the English to this day." The Angles recognised on this spot the weakness of their boundary, and copied the example of Rome. The remains of a huge earthen rampart, known as the Catrail, may still be traced along the wild moorland or hard by the spot where Dægsastan had run with blood.

I recall this event because it is a definite mark of an important point in our provincial history. The boundary from east to west led to the severance of Cumbria from Northumbria. The English desired only to secure, not to extend, their dominion west-

ward. They weakened the kingdom of Strathclyde by driving a wedge of settlers into the tableland which lay in its midst. They penetrated along the valley of the Irthing, along the Maiden Way, into the central plain, which gained from them the name of Inglewood; but they left the mountainous district to the Britons.

I need not recall the great days of the Northumbrian kingdom, the heroic times of early Christianity, when the lamp of civilisation burned brightly in the Columbite monastery of Lindisfarne, and was reflected from the royal house of Bamborough. This period of greatness, though of immense importance to English history, is unfortunately only an episode in the history of this district as a whole. Yet there is no spot in England more fitted to awaken a deep sense of gratitude to the past than is the land which lies beneath the castle of Bamborough. No works of man have effaced the traces of the past. The rocks remain amid the surging of the waves, as when Cuthbert heard amongst them the wails of men's souls in the eternal conflict between good and evil. The village clusters for protection at the foot of the royal castle, much as it did when it was fired by Penda's host. The sloping uplands are dotted by scattered farms, in which may still be traced the progressive clearings of the English settlers. The ruins of the monastery of Lindisfarne still hide themselves behind a sheltering promontory of rock, that they may escape the eye of the heathen pirate who swept the northern seas. There is no place which tells so clearly the story of the making of England.

I pass by the days of the Northumbrian supremacy, which ended with Egfrith's defeat at Nechtansmere, where the Pictish king avenged the slaughter of Dægsastan. "From this time," says Bede, "the hopes and strength of the kingdom of the English began to ebb." The Northumbrian kingdom still pursued its career of literary and ecclesiastical activity at Jarrow, Wearmouth and Streaneshalch. It did not pass away till it had produced an historian of its greatness. But its boundaries, north and west, were ill secured. Its premature progress gave way to social and political disorganisation. The long, black ships of the Danish pirates spread ruin amidst the numerous monastic houses which fringed the eastern coast. The Scots of Dalriada established their supremacy over the Picts, and a strong Scottish power ravaged the district between the Forth and the Tweed. But Scots and English alike soon fell before the arms of the Danes who came as invaders, and conquered and settled as they would. Churches and monasteries were especially hateful to the heathen Danes. Their buildings were burnt, their treasures were scattered, their libraries were destroyed. The work of Benedict Biscop, of Wilfrid and of Bede, was all undone. The civilisation of Northumbria was well-nigh swept away. Only round the relics of the saintly Cuthbert a little band of trembling monks still held together, and wandered from place to place, kept steadfast by their faith that Cuthbert would not forsake them. It was the West Saxon Ælfred that checked the career of Danish conquest; it was his wisdom that prepared a way whereby the Danes ceased to be formidable, and

became a new but not alien element of English life.

The Danish settlement had little effect on the northern part of the Northumbrian kingdom. The Danes chose Deira, not Bernicia; their traces are found in Yorkshire, not in Northumberland. Their incorporation into English civilisation and the limits of their settlement in Northumbria are alike illustrated by the story of Guthred. To escape a civil war amongst themselves they listened to the counsels of Ælfred, aided by Eadred, the prior of the wandering monks at Lindisfarne. Eadred counselled them to choose as their king Guthred, a young man of the royal blood, who had been sold as a slave to a widow woman at Whittingham. Guthred, grateful for St. Cuthbert's aid, settled his brethren at Cunecacestre, now Chester-le-Street, and gave as the patrimony of St. Cuthbert the land between the Tyne and the Tees, with privilege of sanctuary. This was the beginning of another step in our provincial history. It was the origin of what was known till very recent times as The Bishopric. It was the foundation of the authority of the Prince-Bishops of Durham. It marks the cause which severed the county of Durham from the county of Northumberland.

The Danish kingdom in Deira ran its course, and in due time submitted to the lordship of the West Saxon king. In Bernicia, meanwhile, members of the old royal house were allowed to rule over their devastated lands, for which they paid tribute to their Danish lords. When the Danes made submission to Eadward the Elder the men of Bernicia submitted likewise,

But the men of the north were unruly subjects, and were hard to reduce into harmony with the men of the south. Edmund and Eadred both strove to make a peaceful settlement of their northern frontier. Edmund gave Cumberland to Malcolm, King of Scots, on condition that he should be his "fellow-worker by land and sea". He wished to show that there need be no collision of interest between England and Scotland. It was a question for decision on grounds of expediency, how order could best be kept in the doubtful portions of Northumbria and Strathclyde. Edmund handed over this responsibility, as far as Cumberland was concerned, to the Scottish king, and the plan succeeded. In later days William Rufus reclaimed the district south of the Solway, and so fixed the definite boundary of the English kingdom on the western side. Eadred had still to face the difficulty of dealing with Northumbrian independence, which had degenerated into anarchy and disorder. The last king was driven out, and an earl was set to rule in his stead; but so strong was local feeling that the earl was chosen from the old house of the lords of Bamborough. Eadred's successor, Edgar, ventured a step farther, and divided this great earldom into two. Moreover he followed Edmund's example of friendly dealings with the Scottish king. The land north of the Tweed was of little value to the English. Lothian was ceded to the Scottish king, most probably by Edgar, though it was afterwards recovered, but finally ceded in 1016.

The hopes of Edgar that Northumberland would settle into peace and order were destroyed by the renewed invasion of the Northmen. Again all was in

confusion. Again the terrified monks bore off St. Cuthbert's body that they might save it from sacrilege. Their wanderings were miraculously stayed, so goes the legend, upon a hill-top amid the waving woods that clad a bold promontory round which flowed the waters of the Wear. This hill-top of Dunholm was chosen as the site on which rose the mighty minster that holds St. Cuthbert's shrine. The saint left the bleaker regions farther north which he had loved so well. The outward signs of devotion for his memory were not to gather round the scenes of his labours. The chief centre of ecclesiastical civilisation was henceforth fixed far away from Bamborough, on a spot which had no associations with the old days of Northumbria's greatness. This northern district was abandoned by its patron saint, as though a destined theatre for acts of lawlessness and deeds of blood.

The lawlessness and barbarism of Northumberland in these days, we know from the history of its earls. Uhtred, who sprang from the old line of the lords of Bamborough, covenanted, as a condition of his marriage with a citizen's daughter, to espouse the blood-feud of his father-in-law and slay for him his enemy. Though the marriage was broken off and the covenant was unfulfilled, the enemy who had been threatened bided his time, and slew Uhtred in the presence of King Cnut. The feud was carried on by Uhtred's son, who slew his father's slayer, and was himself pursued in turn. The two foes grew weary of their lives, spent in perpetual dread; they were reconciled, and undertook together a pilgrimage to Rome. But

the sea was tempestuous, and they shrank before the voyage. They agreed to dispense with the solemn religious vow and to return home in peace. But on the way home the old savage passion for revenge revived, and one slew his unsuspecting fellow as they rode together through the forest of Risewood. We see the growth of the wild spirit which supplied the material for the Border feuds of later days.

Still, lawless as Northumberland might be, it could not forget the days of its former greatness. Though it could no longer hope for supremacy, it struggled at least for independence. Its resistance to the family of Godwine, its rejection of Tostig for its earl, caused dissension within the house which seemed to hold England's future in its hands. The refusal of Northumberland to help King Harold was one great cause, we cannot say how great, of the victory of the Norman William by the "hoar apple-tree" on the hill of Senlac. Perhaps the Northumbrians hoped under William's rule to establish their independence. But William was not the man to allow the formation of a middle kingdom. He soon learned the lawlessness of the Northumbrian temper. His first earl, though of English blood, was attacked at Newburn, and the church in which he sought shelter was burned to the ground. His second earl was driven away by a revolt. His third earl, a Norman, was massacred in Durham with all his men. William saw the gathering danger threatened by this northern love for independence. His answer to the northern revolt was swift and decided. He let men feel his starkness by his remorseless harrying of the north. The lands between

the Humber and the Tees, and then the lands of the Bishopric, were reduced to a waste. The population fell by the sword or died of hunger. Northumberland was left powerless for any further revolt of a serious kind. The southern portion of the old kingdom, Deira, lost all outward sign of its former position, Its old independence needed no further recognition, and no earl was appointed for South Northumberland. Hence the old name was transferred entirely to the northern part, which being a Border-land against the Scots still needed some responsible governor. That northern part, which is far north of the Humber, alone retained the name which can recall the memories of the greatness of the Northumbrian kingdom.

But though the independence of the north had been thoroughly broken by systematic devastation, still William paid some heed to its local feeling by giving it an earl sprung from the old Northumbrian line. Though he did so, he regarded Earl Waltheof with a jealous eye, and demanded from him a loyalty which he did not find in his Norman barons. Slight cause for suspicion brought upon Waltheof condign punishment, and William knew no mercy for the last English earl, whose tomb at Crowland men visited as that of a martyr and a saint. William then conferred the earldom of Northumberland on the Lotharingian, Walcher, Bishop of Durham. Again the lawless spirit of the Northumbrians broke out, and they took prompt revenge on the Bishop for a misdeed which he did not punish to their liking. At a moot, held by a little chapel at Gateshead, the men of the Tyne and Rede gathered in numbers. As the talk went

on, a cry was raised, "Short rede, good rede, slay ye the Bishop!" and Walcher was slaughtered at the chapel door. Again Northumberland was harried, and Robert, the King's son, on his way from Scotland, laid the foundation of a castle opposite the spot where Bishop Walcher had been slain. Its walls rose as a solid and abiding warning to a turbulent folk. Near it were the remains of a Roman bridge across the Tyne—Pons Ælii, the bridge that the Emperor Ælius Hadrianus had built. Hard by was the little township of Pandon and some remains of a camp, which may have afforded shelter to the monks, and so gained the name of Monkchester. In distinction to the ruins of this old camp, the rising fortress was called the *new castle*. Soon a population gathered round it which extended to Pandon and Monkchester alike, and these old names were absorbed into that of Newcastle.

Nor was the fortress of Newcastle the only sign of the presence of the conquering Normans. The three great baronies of Redesdale, Mitford and Morpeth, held by the Umfravilles, the Bertrams and the Merlais, extended in a belt across the district. North of them the Vesci, lords of Alnwick, built their castle on the banks of the Aln, and laid the foundation of the second Northumbrian town. The land was again committed to the care of a Norman earl; but it would seem that the lawlessness of the Northumbrians was contagious. Earl Mowbray plotted against William Rufus, who took the castle of Tynemouth, but was foiled by the strength of the rock of Bamborough, which could not be taken till Mowbray's imprudence

made him the victim of a stratagem. After this we hear no more of official earls. Northumberland depended directly on the crown, and went its own way for a short time in peace. But the weakness of Stephen had well-nigh allowed Northumberland to go the way of Lothian and become attached as an appanage to the Scottish crown. David I. had married the daughter of Earl Waltheof, and Stephen recognised this claim to the earldom of Northumberland. If Stephen had had a less statesmanlike successor than Henry II. the English Border might have been fixed along the old frontier of the Roman Wall. But Henry II. regarded it as his first duty to undo the mischief of Stephen's reign. He demanded the restoration of the northern counties, and from this time the limits of the English Border were definitely settled. It is true that there was a small piece of land on the Cumbrian Border about the possession of which England and Scotland could not agree, and this Debatable Land was occupied as common pasture by the inhabitants of both countries from sunrising to sunsetting, on the understanding that anything left there over night should be fair booty to the finder. On the Northumbrian Border also, the fortress of Berwick was an object of contention and often changed hands, till the luckless town of Berwick-upon-Tweed received the doubtful privilege of ranking as a neutral state, and its "liberties" were exposed to the indiscriminate ravages of English and Scots alike. Nor should it be unnoticed that the castle of Roxburgh was generally in the hands of the English king, as a protection of the strip of

low-lying land south of the Tweed, where the barrier of the Cheviots merged into the river valley.

I have now traced the historical steps in the formation of the English Border, and the causes which gave the modern county of Northumberland a separate existence and a distinct character. The rest of its history is written on the county itself, and tells its own story in the various interesting remains of antiquity which cover the land. I will briefly draw attention to the chief periods which they mark.

(1) From the beginning of the twelfth to the beginning of the fourteenth centuries, baronial and monastic civilisation did much to bring back order and prosperity. The details of the management of a Northumbrian farm have been preserved in the *compotus* of the sheriff of Northumberland, who held for six months the lands of the Knights Templars at Temple Thornton, which were seized by Edward II. in 1308. The sheriff's accounts are compiled with business-like precision, and enable us to judge with accuracy of Northumbrian farming at the time. They show a system of farming quite as advanced as that which existed at the end of the last century. For instance, among the expenditure is an entry for ointment to protect the heads of the sheep from the fly. The total receipts were £94 2s. 7d., the total expenses were £33 10s. 7d., leaving a balance of £60 12s., a proportionate return for his expenditure which any modern farmer would be glad to obtain.

(2) This period of prosperity was already passing away when the sheriff penned his accounts. He had

to sell some oats and barley in a hurry, *propter metum Scotorum superveniencium*—through dread of a raid of the Scots. The Scottish war of Edward I. led to the ruin of the English Border. The *nova taxatio* of the goods of the clergy, made in 1318, estimates the ecclesiastical revenues in the Archdeaconry of Northumberland at £28 6s. 8d. for the benefices of Newcastle, Tynemouth, Newburn, Benton, Ovingham and Woodhorn. Then follows an entry that all the other benefices are *vasta et destructa, et in eisdem nulla bona sunt inventa*—are barren and waste, and no goods are found in them. For the northern part of the county there is an enumeration of the benefices, with the remark that they are *vastata et penitus destructa*—wasted and wholly destroyed. It was this state of things which led to the organisation of border defences. The office of Lord Warden of the Marches, established under Edward I., became a post of serious responsibility. Castles which had been built to overawe a turbulent population, or to increase the power of their owners against the crown, became necessary means of protection to the country. The land was dotted with peel towers—small square rooms of massive stones, strong enough to give temporary refuge to fugitives till the marauding troop had passed by on its plundering raid. Elsewhere were earthen or wooden huts, which contained nothing that could attract cupidity. An Italian traveller, Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, has left a picture of a journey through Northumberland in 1435. The folk had poultry, but neither bread nor wine; white bread was unknown among them. At nightfall all the men retired to a

peel tower in the neighbourhood, through fear of the Scots, but left the women behind, saying they would not be harmed. Æneas sat in terror round the watch-fire till sleep overcame him, and he lay down on a couch of straw in one of the huts. His slumbers were disturbed by the cows and goats, who shared the room with the family and nibbled at his bed. At midnight there was an alarm that the Scots were coming, and the women fled to hide themselves. The alarm, however, was groundless, and next day Æneas continued his journey safely. When he reached Newcastle he seemed to himself again to be in a world which he knew. For Northumberland, he says, "was uninhabitable, horrible, uncultivated".

(3) The more pacific attitude towards Scotland adopted by Henry VII. brought a little peace; but the battle of Flodden Field and the events that followed led to a determination on the part of Henry VIII. to use Border raids as a means for punishing Scotland, and gradually wearing out its strength. The Lords Wardens are urged on to the work of devastation by the Lords of the King's Council, and send in hideous accounts of their zeal in this barbarous work. Thomas Lord Dacre writes with pride that the land, which was tilled by 550 ploughs, owing to his praiseworthy activity "lies all waste now, and no corne saune upon none of the said grounds". Again, he tells Wolsey how the lieutenant of the middle marches entered Scotland with 1,000 men and "did very well, brought away 800 nowte, and many horses. My son and brother made at the same time an inroad into the west marches, and got nigh 1,000 nowte.

Little left upon the frontiers except old houses, whereof the thak and coverings are taken away so that they cannot be brent." The records of Border warfare throw light upon the cold-blooded and deliberate savagery which characterised the beginning of the sixteenth century. We recognise it clearly enough in other countries: we tend to pass it over leniently at home.

(4) Under Elizabeth came peace between England and Scotland, and things grew better on the Borders. Deeds of violence were still common and disputes were rife. But Elizabeth's ministers were anxious that these disputes should be decided by lawful means, and that disorders should be as much as possible repressed. An elaborate system of international relationships was established. Every treaty and agreement about the government of the Borders was hunted up and its provisions were put in force. The wardenship of the English Marches was no longer committed to Percies, Greys, or Dacres, but to new men chosen for official capacity. There was no longer need of Border chiefs to summon their men for a foray and work wild vengeance for wrongs inflicted. Aspiring statesmen like Sir Ralph Sadler and Sir Robert Carey were entrusted with the task of organising a system of defence. Scotland was overawed not so much by armed force as by red-tape. The Scottish Council was employed in answering pleas and counter-bleas wherewith the technical ingenuity of the English wardens constantly plied them. The amount of ink shed over the raid of Reedswire is a forecast of the pest traditions of modern diplomacy. Scotland was

pestered by official ingenuity into a serious consideration of Border affairs. The English Borders were elaborately organised for defence. The country was mapped out into watches, and the obligation was laid upon the townships to set and keep the watches day and night. When the fray was raised, every man was bound to follow under penalty of fine and imprisonment. Castles and peel towers were converted into a system extending across the Border, with signal communication from one to another. A brief quotation from some articles made at Alnwick in 1570 may serve to illustrate the thoroughness of the system: "That every man that hath a castelle or a tower of stone shall, upon every fray raised in the night, give warning to the contrey by fier in the toppe of the castelle or tower, in such sorte as he shall be directed from his warninge castelle, upon paine of iijs. iiijd."

The system in itself was admirable. Its only defect was that in proportion as it led to momentary success it tended to decay. Sir John Forster writes from Berwick in 1575: "Thanks be to God we have had so longe peace that the inhabitants here fall to tillage of grounde, so that theye have not delight to be in horse and armore as they have when the worlde ys troblesome. And that which theye were wont to bestowe in horse they nowe bestowe in cattell otherwayes, yet notwithstandinge whensoever the worlde graveth anye thinge troblesome or unquiet theye will bestowe all they have rather than theye will want horses." It is worth while noticing Sir John Forster's remedy for the carelessness which peace engendered. He advises that "a generall comaundement should come from her

majestie to the noble men and gentlemen here to favor their tennants as their auncestors have doon before tyme for defence of the frontiers."

"To favor their tennants as their auncestors have doon before tyme." I believe that in these words we have the key to much of the social history of the English Border. A ramble through Northumberland shows much that tells of the former greatness of feudal lords. There are no corresponding memorials to distinguish the sites of the townships, which once largely consisted of freeholders, who armed themselves and fought for house and home. Northumberland at the present day is regarded as a great feudal county, with feudal antiquities and feudal memories visible at every turn. I believe, on the contrary, that in no part of England did the manorial system sit so lightly, or work such little change. Traces of primitive institutions and primitive tenures are found in abundance whenever we penetrate beneath the surface.

First of all, there is a noticeable feature which especially marks the district comprised within the limits of the old Northumbrian kingdom—the survival to the present day of a very large number of townships, which are still recognised as poor-law parishes, and elect their own waywardens, overseers and guardians of the poor. Even at the present day there are only thirty ecclesiastical parishes in this county which are conterminous with a single township. The remaining 132 parishes contain among them 513 townships. There are as many as thirty townships contained in a single parish, and the general number is four or five. This can easily be accounted for from the facts of local history;

but it shows the need which was felt for the maintenance of small separate districts with some powers of self-government. Again, the ecclesiastical vestries of the ancient parishes of Northumberland consist, almost universally, of a body of four-and-twenty, who are appointed by co-optation. The term "vestry" does not occur in the Church books, which uniformly speak of a "meeting of the Four-and-twenty". This seems to point to an original delegation of power into the hands of representatives from the different townships comprising the parish.

These townships were village communities each an agrarian unit. I will not attempt to co-ordinate my evidence about them with any general theory of land tenure, but will simply state a few facts relating to them. The township of Embleton lies within the barony granted to John Vesconte by Henry I. A deed, dated 1730, at which time the Earl of Tankerville was lord of the manor, contains the award of arbitrators appointed by the consent of all parties to have the lands of the townships divided. It recites that the Earl of Tankerville and eight others are "severally seized of the farms, cottages, and parts of farms in the township fields," Lord Tankerville of sixteen and a half farms, the others of quantities varying from three farms, one and eleven-twelfths of a farm, to one-sixth part of a farm. It then proceeds: "The premises above mentioned lie promiscuous in common fields undivided". The only holder in severalty was the vicar, whose "parcel of ground known as the East Field" affords the only known landmark from which the division can begin. The general result of the arbitrarors' award is

that the vicar receives an average of fifty-six acres for each of his three farms, Lord Tankerville gets an average of sixty-four acres for each of his sixteen and a half farms, and the other holders average seventy-six acres for each of their eight farms. The varying quantity seems to depend on the quality of the land allotted in each case. I will not multiply evidence for this opinion, but will quote a statement made by a man who was in the employment of a solicitor in Morpeth, and who represented a legal memory extending back as far as 1780. He says: "I believe that in former times the word *farm* was used in many parts of this country to express an aliquot part in value of a township, being one of several portions of land of which a township consisted, each one of such portions having originally been of equal value". He supports this by reference to cases of allotments in which he was himself concerned.

This use of the word *farm* to signify an original unit of land tenure is peculiar to Northumberland, and probably has led to much interesting evidence being overlooked, as the ancient use of the word for a fixed interest in undivided land is easily confounded with its modern signification of a fixed amount of land. But many traces can still be found by one who searches for them. The records of vestry books show that contributions to parochial purposes were assessed upon each township in proportion to the number of ancient farms which it contained. In many cases this continued long after the division of the lands of the township, and long after the old meaning of the word *farm* had been forgotten. Church rates were paid on farms; so were

customary payments to the parish clerk and sexton. At Warkworth the vestry resolved to rebuild the church wall, each farm being responsible for two yards of walling. It is curious to observe how long it was possible for an ancient institution to exist side by side with a new one. In the township of North Seaton the assessment of church rates on farms ceased in 1746, but the assessment of poor rate remained on the ancient basis down to 1831. Still more noticeable is the case of the township of Burradon. I have no record when the enclosure of the greater part of the township took place; but two parcels of land were left unenclosed. One was divided in 1723, the other in 1773. Upon both divisions each freeholder had appointed to him a part of the common in proportion to the number of ancient farms of which his enclosed lands were reputed to have consisted. Even after this final division the old system did not entirely disappear. Up to the year 1827 poor rates and highway rates were assessed at so much per farm, not so much per pound.

The evidence which I have at present proves the ancient division into farms of forty-eight townships. A calculation of the areas of these farms, after they were divided, shows a great variety. They range from 1,083 acres to fifty. No doubt this can easily be accounted for. In the less fertile parts of the county there were large tracts of waste, which ultimately were absorbed by the townships, scattered at a considerable distance from one another. But there are eight townships where the average farm is below 100 acres, nine townships where the average is between 100 and 120 acres, and nine where it is between 120 and 150 acres.

This great variety renders it difficult to account for the Northumbrian farms by any of the modes of reckoning which have hitherto been proposed as of universal application. The Northumbrian unit seems to point solely to the actual facts of the needs of each township at the time of its original settlement.

The relations of these townships to the feudal lords varied, I believe, as much as did their unit of land tenure, though on this point it would be necessary to search the manor rolls in the case of each one separately. A few facts, however, may be stated on this subject. The manor of Tynemouth consists of eleven townships. Three of them are of freehold tenure. The remaining eight were in 1847 held partly in copyhold, partly in freehold. Each copyhold farm made a payment for "boon days," and also paid a corn rent. This rent varied in each township; but payment was in every case made according to the number of ancient reputed farms or parts of a farm of which the land consisted. We have no difficulty here in tracing a case in which the lord's demesne was scattered in eight out of the eleven townships contained in his manor. Three townships belonged entirely to freeholders, and freeholders were settled in the other townships also.

I pass to another instance, the township of North Middleton. The rolls of the court baron of the barony of Morpeth, which is held by the Earl of Carlisle, show that transfers of land in that township were accomplished by the admission of the new owner on the rolls of the manor. The township of North Middleton consisted in 1759 of fourteen farms, of which ten were held by the Duke of Portland, one by the Earl of

Carlisle, and three were divided among six other freeholders. The condition of the township in 1797 is described as follows: "The cesses and taxes of the township are paid by the occupiers in proportion to the number of farms or parts of farms by them occupied. These farms are not divided or set out, the whole township lying in common and undivided, except that the Duke of Portland has a distinct property in the mill and about ten acres of land adjoining, and that each proprietor has a distinct property in particular houses, cottages and crofts in the village of North Middleton. The general rule of cultivating and managing the lands within the township has been for the proprietors or their tenants to meet together and determine how much or what particular parts of the land shall be in tillage, how much and what parts in meadow, and how much and what parts in pasture; and they then divide and set out the tillage and meadow lands amongst themselves in proportion to the number of farms or parts of farms which they are respectively entitled to. And the pasture lands are stinted in proportion of twenty stints to each farm."

In this case we have the open field system, with separate homesteads. The lord has a small share in the common lands, but has no separate demesne. The freeholders have mostly parted with their interests to a wealthy landholder; those who still remain hold small portions varying from seven-eighths to three-eighths of an original farm.

A third instance shows other results. The township of Newbiggin-by-the-Sea was in a manor which ultimately passed into the hands of the Widdringtons.

In 1720 Lord Widdrington's lands were forfeited and were sold to a London company, who claimed manorial rights which the freeholders of Newbiggin would not allow. The proceedings of a long Chancery suit, in which the freeholders were left with their privileges unimpaired, show us a community completely self-governed, with no interference from a lord and little from the crown. They had a grant of market and fair, and tolls on ships coming into their little harbour. They paid to the crown a fee-farm rent of £10 6s. In 1730, to which date the freeholders' books have survived, we find the arable land already divided, but the pasture land still in common. The freeholders meet and make bye-laws for the pasturage. They appoint constables, ale-tasters, and bread-weighers. They levy tolls on boats and ships, and receive payments for carts loading sea-weed from the shore, for lobster tanks in the rocks, for stones quarried on the fore-shore. The money received from these rents of the rocks is divided among the freeholders in proportion to the ancient freeledges, or farms.

These three instances may serve to show the exceeding variety of social life in Northumberland, and the comparatively slight effects of the imposition of the Norman manorial system upon the ancient townships. No doubt this great variety was due to the exceptional character of the county. The lords were bound to "favour their tenants for the defence of the frontiers". They meddled little with the freeholders of the townships, who formed a stalwart body of soldiers ready to follow the fray.

(5) But this same habit of following the fray had its

disadvantages. It created a wild and lawless manner of life. Though war ceased between England and Scotland, feuds and robberies by no means ceased between the borderers on each side. "The number is wonderful," write the English commissioners in 1596, "of horrible murders and maymes, besides insupportable losses by burglaryes and robberies, able to make any Christian eares to tingle and all true English hartes to bleede." They estimate the murders at 1,000 and the thefts to the value of £100,000 in the last nine years. The union of the crowns of England and Scotland under one sovereign swept away all pretence for hostility on the Borders, and left the problem of reducing a lawless people to order. This work was begun by the strong sense and capacity of Lord William Howard of Naworth. It would be an interesting and profitable study to trace exactly the disappearance of savage ways and riotous tempers. The work has, at all events, been done in a thorough and satisfactory manner. In no part of England can there be found a more orderly, peaceable, law-abiding folk than are the Northumbrian peasantry. In no part of England is greater friendliness and hospitality shown to the wayfarer than in the valleys of the Cheviot Hills, which were once the haunts of moss-troopers. I never wander over the lovely moorland, and look upon the smiling, peaceful fields below, without feeling comfort amid the perplexities of the present by the thoughts of the triumph of the past. The frowning castles of the feudal lords now stand embowered in trees, and tell of nothing save acts of friendliness to those who dwell around. The peel towers in their ruins defend the

flocks and herds from nothing save the inclemency of the heavens. Goodly farm-houses and substantial cottages for the peasants betoken prosperity and comfort. The sturdy good sense of English heads, the enduring strength of English institutions, have solved a problem in this Border-land at least as difficult as those which trouble us in the present and cast a shadow over the future.

THE FENLAND.[1]

SOME years ago when it was my privilege to address the members of the institute at Newcastle-on-Tyne, I attempted to put before them a brief sketch of the historical facts which had determined the archæological and architectural features of the district which they were about to explore. It seemed to me that, when you met once again in a district which possessed strongly marked features of its own, it was worth while to attempt a similar task and show the conditions which determined the character of the county which now lies before you. Nor is the task a hard one in its main lines, for the determining causes are neither remote nor complicated. The archæological and architectural features of Eastern England depended on its geographical conditions. It was a land of fens and marshes.

It is difficult, however, as we look over the broad expanse of corn land and meadow which meets our eye to-day, to think ourselves back to the original aspect of the country, when Lincoln, Peterborough and Cambridge had almost as good a right to be reckoned as seaside towns as has Lynn to-day. This is, of course, somewhat an exaggeration, for the waste of waters which spread on the east of these towns was not sea-water, nor

[1] Opening address of the historical section at the Cambridge meeting of the Archæological Institute. Delivered 10th August, 1892. Reprinted from the *Archæological Journal*, vol. xlix., p. 263.

was the flow continuous. In the summer months the floods gave place to a tract of land which was covered with coarse grass, and supplied many necessaries of life to the dwellers on its banks. The character of the district may best be judged from the words of those who saw it. Hugh the White, a monk of Peterborough, who wrote about 1150, thus describes the district in which he dwelt :—

"From the flooding of the rivers, or from their overflow, the water, standing on unlevel ground, makes a deep marsh and so renders the land uninhabitable, save on some raised spots of ground, which I think that God set up for the special purpose that they should be the habitations of His servants who have chosen to dwell there. For within this marshland there live in such spots the monks of Ramsey, of Thorney, of Crowland and many other places, which can be approached in no other way than by water, save Ramsey where on one side a road has been laboriously constructed. Ely is an island in the same district, seven miles long and as many broad, containing twenty-two vills : it is surrounded on all sides by marsh and water, but is distinguished by the possession of three bridges. Burgh (*i.e.*, Peterborough) is founded in the land of the Gyroii, where is the beginning of the same marsh on its eastern side, extending for sixty miles or more. This marsh, however, is very necessary for men ; for there are found wood and twigs for fires, hay for the fodder of cattle, thatch for covering houses, and many other useful things. It is, moreover, productive of birds and fishes. For there are there various rivers, and very many waters and ponds abounding in fish. In all these things the

district is most fertile. Further, Burgh is built in an excellent situation; for on one side it enjoys the marsh, and excellent water; on the other side it enjoys fields, woods, meadows and pastures in abundance. It is beautiful on all sides, and accessible by land, save on the eastern coast whither you cannot come save by boat. On the south side the Nen flows past the monastery; after crossing it you may go straight on whither you will. When the first founders saw this site, so excellent, so eminent, so pleasant, so suitable, most fertile and most jocund, abounding in everything and most beautiful, as it were an earthly Paradise offered them by God, they founded their monastery there."

This careful picture shows us the chief features of the Fenland; a broad expanse of water, where on the islands and along the banks dwelt a hardy race, who supported themselves chiefly by chasing wild fowl and catching fishes. They traversed the marshes in canoes, and lived in thatched huts above the waters. In summer time they gathered rushes and firewood, and turned out their cattle, where possible, to eat the rank grass which grew on the dried-up mud. Nor did the main characteristics of life in the Fenlands rapidly change. The description given by Drayton in his poetical topography of England, the *Polyolbion*, published in 1622, agrees substantially with that of the monk Hugo nearly five hundred years before. Drayton sings of the multitude of wild fowl which haunt the Fens:—

> The duck and mallard first in every mere abound
> That you would think they sat upon the very ground,
> Their numbers be so great, the water covering quite,
> That raised, the spacious air is darkened with their flight.

He goes on to enumerate as denizens of the Fens the teal, the gossander, the widgeon, the goldeneye, the smeath, the coot, the waterhen, the waterwoosell, the dabchick, the swan, the crane, the heron, the redshank, the bittern and the wild goose, besides seabirds, amongst which are the cormorant and the osprey. Nor is his list of fishes less copious. His general picture of Fenland life is one of manifold industry:—

> The toiling fisher here is tewing of his net;
> The fowler is employed his limed twigs to set:
> One underneath his horse to get a shoot doth stalk;
> Another over dykes upon his stilts doth walk:
> There other with their spades the peats are squaring out,
> And others from their cars are busily about
> To draw out sedge and reed for thatch and stover fit:
> That whosoever would a landskip rightly hit,
> Beholding but my Fens shall with more shapes be stored
> Than Germany or France or Thuscan can afford.

It must be noticed, however, that this eulogy is put into the mouth of the nymph who presides over the Fens, and is not allowed to pass without comment by her sister who rules the mainland. She exclaims:—

> O how I hate
> Thus of her foggy Fens to hear rude Holland prate,
> That with her fish and fowl here keepeth such a coil,
> As her unwholesome air, and more unwholesome soil,
> For these of which she boasts the more might suffered be.

She objects that the birds are so rank of taste as to be uneatable; the fish so muddy of flavour that they are scarce preferable to starvation:—

> Besides, what is she else, but a foul wrong marsh,
> And that she calls her grass, so blady is and harsh
> As cuts the cattle's mouths constrained thereon to feed.

Thus it is clear that in the beginning of the seventeenth century there were two opposite opinions concerning the delights of the Fenland. A century later we find that the unfavourable opinion had won its way to general acceptance. Defoe, in his *Tour through Great Britain*, gives his impressions of a visit to Ely in 1722 :—

"As these Fens appear covered with water, so I observed, too, that they generally at this latter part of the year appear also covered with fogs ; so that when the downs and higher grounds of the adjacent country were gilded with the beams of the sun, the isle of Ely looked as if wrapped up in blankets, and nothing to be seen but now and then the lantern or cupola of Ely Minster. One could hardly see this from the hills and not pity the many thousands of families that were bound to be confined in those fogs, and had no other breath to draw than what must be mixed with these vapours and that steam which so universally overspreads the country. But, notwithstanding this, the people, especially those that are used to it, live unconcerned, and as healthy as other folks, except now and then an ague, which they make light of ; and there are great numbers of very ancient people among them."

The Fenland itself had changed little, but opinion about it had changed a good deal. The Peterborough monk regarded it as "an earthly Paradise". Defoe pitied the poor wretches who were condemned to inhabit it. At one period of civilisation men rejoice in the manifoldness of natural advantages ; at another period men long for the removal of every natural disadvantage. Defoe is but the exponent of the spirit of our own day.

Such were the main features of the Fenland. I turn to consider their influence on its history.

(1) It is obvious that the most important point connected with the Fenland is its reduction by means of a system of drainage to its present condition. The process has been gradual and continuous. Perhaps already in the time of the Roman occupation, a bank was raised to serve as a barrier against the incursions of the sea; and the names of Walsoken, Walton and Walpole may derive their origin from the Roman wall or earthwork near which the early settlements of the English were made. But besides the sea there were other dangers to be faced—the excessive local rainfall, and the drainage of the upland district which all discharged itself upon the Fenland, and could not find an outlet. To provide for the latter purpose the Romans constructed a catchwater drain, a portion of which still exists under the name of Car Dyke, which ran just below the uplands probably from Cambridge to Lincoln. The former danger was met by a system of interior drainage. It would be tedious to tell of the various works undertaken at different times for the protection of the country. It is enough to say that during the Middle Ages the object was to provide against inundations, not to reclaim the Fens. Water in the winter and grass in the summer, on a secure and accountable system, was the general desire. Drayton indicates the rise of a notion that the Fenland was not worth keeping; and the age of the Stuarts produced schemes for making "summer and winter ground" of considerable tracts. I will not discuss the enterprise of the Dutch engineer Vermuyden further than to say

that it was not entirely successful, and had to be supplemented by windmills, which still in some parts form picturesque additions to the landscape. The end of last century and the beginning of this saw a continuation of the process, till the whole district has been converted into agricultural land. Whittlesea Mere, the last great remnant of the Fenland, was drained in 1852; and a small portion of Wicken Fen is now all that is left to recall a faint image of the past.

(2) Now that this change has been fully wrought, we tend to forget the effect produced on the land, which rose clear of the waters, by its original position as a sort of coast-line. Yet it was the guardianship of the coast which called into existence the Roman Camboritum, the Cambridge of to-day.[1] The protection of the shores of the Wash against predatory incursions was, in the early days of the Roman occupation, an object of importance; the Ermin Street which ran from London to Lincoln skirted the northern part of the estuary, and protected it by its stations. But the Ermin Street struck the line of estuary at Durolipons, the modern Godmanchester, close to Huntingdon. The south-eastern side of the estuary was outside its care. It would seem that Camboricum was occupied as a supporting station, connected with Durolipons by the Via Devana which was continued southwards to Colchester. The Roman system of coast defence was thus tolerably complete, and determined the situation of most of the towns within the

[1] It is now considered almost certain that the Roman Camboritum, really Camboricum, was not on the site of the modern Cambridge.—L. C.

district. When the Roman occupation ended, the immigrants from over sea found little difficulty in making their settlements. But it is not my purpose to trace the early history of the Gwaras, which was not of great importance. It was natural that the men of the Fenland should lead a life of isolation, and should consequently be slow to recognise accomplished facts. The great event in the history of the district is its stubborn resistance to William the Norman. The outlaw Hereward gathered the disaffected round him in the isle of Ely, and exercised all William's engineering skill before he could be dislodged from his marshy fastness. The exceptional position of the Fenland was recognised by Henry I., who raised Ely to be the seat of a bishop, on whom was conferred palatinate jurisdiction, so that he might exercise on the eastern marches the same authority as his brother of Durham exercised in the north. Though this jurisdiction disappeared in 1837, the isle of Ely still retains its peculiar position as a shire within a shire. One result of this episcopal rule, taken together with the number of monasteries and the general character of the country, is the absence of great families from the Fenland and its borders. You will see no ruined castles, no picturesque manor houses, in the neighbourhood of the Fens. Cambridgeshire has been called "the least gentlemanly of all the English counties".

(3) I go back again to the description of the Fenland given by Hugh the White, who was delighted by the islands which 'God had raised for the special purpose that they should be the habitations of His servants". He certainly expresses the use to which

the Fenland had been turned in his own day. It was natural that this tract of country should suggest monastic settlements. It was secluded, wild, offering an opportunity for missionary zeal and for monastic labour, needing organisation, yet hard to touch by ordinary means. A mixture of devotion and policy influenced the first Christian King of Mercia, Peada, to follow the advice of his Northumbrian brother Oswin, and lay in 655 the foundations of a church at Medeshampstead, where a meadow, supplied with a well of good water, rose between the Fen and the scrub which covered the uplands. The new foundation flourished; and its first abbot sent out a colony to the isle of Ancarig or Thorney, so called from the thorns with which it was covered. In 673 Etheldreda, wife of the Northumbrian Egfrid, fled from the discharge of her wifely duties, and sought refuge from her husband's pursuit in the dower lands which she had received from her first husband, King of the Southern Fenlanders. There, on the island which took its name from the quantities of eels which were caught in its surrounding marshes, she founded a monastery after the type of her northern refuge at Coldingham. Before the century was closed a young Mercian noble, weary of war and conflict, and unsatisfied with the seclusion of the monastery of Repton, roamed through the Fens till he found at Crudland, or Croyland, a spot sufficiently disconsolate for the needs of his asceticism. There Guthlac lived amid the birds and fishes, who came at his call and ate from his hand; for he found that "all things were at one with him who was at one with God". Men honoured him and

flocked to him for his advice. After his death a monastery arose on the spot, which was hallowed by the memory of his sanctity.

Thus motives of policy, asceticism and personal convenience combined to mark out the Fenland as especially the home of monks. The example once set was contagious. In the monastic revival of the tenth century, a new monastery was founded on the verge of the Fens at Ramsey, said to be so called from a solitary ram which was found by the first occupants of the island. The monks were the chief land-owners within this district. All that was done for civilisation was done by them.

There are two abiding records of their influence to which I would call your attention. In no part of England, I might say nowhere in the world, are there so many mighty buildings to be found in the same space as in the Fenland and its borders. This is entirely due to the impulse given to church building by the monasteries and the example which they set. It was, of course, natural that the monks should use the offerings made by pilgrims for the purpose of adorning their churches. But good intentions and lofty aspirations are not everywhere easy of fulfilment. Near to Peterborough there lay a bed of peculiarly hard limestone, famous in architectural history as Barnack rag. The quarry had been worked by the Romans, and its value was at once appreciated by the monks. The stone could be wrought with ease; it was capable of delicate mouldings; and its durability has enabled it to withstand even the onslaughts of our northern climate. A ramble amongst the turrets and pinnacles

of the cathedral churches of Ely, Peterborough, or Lincoln, enables any one to see at a glance how much the architecture owes to the material in which its ornaments were wrought. Besides the possession of this valuable stone, the Fenlands also enjoyed an easy means of transport. The conveyance of heavy loads along the imperfect roads of early days was difficult; but flat-bottomed boats could easily traverse the Fens in winter and deposit their burden just where it was wanted. The size and character of mediæval buildings was determined more by the command of suitable material than by the dictates of immediate utility. Churches grew, not to correspond to the needs of the population, but because they could be easily built. Monasteries received their rents largely in labour. It was natural that the labour should be directed toward church building. A little local enterprise met with ready help. There was no hurry to finish, just because there was no large population to provide for. The artistic side was allowed to be dominant chiefly because there was no utilitarian pressure.

In this way we can trace the limits of the old Fenland by its great buildings. When water-carriage failed the churches dwindled. Along the valley of the Nen, and on the Fenland islands, rose the stately churches which are most characteristic of English architecture, as may be seen in the neighbourhood round Wisbech and Lynn. If you turn westward from Cambridge to the district which formed the upland in early days, the architectural decline becomes at once apparent. The soft clunch of Cambridgeshire, admirable as it was for internal decoration, was

not sufficiently durable when exposed to the weather to afford material for soaring designs.

Another point which was determined by the nature of the country and its surroundings was the choice of Cambridge as a site for a university. It is often asked by visitors to Cambridge, Why was this spot selected for such a purpose? And it must be admitted that at the present day we cannot point to any very conspicuous natural advantages. To answer the question, we must consider the conditions under which the English Universities seem to have come into being. This is a difficult subject to speak of with certainty, and I would not be understood to put forward more than a few suggestions, which seem to me to have some probability. The first step in any investigation is to clear the ground of misconceptions, and make it clear what we are considering. Now a university, properly speaking, means a Corporation of Scholars possessing a constitution, and the right of conferring degrees, or licences to teach, which are everywhere recognised. It was, indeed, at one time a guild of scholars, which, after struggling into existence, acquired recognition as a *Studium Generale*.

The question therefore to be determined is, Why did the schools of certain places become strong enough to form associations which asserted their rights, and, by gaining for themselves a constitution, rise into another class from ordinary schools? There can be no doubt that the model of such associations was brought into England from Paris in the twelfth century, with the result of quickening into organised life schools which already existed. In earlier times the schools of Ireland and England had been foremost in main-

taining learning; but the call of Alcuin from York by Charles the Great marked the transference of intellectual primacy to Gaul. There the schools of various monasteries and cathedral churches became famous as they possessed eminent teachers, till the renown of Abelard established the prestige of Paris. We cannot trace a corresponding process in England. It was not the presence of eminent teachers which first brought our universities into existence, but motives of convenience combined with an impulse from outside. The schools of Oxford gathered, it is true, round the monastery of St. Frideswide, but local conditions seem to have given them their superiority. Oxford was conveniently situated in the centre of England, on the great waterway of the Thames. It was free from danger of incursions, and was not a place of arms. Under Henry I. it was a favourite residence of the king in times of leisure; and the neighbourhood of the royal palace of Beaumont gave hopes of patronage which are said to be always attractive to scholars. It had been recognised for some time as a convenient meeting-place of scholars when it received by a migration from Paris that impulse which developed it into a university.

Cambridge had not the same advantages of position as Oxford enjoyed, and we cannot trace a corresponding growth of general literary resort. But we must remember that the dividing line of England in the Middle Ages, for commercial and literary intercourse, was drawn between east and west, not between north and south. The northern counties were so unsettled that there was little security for a learned corporation north of the Humber and the hills of Peakland. In

1250 the Bishop of Carlisle found it necessary to buy the manor of Horncastle in Lincolnshire, and the Pope granted him the parish church for his use, when his own diocese was impossible. A northern centre of learning was not required; but it was natural that the east should seek a centre of its own. It is probable that Cambridge grew by conscious rivalry to Oxford, which it resembled in many respects. The priory of Barnwell gave it a monastic centre; castle and old parish churches were there as at Oxford; its situation secured quiet, and it was easy of access by land or water. But the neighbourhood of the great Fenland monasteries must have been the chief cause of its prosperity. It was a neutral ground to which their students might resort. There, also, a meeting-place of scholars developed into a university, owing to migrations from Paris and Oxford, of which we find records in 1229 and 1231.

It is worthy of notice that this process of propagation tended to continue. In 1239 a migration was made from Oxford to Northampton; and in 1261 Cambridge also attempted to found a colony in the same place. Doubtless that town was chosen because it fulfilled the necessary conditions for an academic residence, and was as far north as it was prudent to go. In 1333 a more determined effort was made by a body of Oxford malcontents to establish a university at Stamford, as a convenient spot for intercepting northern students. These schemes were checked by the resistance of Oxford and Cambridge, which was supported by the power of the Crown. It seems as if English common sense first recognised, in university matters,

the principle which afterwards developed its system of party politics. Two universities were enough to promote honourable rivalry, and obtain the advantages of competition on different lines. When two had come into existence, the multiplication of centres was not allowed to go farther, that force should not be wasted, and too many centres of opinion be formed. The ingenious speculator of to-day might trace a connexion between the increase of universities and the disintegration of the old political parties.

But I return to the position of Cambridge as a site for a university. It is obvious that motives of local convenience out-weighed considerations of fitness. Ease of access, accommodation, associations, quietness and a good supply of food—these were the primary requisites. It has been observed as an argument against the solar theory of explaining mythology that it represents primitive man as "eternally prosing about the weather". This, indeed, is a very modern habit. Our ancestors lived and laboured where their lot was cast; and Cambridge scholars doubtless found the Fenland full of interest. To recall that interest we must revive the picture of the waters which flowed as near as Waterbeach, and of the Cam expending its sluggish stream round Fen Ditton. If we complete our picture by imagining a touch of ague among the inhabitants, it is still open for consideration whether ague is worse than the maladies engendered by modern modes of life. It is tolerably certain that its position on the borders of the Fens called Cambridge into being as a town, and afterwards made it the seat of a university. Academic patriotism can claim the consent of antiquity in regarding it as "an earthly Paradise".

THE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDATION OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.[1]

THE quiet city of Cambridge, whose repose ordinarily recalls that of our own University towns, has been for the last three days stirred to its foundations. The anniversary which Harvard University has been celebrating, awakened an amount of interest which surprised even those who were most enthusiastic for its success. It is rather difficult in America to say that anything outside the sphere of politics is regarded as of national importance, but the proceedings at Harvard were as nearly national in their interest as the size of the country and its divisions will permit. The presence of the President of the United States was in itself a tribute of national recognition, which was regarded as due to the services which Harvard University has rendered to the cause of education, not only in New England, but throughout the country.

The history of Harvard University is as interesting to the Englishman as it is to the American. The little colony of Puritans had scarcely settled in the strip of land round Massachusetts Bay, before they hastened to put on record their belief that learning is one of

[1] A letter written to the *Times* from Cambridge, Massachusetts, immediately after the celebration.

the necessary supports of a commonwealth. In 1636, when they numbered scarcely 5,000 families, when their means were scanty, when an Indian War was pending, and religious dissensions weakened them at home, the general court of the colony passed a resolution agreeing "to give £400 towards a school or college, whereof £200 shall be paid next year, and £200 when the work is finished, and the next court to appoint where and what building". It was the passing of this resolution on 7th November which Harvard commemorated as its act of foundation, and Mr. Lowell justly drew attention to it, as an act full of sublime pathos, and expressive of the high qualities of character possessed by the Puritan fathers of the colony. Their theology was not founded on subjective emotion, but on an intellectual conception of the overmastering claims of the truth upon the heart of man. Among the early settlers were many graduates of English Universities, especially men who had been trained at the great centre of Puritanism, Emmanuel College, Cambridge. It was in their honour that, when in 1637 the site of the projected college was fixed at Newtown, four miles distant from Boston, by the banks of the river Charles, the name of Cambridge was substituted for that of Newtown, that the associations of academic life might be the inheritance of the new foundation.

At about the time that this was done, the colony received a new settler in John Harvard, another graduate of Emmanuel. Harvard came already stricken with consumption, and could do very little active service for the country of his adoption. His imagination, how-

ever, was stirred by the zeal for learning shown by the new settlers, and he longed to see their resolution to build a college in the new Cambridge carried into effect. On his death, in 1638, he bequeathed half his fortune, a sum of £800, and his library to the new college. This act of munificence awakened a spirit of hopefulness. The colony did not wait till its public revenues could undertake the work already resolved upon, but Harvard's bequest was supplemented by voluntary contributions from every class in the community. The building was at once begun and received the name of Harvard College, in memory of its first benefactor. It is exceedingly interesting to observe how closely Americans cling to the traditions of their past history. A few years ago John Harvard was merely a name inscribed in the admission book of Emmanuel College. Now an American antiquary, Mr. Walters, has tracked John Harvard to his birthplace in Southwark, and has carried back his maternal descent to Stratford-on-Avon and the possible companionship of Shakespeare. An ideal statue of John Harvard has recently been erected in the grounds of the college which bears his name, and was crowned to-day with wreaths by the enthusiasm of undergraduates. The University of Cambridge and Emmanuel College were invited to send delegates to the celebration, and were represented by Dr. Taylor, Master of St. John's College, and Professor Creighton, Fellow of Emmanuel College. But it was clear that to the mass of those present Emmanuel College had a much more important and more real existence than the University of Cambridge. Its delegate was the only one selected

by Mr. Lowell in his oration for special mention, and no visitor, except the President of the United States, received a warmer welcome. It was gratifying to see that the link of historical continuity between the literary commonwealths of England and America was so clearly recognised and so cordially acknowledged.

It would be a long tale to tell the history of Harvard College from its first charter of 1650 to the present day. Its charter lays down as its object, "the education of the English and Indian youth of the country in knowledge and godliness". Luckily that charter was never amended, and no more explicit legislation defined the requisites for "godliness". Harvard College, no doubt, obeyed the prevalent theological impulses, but was not by its charter condemned to be a sectarian institution: it was saddled by no tests, and was free to develop with the life of the civil community around it. Its governing body was fixed to be a president, treasurer, and five Fellows; the first officers were named, and it was provided that their places were to be filled by co-option. Above these was a large body of overseers, consisting originally of the governor, deputy-governor, and all magistrates of the jurisdiction, together with the five adjoining towns. This body of overseers had to approve the acts of the corporation of the college, and so possessed a right of veto. The progress of university reform at Harvard has been the work of converting this body of overseers into one which is more fitted to judge of educational questions. The efforts of the resident teachers were persistently directed to this end, and after various improvements on the original scheme, the election of overseers was finally,

in 1865, committed to the graduates of the college. This is the nearest approach in America to the European conception of a university as a self-governing corporation of graduates.

This loose constitution of the college has been of great service to its development. It has been enabled to adapt itself to new requirements without needing any legislative interference. Its conflicts have been carried on in secret, and the obstacles in the way of its teachers have been overcome by the steady pressure of its executive officers. It is probably well that a university should not try too many experiments, and Harvard in recent days has certainly contributed a sufficient number of novelties for the attention of those busied with university education. Chief among them is the adoption of what is called the "elective system," by which each undergraduate is allowed to choose for himself the course of lectures which he attends, and obtains his degree by passing a satisfactory examination at the end of each course. It is obvious that such a system demands a large body of teachers, careful organisation of subjects, and a regard to the various claims of different subjects, which has to be expressed in the lecture list rather than in the regulations for the final examinations, whereby in English universities students are compelled to go along the course prescribed, not by their individual teachers, but by the combined wisdom of the university.

It is by this readiness to try experiments, as well as by the eminent teachers which Harvard has succeeded in attaching to herself, that she has come to be regarded as the typical University of America. New

England has always remained the centre of American culture, and the presence of Mr. Lowell and Mr. Wendell Holmes fully vindicated for the New England of to-day her claims to literary supremacy. It is natural that the oldest and largest university of New England should be regarded, perhaps not without some jealousy, as occupying in America a place of her own somewhat above her sisters. Certainly Harvard cannot complain of want of loyalty on the part of her graduates, who flocked from every part of the continent to do honour to her anniversary.

The proceedings of the commemoration began on 5th November, when the members of the Legal Association held a celebration of their own. Harvard University consists of what is called the College, which deals with those liberal studies which we know as *literæ humaniores*, and also various technical and professional schools, such as divinity, law and medicine in its various branches down to veterinary surgery. The graduates of each of these professional schools form associations of their own and meet from time to time. The lawyers, as being always desirous to speak, met to offer a tribute of eloquence by themselves, and listened first to an oration by Mr. Wendell Holmes, junior, Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, on the organisation of legal studies; afterwards they regaled themselves by a dinner seasoned with those good stories which belong as much to the American as to the English Bar.

Saturday, the 6th, was given up to undergraduates, who had boat races and a football match, that they might show visitors their prowess. But, unlike English under-

graduates, they also invited visitors to see how they were progressing towards the acquirement of the graces needed for actual life. They took possession of the university theatre, and delivered addresses and recited poems of their own with as much gravity and dignity as Mr. Lowell or Mr. Wendell Holmes. The traditions of American life sink deep, and the pattern is everywhere the same. Two orators and two poets, chosen by vote of the undergraduates themselves, in turns commemorated the glories of Harvard, criticised its system, and exhorted to emulation of its past. The most perfect decorum prevailed; in fact any one who had witnessed the pandemonium of the Oxford Encænia could not fail to marvel that these things should be. The Harvard undergraduates, no doubt, felt the responsibility of the occasion. They were taking their part in a great celebration, and were doing their duty to themselves and their *Alma Mater*. Nothing could exceed the order with which they entered the theatre in a long procession and took their places. The proceedings began with prayer, offered by one of the oldest members of the college staff; an undergraduate choir and an undergraduate orchestra filled the intervals between the orations. It was impossible not to feel that the greater freedom allowed to American undergraduates led them to recognise earlier than do English youths the responsibilities of manhood.

On Sunday, the 7th, the scene of the commemoration festivities was naturally transferred to the chapel. Harvard College is not only unsectarian but also undenominational, and has devised a simple form of service in which every one can take part, consisting of

reading a psalm in alternate verses, a portion of Scripture, an extempore prayer, and a sermon, interspersed with anthems and hymns, which were very effectively sung by a choir of undergraduates. A thoughtful and scholarly sermon was preached in the morning by Professor Peabody, of Harvard, and in the evening the chapel was crowded to the utmost by a throng eager to listen to the eloquence of the Rev. Philips Brooks. Both sermons dwelt upon the history of the college, and traced the steps by which its Puritan traditions had broadened into culture without sacrificing their essential value. Throughout all the proceedings of the commemoration, including those of the undergraduates, there was shown a free criticism of Puritanism, which was marked by a breadth of historical discernment and impartiality, which was alike generous and true.

The general interest centred in the proceedings of to-day (Monday), when the grounds of the college were thronged by an eager crowd of guests, and a no less eager crowd of people of every class, anxious for a sight of the President and of Mrs. Cleveland. The interest shown in Mrs. Cleveland is indeed remarkable, and is due to the fact that no other President has been married during his term of office. The people seem to feel that the marriage of their chief magistrate was an event in which they had a right to share, and Mrs. Cleveland has awakened an amount of popular curiosity as great perhaps as was ever excited by a lady in any country. Her movements are all chronicled in detail, and her slightest gestures are recorded for the benefit of all men, but always in terms of sympathetic admiration.

It was some time before all the guests were marshalled

in order of procession ; but all were ready a little before eleven o'clock, when President Cleveland took his place in the line, accompanied by the Governor of Massachusetts and attended by an escort. The procession then moved to the theatre through a dense throng of people, who showed the good humour and orderly behaviour for which an American crowd is proverbial. There was a very small display of soldiers and only a scanty body of policemen, but the volunteer marshals of the university had no difficulty in keeping the way clear ; occasionally a few enthusiasts ran through the line of procession, but never so as to cause any interruption. The warmth of the reception given to President Cleveland was unmistakable ; both by people and undergraduates on the line of march and by the graduates inside the theatre, he was cheered to the echo. Perhaps the prevalent position in politics of the educated classes represented by the graduates of Harvard is that of the "mugwump," who believes in measures and men rather than in the threadbare principles of party and the devices of the caucus. Such men respect President Cleveland's honesty, and give him their hearty support in his difficult position, because they believe that he is in earnest in the cause of Civil Service reform, which they judge to be the question of chief importance at the present. Though the occasion was in no way political, yet the reception accorded to the President cannot fail to have a decided significance in politics, and its warmth seemed to surprise even himself.

When the throng of some 1,500 people had entered the theatre, the proceedings of the day began with

prayer, and a few remarks from the President of the Alumni, under whose auspices the proceedings were conducted. The alumni, or graduates, of Harvard form themselves into a voluntary association to hold an annual gathering at Commencement, when degrees are conferred. They take upon themselves the social part of the proceedings, and their President, elected annually, not the President of the University, acts as chairman. In this way the officials of the university are relieved to a great measure from the details of social duty which are so irksome to busy men. The President of the Alumni called on Mr. Lowell, who delivered an oration which deserves to rank among the most finished productions of one who stands in the highest class of men of letters. It was a mixture of wit and wisdom, alike dignified and graceful, without any obtrusion of personality or assumption of prophetic insight, but full of the *mitis sapientia* of one who has read much and seen much, and in the light of large culture exhibited the due proportions of the lessons of the day. Mr. Lowell's opening allusion to the 250th anniversary of his college struck the note of ample yet measured appreciation of the achievements of his country, which ran through his address. "Ours is a new country in more senses than one, and, like children when they are fancying themselves this or that, we have to play very hard to believe that we are old." In the same measured strain he spoke of the power of historic associations in the Old World. "I never felt the workings of this spell so acutely as in those grey seclusions of the college quadrangles and cloisters of Oxford and Cambridge, conscious of vener-

able associations, and whose very stones seemed happier for being there. Are we to suppose that these memories were less dear and gracious to the Puritan scholars at whose instigation this college was founded than to that other Puritan who sang in the dim, religious light, the long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults which those memories recalled?" Starting from this, he drew a striking picture of the early Puritans and sketched gracefully the early history of Harvard College, its first aims and its endeavours to convert the Indians, who, however, "showed far greater natural predisposition for disfurnishing the outside of other people's heads than furnishing the inside of their own". He passed to the time when Harvard College was chiefly devoted to the education of Puritan clergy, of whom he gave a genial and humorous sketch: "They gave two sermons every Sunday in the year, and of a measure that would seem ruinously liberal to these less stalwart days, when scarce ten parsons together could lift the stones of Dromed, which they hurled at Satan with the easy precision of lifelong practice". Coming to more modern times, he spoke of the Harvard of to-day, its studies and their future. With a graceful absence of dogmatism, he defined as the office of a university "to distribute the true bread of life—the *pane degli angeli*, as Dante called it—and to breed the appetite for it. Give us science, too, but give us first of all and last of all the science that ennobles life and makes it generous." Presently he passed to the relation of a university with national life, and his words became weighty: "Democracy must show its capacity for producing not a higher average man, but the highest

possible type of manhood in all its manifold varieties or it is a failure. No matter what it does for the body, if it does not in some sort satisfy the inextinguishable passion of the soul for something that lifts life away from prose, from the common and the vulgar, it is a failure. Has it done this? Is it doing this, or trying to do it? Not yet, I think." From this he proceeded to draw out eloquently the nature of the work of culture in a democratic society and in democratic politics. This led to a graceful allusion to President Cleveland: "We have no politics here, but the sons of Harvard all belong to the party which admires courage, strength of purpose, and fidelity to duty, and which respects, wherever he may be found, the *Justum et tenacem propositi virum*, who knows how to withstand the *Civium ardor prava jubentium*. He has left the helm of State to be with us here, and so long as it is entrusted to his hands we are sure that, should the storm come, he will say, with Seneca's pilot, 'O Neptune, you may save me if you will; you may sink me if you will; but whatever happen, I shall keep my rudder true'."

This reference to the President awakened renewed enthusiasm among the audience, and it was some time before Dr. Holmes could read his poem, which he did with a vigour and animation surprising in a man of the age of seventy-seven and not endowed with a strong physical frame. The poem, as was natural, was mainly local in its character, and its alternations of serious and mirthful allusions were followed with keen interest.

When this was finished President Eliot conferred a number of honorary degrees on the distinguished

guests of the university. This ceremony was of the utmost simplicity, but the dignity of President Eliot's manner as he described in a few words the claim of each recipient made the proceedings far more impressive than the antiquated ceremonial still followed at our universities. As President Eliot named each of the new doctors, he rose in his seat and bowed in acknowledgment, so that some forty degrees were conferred in twenty minutes, without the aid of pompous Latin compliments. The list comprised the chief American representatives of the various departments of knowledge, and among Englishmen Dr. Taylor of St. John's College, Cambridge, Professor Creighton of Emmanuel College, and Sir Lyon Playfair as representing the University of Edinburgh.

It was two o'clock before the proceedings in the theatre were over, and at half-past two the procession formed again to march to the great hall for dinner. The hall at Harvard is a truly noble building, which with some difficulty was made capable of holding 1,200 guests. The repast was simple in the extreme; there was no wine on the table, and the eating was soon over. It was a refreshing contrast to the uncomfortable grandeur of English public dinners. The audience had come to listen, and did not come to waste time needlessly. There was no formality; cigars were speedily lighted, and every one prepared to endure speeches as long as speeches were forthcoming. Even the departure of the President at half-past four did not break up the company, which sat without any display of weariness till half-past seven. Truly the Americans are a patient, much-enduring race.

Many of the speeches were excellent in their way, but none were of general interest, save that of President Cleveland, who, with great modesty, deplored his lack of university education, and exhorted men of learning to take a greater part in public affairs. "Any disinclination," he said, "on the part of the most learned and cultured of our citizens to mingle in public affairs, and the consequent abandonment of political activity to those who have but little regard for the student and the scholar, are not favourable conditions under a Government such as ours. And if they have existed to a damaging extent, recent events appear to indicate that the education and conservatism of the land are to be hereafter more plainly heard in the expression of the popular will." He went on to speak with obvious signs of emotion of the duties of his office, and spoke sternly of the tendency towards personal slander which was too often seen in a section of the American Press. The obvious sincerity of the President's speech produced a great impression on the audience, and he departed amid a general ovation.

When the banquet was at an end it was already dark, and the guests adjourned to witness a torch-light procession which had been organised entirely by the undergraduates. Harvard has not the historic story of Heidelberg to represent in pageantry, and preferred to take a humorous view of its past. The youth of a democratic State made sport of the doubtful ancestry of their founder. John Harvard's statue was borne in the procession surrounded by a group labelled "John Harvard's Pas," a butcher, a grocer, a cooper, in reference to the results of recent research which

have shown him to have had a father and two step-fathers who followed these trades in England. The oldest printing press in the college was carried on another waggon, and a coach filled with passengers, dressed in the fashion of 1750, recalled the perilous journeys of former days. The solitary Indian graduate of the college seemed somewhat uncomfortable in his isolation. Transparencies with current undergraduate jokes provoked the laughter of the initiated; but all could admire the stalwart bearing of the 1,500 youths who marched in perfect order with their torches. Each division was clad in appropriate costumes, some in the old Puritan dress, some as Washington's volunteers, some in military, some in naval uniforms, while the law students wore the gowns and wigs which are more familiar in England than in America. The picturesque procession, with its volleys of cheers for the President, Mrs. Cleveland, the university officials, and others, defiled for two hours through the streets of Cambridge, and ended with a display of fireworks, which lit up the dignified group of the college buildings.

The chief impression left on the spectator was the homeliness, the simplicity and the heartiness of the entire proceedings. There had been no thought of grandeur, no waste of time in elaborate preparations. The men of Harvard welcomed their guests and gave them of their best with abundant cordiality; but Harvard did not try to disguise its work-day look, and was content to appeal to those who knew and esteemed it for its work's sake. It was clear that it did not appeal in vain, and that it was strong in the affections of a vast body of its graduates, and in the kindly regard of its

academic rivals. An Englishman might meditate on Mr. Lowell's eloquent tribute to the historic glories of Oxford and Cambridge, and think that Harvard is not without compensation for their absence. In England the alumni of the old universities feel that their universities are immemorial institutions which need little help from them. The alumni of Harvard felt that the college belonged to themselves, had been enriched by the munificence of many who were present, and looked to them all for the means of increasing her future usefulness.

THE IMPERIAL CORONATION AT MOSCOW.

It is easy to mistake the significance of any ceremony, to dismiss it as so much empty show, or to account for it on grounds of policy. No one who used at Moscow the slightest power of sympathetic observation would accept either of these explanations of the ceremony of the coronation. It may be true that the form of government which Russia has inherited lends itself to display; but this display is very far from being empty of meaning. It may be true that Russia has a large Oriental frontier; but Orientals are not to be impressed by any palpable imitation of their own methods. The Russian coronation is a ceremony of great antiquity, and expresses the sentiments of the Russian people. It is an event in the history of the nation, an event of great importance, which they wish to realise in a pictorial and dramatic form, so that its full impression may be carried over the wide extent of territory which all alike is their country and is kept together under one ruler.

There are different conceptions of the State, but those conceptions range between two primary ideas—those of a family and of a joint-stock company. Changes in a board of directors require little outward notice. Even the election of a new chairman does not call for more than a public dinner. But the

accession of a new head of the national family is an event which appeals directly to every member. It awakens all the memories of the past, and kindles manifold hopes for the future. It is a great epoch in the national life, and must be expressed with fitting dignity and solemnity. In doing honour to their new Emperor the Russian people feel that they are doing honour to themselves.

There is probably no people which has such a strong historic consciousness as the Russians. There has been no great break in their development, no new object of their common effort. They have not undergone the transformation from an agricultural to an industrial civilisation, which puts much into the background, and fills men's minds with new problems. There has been to them no sudden extension of boundaries. In their vast plains they always knew the world was large, and that numbers of their brethren might be added to their family—brethren already like-minded with themselves. Their past history is a long record of struggles after union, which might make them strong against barbarous invaders, of untold sufferings endured with patient perseverance, of monotonous surroundings and constant conflict with churlish nature. In all this there are but two things that helped them—their Church, which bound them together and gave them courage to endure; their national leaders, who trained them into strength, drove back their foes, and welded them into a mighty nation. Indeed, there were not two but one, for Church and State are indissolubly connected. There was no ecclesiastical system with an independent head whose

claims might divide their allegiance. They received their Christianity from Byzantium, not from Rome. Their ruler inherits the claims of no Holy Roman emperor crowned by a Pope, but is the representative of the rulers born in the purple chamber of the Bosphorus, who never had to divide his authority with a bishop whose sway extended beyond his realm.

All this is not mere ancient history, but is living truth to the Russian peasant. He may not be able to read or write, but he knows about his country's past. The nomadic habits of the people have always been remarkable, and have at times caused difficulties. The melancholy of a vast expanse with no natural barriers has always attracted men to ramble. The Russian peasants go on pilgrimages, men and women alike. When family ties cease to be pressing, they take their bundles on their back and their staves in their hands, and set forth to visit the holy places. Many go to the Holy Land; more to Mount Athos, passing Constantinople on the way, and gazing with longing eyes on St. Sophia. Crowds of the less adventurous visit the monasteries and churches of Russia itself, and venerate the tombs of the saints. And these saints are not merely holy men who withdrew from the world at the call of devotion. They are national heroes, connected with some great national victory. Did not St. Sergius inspire Demetrius of the Don to win at Koulikovo in 1380 the first great battle against the Tartar hordes? The crowds of pilgrims who daily, and all day long, throng the church of the great monastery of the Troitsa, where Sergius lies at rest, know well his story and that of many

another saint and hero. Kieff, Novgorod, and Moscow, all have their tales to tell, which are well learned. There can be few villages in Russia which have not a returned pilgrim, who, sitting by the stove on the long winter nights, tells of what he has seen and heard, and weaves the story of Russia's history into the life of his hearers. The streets of Moscow were full of pilgrims who had come to see the coronation of their "little father," the Emperor, not as spectators of a splendid spectacle, but as assisting at a great religious rite which closely concerned their country's weal.

This strong sense of an historic past is expressed in the fact that coronations take place in Moscow, the city which is hallowed to the Russian mind as the centre of national resistance to their foes, sacrificed to Tartars, Poles and French alike, but rising again with renewed splendour, and dearer for all that it had suffered. Petersburg may be the seat of Government, and the means of communication with the West; but Moscow is the abiding home of Russian sentiment, the local centre round which patriotism gathers. It is from its situation and appearance worthy to be regarded as a symbol of a nation's growth. Some one, I believe, has said that there are only two cities in the world which tell at a glance their people's history—Moscow and London. An Englishman may well pause and reflect on the different memories which gather round the two; one indicating the continuous and peaceful expansion of a people steadily growing into freedom and power, saved by its situation from foreign interference, and with communications open

to all the world ; the other slowly struggling into existence, as the only position of any strategical value in a country exposed to constant menace, and bearing the scars of many a bitter conflict. He cannot venture to measure a nation which had so different a past with the same rule that he would apply to himself.

The site of Moscow tells its own story. It was built on a spot where was a piece of broken ground, through which the river Moskva ran in tortuous windings, and afforded something like a defence to a triangular eminence, the broadest side of which dropped to the river. This was fortified and formed the Kremlin, or Acropolis, of a little town which gathered round it, and gradually became the centre of resistance to the Tartars. The Kremlin still lies within the line of its old walls, and round it gathered another town, the Kitai Gorod, which also keeps its walls and towers. Round these grew the modern Moscow, and the stages in its growth are still distinctly marked. You can trace the process of gradual expansion round a definite centre. It is this which gives Moscow its distinctive features, and marks the Kremlin with a peculiar dignity of its own. It made the great city which lies round it, and Russia grew into a consciousness of its unity by the influence which Moscow supplied. There is no place in the world whose memories are so vital for the living history of a great nation. Moreover, its buildings have not been encroached upon. The palace stands, with the arsenal and the senate-house behind it. By its side are the three great cathedrals, a monastery, and rising above them all the lofty bell-tower. There are large open spaces, and from the terrace the full extent

of Moscow can be seen. There is nothing to diminish the significance of the site itself or rob it of its unique interest. Nowhere are so many buildings of historical importance visible at once, and suffering from no interference.

The stranger from the West, as he gazes for the first time on this scene, feels that he has passed outside the circle of European experience, and has entered upon a new phase of culture which must be judged by canons of its own. The Kremlin Palace in itself resembles other buildings of the same kind ; but the numerous churches which he can see built up within it, and the others which surround it, tell of a striking difference between East and West. There is no one mighty building which claims by its size and magnificence to be an overpowering memorial of the Christian faith. The palace has grown round churches older than itself, and has found room for them. The three churches outside are each of them small, and stand within a stone's-throw of one another. Each has its own special purpose. In one the Emperors are crowned ; another is set apart chiefly for marriages and baptisms ; the third contains the tombs of the Imperial family. Religion is regarded as inherent in man's nature, allied to his common and domestic life, something which need not be enforced from without, but which is personal and intimate. The monastery which stands near, is simply a large house arranged as such, with no air of severity or exclusiveness. It is an abode of men set apart for worship ; but their duty is only part of a common duty, and their life is part of the common life. As the eye ranges over the city

beneath, it gathers the same impression. Countless little churches rise among ordinary buildings. Monasteries ring the city round, conspicuous by their tall bell-towers, and many of them girt with their old walls of defence, which tell that they were the fortresses of patriotism in evil times. The city is gay with bright colours. Its brick buildings are for the most part washed with pale pink or blue or red. Churches and monasteries are recognisable by their clusters of cupolas, gleaming with gold or green or blue enamel. The impression is unlike anything that can be seen in Western Europe. We are in a region where architecture, the most truthful guide to the prevailing ideas on which common life is founded, betokens influences which are strange to us. We are reminded that Russian civilisation came from Byzantium, and followed a different course from ours. The West may have contributed its commodities and its ideas to the more modern buildings before us, but these have all been modified and adapted to more primitive ideas which were already firmly rooted. Nothing is more significant than the Renaissance porches appended to many churches ; they are obliged to revert to early, almost barbaric, forms of ornament, and hide their origin beneath an appearance of greater antiquity.

These are outside impressions, but they serve to explain the ceremony which drew to Moscow a crowd of representatives from every part of the world. Russia, at all events, is a great force, and it is well to try and understand it. No ceremony on such a scale as that of the coronation can exist merely as a ceremony. It has a profound meaning to the Russian mind as a

memorial of national life. It does not take place vaguely anywhere and under any sort of surroundings. It is only intelligible with reference to its actual setting, which is a dominant element of all that actually took place. The coronation was not a series of festivities arbitrarily arranged, but was a continuous act, every part of which followed immemorial custom, and all had reference to a central idea.

First of all it was necessary that the new ruler should come to Moscow, leaving behind the modern seat of government, and recognising the historic capital with its ancient traditions. This must be done formally, after due preparation. So on Monday, 18th May, the Imperial family arrived by train at Moscow, and took up their abode in the Petrovsky Palace, outside the city boundary, where two days were passed in comparative privacy. In Moscow itself all was bustle and activity. The decorations were being completed, and every one was learning what part he had to play. Stages were being erected for spectators, and unsightly scaffolding was being draped into shape. On Wednesday evening all was finished, and the people seemed to betake themselves to prayer. At seven o'clock the bells of all the churches tolled for a service, which was to last for four hours—a service of solemn prayer and intercession for the new ruler who was to enter to-morrow for his coronation. Every church was thronged with an eager and devout congregation. It was impossible to mistake the earnestness which was depicted on the faces of the throngs. The Russian is not ashamed of his religion. If the mood is on him he stops outside a church in the busy street, and bows

himself in prayer. The passers-by make room for him, and it may be cross themselves as they see him. Inside a church each worshipper indulges in such demonstration of devotion as he thinks fit or can find room for. He follows no ritual instructions, but the emotions which arise in his own mind.

It was with a solemn sense of religious duty that the main mass of the crowd gathered on the morning of Thursday, 21st May, in the streets along which the Imperial procession was to come. It was a beautiful sunny morning, and every house was gay with flags. I was told of a typical conversation in the crowd. One man remarked to his neighbour that it was lucky that the day was fine. "Do you not think," was the exalted answer, "that the Lord knows the day on which His anointed comes to His holy place?" It was no mere pageant which the people were assembled to behold: it was an acceptance on their part of a ruler who represented to them power making for righteousness. Every street and window was crowded with spectators when at midday the tolling of the great bell on the Kremlin announced that the Emperor had left the Petrovsky Palace and was on his way. Presently the bell, which had been tolling slowly, quickened into a lively peal, which was re-echoed by every bell in Moscow. Minute guns were fired, and a crash of sound rang through the air. The bells of Moscow are famous for their size and tone alike, and when all are rung together the effect is at first overpowering. It was the sign that the Emperor had entered the boundary of Moscow, and was advancing through his capital. His progress was slow, for he had to receive

many signs of homage. The governor of Moscow met him at the gateway and offered bread and salt—the old symbol of welcome. Farther on the municipality tendered a similar offering, and along the route were deputations representing the various elements of Russian life, who each did homage in some characteristic form. The procession itself was headed by mounted soldiers in splendid uniforms; then came the chiefs of the Russian nobility; the Asiatic princes in the garb of their several countries; the officials of the Imperial court. Before the Emperor rode a troop of Horse Guards. The Emperor rode by himself, attired in a simple uniform, mounted on a white Arab steed. At some distance behind him came his staff; then the members of the Imperial family and the representatives of foreign Powers. The Dowager Empress and the Empress followed in gilded carriages drawn by six horses; after them came the ladies of the Imperial family. A guard of soldiers brought up the rear.

All this was splendour such as might adorn any other royal procession, though none perhaps could bring together on so large a scale such varied elements drawn alike from East and West. In fact, this procession showed more clearly than anything else the vast scale on which everything was done. The number of horsemen, the universal magnificence, the varieties of costume were astounding. But as the Emperor approached the Kremlin the object of the procession was emphasised. At the entrance to the Kitai Gorod, the Emperor dismounted and waited for the Empress. Together they entered the Iberian Chapel, which contains an ancient picture of the

Virgin, regarded with peculiar devotion by the people. The Emperor was coming to the holy places, and must behave as became a devout member of the orthodox Church. But his long progress was now nearing its end. He had left the Petrovsky Palace at midday; it was half-past two before he reached the Kremlin, where another throng was awaiting him. In the great courtyard were erected stages in which were placed the Russian nobles, and in front of them the representatives of the various Eastern peoples under the Emperor's sway. The Ameer of Bokhara and the Khan of Khiva sat with Oriental impassiveness, clad in magnificent brocades of red and green. Roman Catholic archbishops, Armenian patriarchs, Lutheran superintendents sat side by side. Next to them were lamas from the Thibetan provinces, resplendent in yellow satin, with curious metal head-dresses, and Mussulmans from the Caucasus in more familiar attire. In the adjoining stage were Russian nuns, whose sober black costume formed a strong contrast. Beyond were rows of school-children, representing various charitable institutions. In the open square were members of industrial guilds, who sat upon the ground with patience, awaiting the arrival of the procession. In the middle of the square was a raised platform with a balustrade, running between the three cathedrals, and outside it stood a row of soldiers on guard. The sun shone brightly, and threw into brilliant relief the groups of ecclesiastics, vested in rich brocades of cloth of gold, who filled the porches of the churches. Along the platform paced the marshals of the court, in uniforms of black and white,

deeply embroidered with gold lace. It was a sign that the Emperor was drawing nigh when some servants swept the red cloth that covered the platform. The incense was kindled in the censers, and the Metropolitans took their places, with crosses and icons. The cortège all dismounted, and went on foot to the churches. First came five marshals, bearing huge gilt staves surmounted with jewels. Then the Emperor advanced between the two Empresses, whose flowing trains were borne by pages. Next came the grand dukes, and behind them the grand duchesses and ladies of the Imperial household. Then came the representatives of foreign princes with their suites. It was a splendid blaze of colour when they filled the platform and all the spectators had risen to their feet.

The Emperor advanced to the porch of the Cathedral of the Assumption, where he and the Empresses were first aspersed with holy water. Then they kissed the cross and greeted the Metropolitans. This was in itself a significant sign of the relations between Church and State. They clasped hands, and, each bending, kissed the other's hand at the same moment. The Emperor kissed the hand of the Metropolitan as his bishop: the Metropolitan kissed the Emperor's hand as his ruler: the recognition was simultaneous. Then the clergy and choir preceded the Emperor into the church. The bells suddenly ceased to ring, and caused a strange sense of silence, in which was heard floating through the air the strains of the "Te Deum" sung by the choir inside the church. After a brief service the Emperor reappeared, and the procession

re-formed itself and proceeded to the Cathedral of the Archangel, where the Emperor and Empresses were greeted in like manner. Here they entered the church alone, and spent a short time in silent prayer at the tombs of their Imperial ancestors. Then they departed by the opposite door, and went to the remaining church, where again a few prayers were said. Now that his devotions were over, the Emperor mounted the Red Staircase leading to the Kremlin Palace, and, amid the enthusiastic acclamations of the crowd and the roar of cannon, took proud possession of the Imperial abode.

Thus was accomplished the first act in a great national drama. It was the solemn home-coming of the father of his people. He came to take possession of what was his own, but was held under the sanction of the immemorial traditions of the family which he was called to rule. Those traditions were embodied in the national religion, and it was through the church that the Emperor reached his palace. The crowds along the way all had their eyes turned to the end of the Emperor's progress. When the joy-bells ceased to toll, men knew that the Emperor had entered the church, and they joined their prayers with his. No sooner had Russia received the guarantee of his acceptance of his position as held under God, than he gave the further guarantee of acceptance of the historical usages of his country, by praying at the tombs of his predecessors. As the declared upholder of the principles of national life and of its continuous policy, the Emperor mounted the steps which led to the palace where his forefathers had lived and ruled.

The day following was spent by the Emperor in the reception of envoys extraordinary. When this concession had been made to necessary courtesy, the proceedings of the coronation were resumed. The Emperor and Empress spent the afternoons and evenings of the next three days in preparation for the reception of the Holy Communion, as is customary to all members of the Orthodox Church. Moreover, they did so in a recognisable manner by withdrawing from the Kremlin Palace, and spending the evenings quietly in the Alexandrina Palace outside Moscow by the Sparrows Hills. Meanwhile, each morning the coronation was proclaimed at the gates of the ancient city with all the pageantry of state. After the proclamation had been read, beautifully printed copies of it were thrown among the crowd; but such was the eagerness to obtain the precious documents that they were generally torn in pieces by a multitude of hands, and were afterwards carefully joined together and restored to some resemblance of their original form. On Sunday, 24th May, the Imperial banner was blessed with a religious service in one of the chapels of the Kremlin, and the Emperor swore allegiance to it as any soldier would do. In fact, during those days the Emperor was solemnly discharging all the duties of an ordinary Russian subject. On Monday the regalia were brought from the Treasury and placed in readiness for use, with a religious ceremony suited to the occasion. In the evening all the churches were again crowded with congregations, earnestly praying for God's blessing on the Emperor who was to be crowned on the morrow.

At daybreak on 26th May the Kremlin was surrounded by a serious throng, through whom those privileged to enter slowly made their way. A Russian crowd is always quiet and speaks softly; it is also orderly and kindly. There was genuine magnanimity displayed by the inhabitants of Moscow, who would say with a smile, "We are glad that you strangers should see as much as you can; we can see very little, because we have to wait till all the guests who have come from a distance are provided for before there is any room for us". The question of finding room for all who wished to witness the coronation would have baffled human device, and those outside the Kremlin wall had nothing to see save the arrival of guests and officials in their splendid uniforms. Inside the Kremlin the stands were rapidly filled by those who had been lucky enough to secure tickets, and every available foot of standing ground was occupied by the people. The Cathedral of the Assumption, in which the ceremony was to take place, seemed marvellously disproportionate to the preparations which were being made outside. It looked like a small chapel, and indeed only admitted the presence of some six hundred, who slowly took their places in perfect order.

Yet much of the impressiveness of the ceremony itself was due to the smallness of the building, which gave an air of intimacy to everything that was done, and harmonised with the sense of family relationship which underlay it all. The cathedral stands in the very centre of the Kremlin; and though it has been rebuilt more than once, it still occupies the old site and reproduces the ancient ornamentation. Like all

Eastern churches, it seems disproportionately high. Four round pillars rise aloft, bearing the five gilded domes which surmount the pile. They, as well as all the walls and roof, are covered with frescoes painted on a gold background in the simple traditional style which has prevailed in sacred art in Russia. On the north wall is represented the life of the Virgin; on the west wall is the Last Judgment; on the south wall are depicted the Seven General Councils of the undivided Church. On the pillars are the saints and martyrs, and on the roof choirs of adoring angels. The east end shows a shallow choir, cut off by the iconostass, which rises the full height of the church, and conceals the altar, save when the central door is open. Along this screen are arranged formal rows of pictures, one below another. Highest are ranged the patriarchs, with God the Father in the midst; next come the prophets, grouped round the Virgin and the Son; then are represented the chief events in the life of our Lord; below He is in glory surrounded by angels and apostles. On the lowest line, level with the eye, are placed the most ancient and venerated pictures: the "Virgin of Vladimir," brought by the first Christian ruler from Kherson, and believed to have been painted by St. Luke; a picture of our Lord sent by the Eastern Emperor Manuel; the death of the Virgin, painted by the Metropolitan Peter. These are all adorned with jewels of countless value; and amid the silver shrines which surround them and other pictures gleam the Royal Gates, on which are painted the Evangelists and the Annunciation. Wherever the eye wanders through the building it lights on something which aims

at teaching the meaning and history of the Church, and its connexion with the individual life and the life of the Russian people. There is a persistent intensity of meaning, from the influence of which it is hard to escape.

The stillness inside the cathedral, where the congregation slowly assembled, was a great contrast to the bustle outside. The ecclesiastics performed their offices of preparation for the Communion, the choir assembled, invited guests came in one by one. Then the diplomatic corps entered and took their places, the ladies on one side, the gentlemen on the other. They were followed by the special representatives of foreign courts and the members of the Imperial family, who were similarly placed. The clergy left the choir and went to meet the Dowager Empress, who was escorted from the palace beneath a canopy of crimson and gold. She was conducted to her throne against the southern pillar of the nave, next to the Emperor's throne, but a little behind. The officials who had taken part in the procession defiled through the church, where there was no room for them to stay. Next came the bearers of the regalia, which were borne in state from the Throne Room in the palace. Soon the sound of drums and trumpets announced that the Emperor was on his way. Again a body of deputies and representatives of the towns and provinces of the empire entered the south door of the cathedral, escorting the Emperor, and, after a hurried glance at the glittering throng therein assembled, passed out at the north door to join in the service in their hearts outside; a few only, to represent the peasants, were found a place among the choir.

The Emperor and Empress advanced under a velvet canopy, their path was sprinkled with holy water, and when they reached the centre of the church they bowed three times to the iconostass before mounting the steps to their thrones. The dark uniform of the Emperor and the white dress of the Empress, whose hair hung in plaits on either shoulder, were the simplest costumes in the building.

It was just ten o'clock when the ceremony was begun by the choir chanting Psalm ci.: "My song shall be of mercy and judgment". The clergy formed a line on either side of the iconostass; beyond them stood the Ministers of State, reaching up the steps towards the daïs which stood in the centre of the church. On each side of it were placed the Imperial family and foreign princes; behind them were the ambassadors and the high officers and chief nobles of the empire, the ladies on the south side and the men on the north. Behind the Imperial daïs with its three thrones, each surmounted by a canopy, the officials and nobles were ranged on a stage which mounted up so as to afford a full view. Special favour was shown to representatives of the press, who were placed against the western wall. The church was as full as it could be, but there was no crowding nor confusion. Everything was simple and intelligible in the arrangements. There stood the Emperor in the midst of the church, surrounded by representatives of his empire and of the world, awaiting the solemn moment which was to seal the responsibility of his office.

Exquisite was the chanting of the psalm by a choir trained to admirable precision, because no accompani-

ment is allowed in the Eastern Church. But music is the special gift of the Russian people, who wile away the long winter evenings in song, and pour into it all the melancholy and passion of their souls. Their popular music is not different from their church music; old motives are elaborated and simplified; but all is simple, melodious and pathetic, rendered with deep feeling and the utmost care. While the voices rose and fell in solemn cadence, and struck the keynote of the solemnity that was to follow, the regalia were placed in position on a little table by the Emperor's seat. When the psalm was ended, the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg stood before the Emperor and reminded him that he must profess himself before his subjects as a true member of the Holy Orthodox Church. He ended, almost abruptly, as to a child saying his Catechism: "What is thy belief?" In answer, the Emperor in a loud and clear voice recited the Nicene Creed. When he had done, the Metropolitan, accompanied by all the bishops, softly said, "The blessing of the Holy Ghost be with thee". Very significant was this prelude to the ceremony. Great as might be the Imperial claims afterwards, it was through the door of the Church that he entered upon them. The one guarantee which he gave to his people was the guarantee of fidelity to the Church of the nation.

When this had been done, the choir softly sang an invocation to the Holy Spirit. Then a deacon, with the cry "Let us in peace pray to the Lord," began a Litany of intercession for the Church and people, and their ruler. His magnificent bass voice rolled through the church, while the choir's response, "Lord, have

mercy upon us," sounded like a far-off echo. The Litany ended in thanksgiving, and as the strains of the choir died away the deacon directed the congregation to what was to follow by a cry, "Wisdom, let us attend," the usual introduction to the reading of Scripture. Then lessons were read, one from Isaiah xlix. 13-20, another from the Epistle to the Romans xiii. 1-7, and finally from the Gospel according to St. Matthew xxii. 15-22. Due religious preparation had now been made for the coronation itself, and the Emperor ordered the Imperial mantle to be brought. This was done by two Metropolitans, and as it was placed on the Emperor's shoulders the third Metropolitan exclaimed, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost". Again the first step in the assumption of the Imperial dignity was taken under the protection and sanction of the Church, and the first sounds that fell upon the Emperor's ear afterwards were the deacon's cry, "Let us pray to the Lord," and the choir's response, "Lord, have mercy upon us". Before proceeding farther the Emperor was reminded of the source of all power, and bowed his head while the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg advanced and placed his hands crosswise on the bent head, and prayed that the symbolical acts which were to follow might not be void: "Make thy faithful servant, the mighty Lord Nicolas Alexandrovitch, whom Thou hast set as Emperor over Thy people, worthy to be anointed with the oil of gladness: clothe him with power from on high; set upon his head a crown of precious stone, and bestow on him length of days. Give him in his right hand the sceptre of

salvation; set him upon the throne of righteousness; defend him with the whole armour of the Holy Spirit; strengthen his arm; subdue before him all warlike barbarian peoples; plant in his heart Thy fear and compassion towards all his subjects." The Emperor then asked for the crown, and, standing with it for a moment in his hand, placed it upon his head. It was a mighty crown of diamonds and pearls, divided into two parts, symbolising the Eastern and Western Empires; the two parts were joined by a superb ruby, from which sprung a cross of pearls. The Metropolitan addressed him: "Emperor of all Russia, this visible and tangible adornment of thy head is a manifest sign that Christ, the invisible King, crowns thee head of all the Russian people". In like manner the Emperor took in his right hand the sceptre, and in his left the orb of empire, and was reminded that they were symbols of the power of government. When this was done the Emperor stood for a space, clad in all the insignia of his office, the undisputed ruler of his vast dominion, crowned by his own hand, and responsible to God alone. It was a moment of incomparable dramatic effect, overpowering in its significance.

The next act came as a relief, and brought back the tense feelings of all to the simple elements of human life. The Autocrat of All the Russias could not endure his solitary grandeur. He laid down his sceptre and globe, and beckoned to the Empress, who rose and knelt before him. Taking his crown from his head he touched her forehead with it, as a token that she must help him by sharing his burden. Then he placed on her head the small diadem which was to

be hers, wrapped round her the purple mantle, and fastened round her neck the collar of the order of St. Andrew. She returned to her throne, and the Emperor, again taking the sceptre and the globe, sat in his throne, while the deacon, in tones throbbing with exultant joy, proclaimed the Imperial titles. Louder and louder rose his voice as the long list went on, till it rolled through the building and broke upon the ear in almost overwhelming waves of sound. Rarely could the majestic effect of territorial names be more distinctly recognised, or more magnificently expressed: "To our mighty Lord, crowned of God, Nicolas Alexandrovitch, Emperor and Autocrat of All the Russias, of Moscow, Kieff, Vladimir, Novgorod, Tsar of Kazan, Tsar of Astrachan, Tsar of Poland, Tsar of Siberia, Tsar of the Tauric Chersonese, Tsar of Georgia; Lord of Pskoff; Grand Duke of Smolensk, Lithuania, Volhynia, Podolia and Finland; Prince of Esthonia, Livonia, Curland and Semgallen, of Bielostok, Coria, Tver, Ingria, Perm, Viatka, Bulgaria and other lands; Lord and Grand Duke of Nijni Novgorod, of Tchernigoff, Riazan, Polotelsk, Rostoff, Jaroslavz, Bielolersk, Udoria, Obdoria, Condia, Vitebsk, Mstislaff and all northern lands; Ruler and Lord of the Iverskian, Kartalian and Kabardinskian lands, as of the region of Armenia; Ruler of the Circassian and Hill princes and other lords; Heir of Norway; Duke of Schleswig Holstein, Stornmarn, Ditmarsch and Oldenburg; grant, O Lord, a happy and peaceful life, health and safety and prosperity in all good, victory and triumph over all his foes; and preserve him for many years." The choir took up the refrain "For many years," and

repeated it antiphonally till the sounds softly died away. Again the deacon began: "To his wife, the orthodox and religious, crowned and exalted Lady, the Empress Alexandra Feodorovna, for many years;" and again the choir repeated the good wish.

The coronation ceremony was now accomplished, and the bells clanged out and the cannon thundered, to announce the fact to the dense throng outside, who shouted out their joyful congratulations. The members of the Imperial family left their places and did homage. It was pathetic to see the wistful look in the face of the Dowager Empress as she tenderly embraced her son, and both were overcome by deep emotion. Then all others in the cathedral bowed low three times to the Emperor, who stood to receive this acknowledgment of their fealty. The bells and cannon ceased, and there was profound stillness as the Emperor knelt, and in clear earnest voice prayed for himself: "Lord God of our father, and King of Kings, Who hast created all things by Thy word, and by Thy wisdom hast made man, that he should walk uprightly and rule righteously over Thy world; Thou hast chosen me as Tsar and judge over Thy people. I acknowledge Thy unsearchable purpose towards me, and bow in thankfulness before Thy Majesty. Do Thou, my Lord and Governor, fit me for the work to which Thou hast sent me: teach me and guide me in this great service. May there be with me the wisdom which belongs to Thy throne; send it from Thy holy heaven, that I may know what is well-pleasing in Thy sight, and what is right according to Thy commandment. May my heart be in Thine

hand, to accomplish all that is to the profit of the people committed to my charge, and to Thy glory, that so in the day of Thy judgment I may give Thee account of my stewardship without blame; through the grace and mercy of Thy Son, Who was once crucified for us, to Whom be all honour and glory with Thee and the Holy Ghost, the Giver of Life, for ever and ever. Amen." Then the Emperor rose, and all others in the church, for the only time in the service, knelt while the Metropolitan, on his knees, took up and expanded these simple petitions. All rose, and the Metropolitan, standing before the Emperor, spoke a few earnest words of greeting, after which the choir sang the "Te Deum".

This was the end of the coronation service proper; but it was followed at once by the Communion Service, which need not be described. During the Communion of the priests, inside the sanctuary, a carpet of gold cloth was unrolled and spread between the throne and the royal gates of the iconostass. The gates were opened and two Metropolitans appeared, accompanied by two deacons, and invited the Emperor and Empress to come for their anointing and for the Holy Communion. The Emperor unbuckled his sword, for no weapon may approach the altar, and with the regalia carried before him, and his heavy train borne by eight officials, descended the steps and moved to the gate. The Metropolitan of St. Petersburg took in his hand the vessel containing the holy oil for the chrism. This oil is some of that which is carefully prepared every year for use at confirmation. With it the Metropolitan anointed the Emperor on his fore-

head, his eyelids, his nostrils, his mouth, his breast and both sides of his hands, saying, "The seal of the gift of the Holy Ghost". The other Metropolitan wiped him with a silken cloth. Then the thunder of a hundred cannon announced to those without that this solemn rite was accomplished.

Meanwhile the Emperor stood to one side, while the Empress advanced and was anointed on the forehead only. She stood aside as the Metropolitan led the Emperor inside the gates, for the only time in his life in which he may enter the place reserved for the priests. He who had just been crowned and anointed as head alike of Church and State was more than a layman, and, though not called to the priestly office, was admitted to priestly privileges. He entered the sanctuary and took the Holy Elements as a priest. When the Emperor returned, the Empress advanced to the gates, where the Metropolitan met her and administered the Communion according to ordinary custom. Then their Majesties returned to their thrones, and the Thanksgiving was said; after which the deacon prayed for their health and happiness, and the choir again responded, "For many years; for many years". The Metropolitan brought the Cross for them to kiss, and the service was now over. The Emperor assumed his regalia, which he had laid aside during the Communion office. Again all present bowed three times in recognition that he was duly crowned and anointed. Bells and cannon again filled the air with sound as the procession left the church. The Emperor and Empress, each under their canopies, borne by high officials, with their

heavy trains carried by pages, proceeded slowly to visit the other cathedrals, where the deacon again wished them health and happiness as they bowed at the tombs of their ancestors. Then they mounted the steps leading to the palace, amidst the acclamations of the mighty crowd. On reaching the balcony the Emperor turned and faced his people. It was the formal recognition of their homage, and he bowed in acknowledgment. Then the long procession passed into the palace.

It was by this time half-past one o'clock, and the strain of the long ceremony had been severe. But little rest was given to the Imperial party. At half-past two there was a State Banquet, according to custom, at which the Emperor dined in public. This survival of ancient times was extremely interesting, as it carried the spectator back to the old customs of monarchy throughout the world. The banqueting-hall in the palace, the Granovitaja Palata, is the most ancient part of the building, and was erected in 1491. It is a vast room, with a low vaulted roof, which makes it seem smaller than it really is. The vault rests on a square central pillar, which is formed into a buffet, and was adorned with ancient plate, of which the Russian Emperor possesses a magnificent collection. Amongst the pieces are five which are of special interest to Englishmen, as they were the gift of Queen Elizabeth to Ivan the Terrible, when intercourse was first opened up between England and Russia. The walls and vault of the room are adorned with frescoes, painted in the style of ancient ecclesiastical art; conspicuous amongst the subjects is a series illustrating

the life of Joseph. The floor is of inlaid wood in floriated patterns—a kind of work for which Russia is remarkable, as its woods are of almost every shade of colour and vie in richness with marble, while they excel it in warmth of tone, and are more easily arranged in flowing designs.

On one side of the hall was placed a daïs, on which were three thrones, richly gilt and surmounted by a canopy. Opposite to this stood the members of the Imperial court. In another corner of the room was an orchestra and a choir, who performed during the banquet. Three tables were set for the chief ecclesiastics and the high nobility of the empire. Presently the National Anthem sounded forth, and the Emperor, with the two Empresses, wearing the regalia, and preceded by the marshals of the court, entered and took his place upon the throne, while all bowed low before him. As soon as he was seated, the dishes were brought in, and were handed from one officer to another till they reached the table, where they were placed by one who knelt. After a few minutes the Emperor called for wine, which was a signal that the court might withdraw. They did so, bowing as they went. The guests then took their seats, and their dinner was quickly served. At intervals toasts were given by the chamberlain, and were drunk in silence. Towards the end of the repast all the guests were presented with gold medals commemorative of the coronation, bearing on one side the Emperor and Empress, on the other side the arms of the empire, beautifully executed in bold relief. This banquet was, as has been said, confined to representatives of the Russian nation

its highest officials in Church and State. The members of the Imperial family and other distinguished foreigners were served in a gallery whence they could look down upon the scene. It is a noticeable fact that amongst the ecclesiastics were reckoned the representatives of religious bodies recognised by the State—two Roman Catholic prelates, two Lutheran superintendents, two Armenian bishops. And though it is not my intention to speak of myself, I am bound to acknowledge the signal courtesy which was shown to the English Church by including me among the guests, though I had no claim of any kind, and was the only one who was not a Russian subject. The dinner was over by half-past four, and we all dispersed with the sense that we had been present at a demonstration of national sentiment unparalleled in its deep significance, and in the profound emotion which it expressed and created. Outward magnificence leaves the beholder interested, it may be, but unmoved; here the splendour was but an attempt to set forth in a becoming way the sentiments of a people, who wished their ruler to feel how entirely their hopes were set upon him, and who commended themselves and him alike to God's guidance and direction. Outside the palace was still standing an eager throng, who gathered round the ecclesiastics, kissed their hands and begged their blessing. The whole atmosphere seemed charged with a simple, childlike earnestness, an intensity of faith and hope.

The accomplishment of the coronation was a signal for popular rejoicing, and never has a crowd been entertained by a more beautiful spectacle than the illumination of Moscow. The plan pursued was regu-

lated by a harmonious design, which was carried out throughout the city, where the architectural features of the chief buildings were outlined by electric lamps of various colours. The chief interest centred in the Kremlin, where the long line of walls and towers, the outlines of domes and cupolas, all the strange and fantastic forms of its Oriental architecture with their wealth of detail, were painted in brilliant and harmonious colours upon the background of a perfect summer night. The delighted crowd of peasants from various quarters filled the streets and gazed with deepening delight upon a sight which surpassed all their imagination. For three nights the illuminations were repeated, and the intense enjoyment of the crowd, its perfect order, and the simple, kindly feeling which it displayed, were as interesting as the illuminations themselves.

After the coronation the Emperor and Empress spent three days in receiving congratulations from the numerous deputations sent from every quarter. In the evening of each day was provided some form of entertainment. First came a dinner, which afforded a remarkable token of the union between Church and State in Russia. At the Imperial table were seated the Emperor and Empress and royal guests. Opposite to them were the ecclesiastics, the Emperor facing the oldest Metropolitan, and so on in order of dignity. The varied uniforms and dainty toilettes on one side of the table formed a striking contrast with the episcopal robes of violet, surmounted by tall headdresses of white and black, on the other. To strangers few incidents in the festivities looked more curious and

picturesque. On the following evening was a reception in the palace, to which 8,000 guests were invited, and the Imperial party walked through the crowded rooms, accompanied by the ambassadors, to the strains of a Polonaise, for three hours continuously, that all might have an opportunity of seeing them. On the third day an entertainment was given in the Opera House, where the appearance of the stage was eclipsed in splendour and variety of costume by the audience.

So far all had gone admirably, and the arrangements had called forth universal praise. On Saturday, 30th May, the Emperor gave according to custom a great festival for the people on the Chodinsky Field. As a prelude there was to be a distribution of presents to the number of 400,000. Early in the morning the expectant crowd rushed to the booths where the distribution was to be made, and a few moments of wild confusion caused the death of nearly three thousand people. By some terrible irony of fate more destruction was wrought by a good-natured crowd, bent upon a holiday, than could have been accomplished by two armies engaged in battle. It is easy to be wise after the event, and to lay down ideal precautions which ought to have been taken. It is obvious that anything must be avoided which directs a mass of people towards any given point. The plainest moral to be drawn is that old customs, which grew up before the days of rapid communication, are no longer possible when railways create an incalculable crowd. In a vast treeless plain, absolutely unbroken, the direction and control of a huge multitude becomes a matter of extreme difficulty. But it is clear that they cannot be trusted

to control themselves, and the ancient custom of publicly distributing doles must be discontinued. I can add nothing to the records of this grievous catastrophe; but no one could have failed to be impressed by the way in which it was universally regarded. Every one deeply felt its sadness, but the popular sentiment would not endure that private sorrow should check the course of public rejoicing. We in England would have shrunk from any further demonstration of loyalty, and would have dispersed sadly to our homes in mourning. It was not so at Moscow. The crowd remained, scarcely abated in numbers, and awaited the coming of the Emperor at two o'clock. When he arrived he received an enthusiastic greeting. The roar of the crowd drowned the strains of the National Anthem, sung by a vast choir again and again. Hats were waved and thrown heedlessly into the air, which grew thick with the dust caused by the movements of the multitude. There was no cessation in the shouts till the Emperor withdrew to the Petrovsky Palace close by, where he entertained at dinner the bailiffs of the communes, and addressed them in words of heartfelt welcome.

The Imperial entertainments were now at an end, and it was the turn for others to entertain the Emperor. I need not speak of the balls given by the French Ambassador, the Governor of Moscow, the nobility of Moscow, of the dinner at the English Embassy, and the concert at the German Embassy. These were eclipsed by a ball at the Kremlin Palace. But one ceremony remained to be performed as a necessary sequence to the coronation—a visit by the Emperor and Empress

to the Monastery of the Troitsa, situated about sixty miles from Moscow. This is the most holy place in Russia, and St. Sergius, its founder, is the most popular, because the most truly national, saint. In the dismal times of the Tartar domination he withdrew for prayer and devotion to a secluded spot, where a brotherhood soon gathered round him. The princes of Moscow, who were placing themselves at the head of a national resistance, frequently sought his advice, and he blessed Demetrius of the Don, and sent two of his monks to pray for him at the celebrated battle of Kulikova. The monastery which he founded became the centre of national independence against the Tartars, and afterwards against the Poles ; it was the refuge and support of the rulers of Moscow, and had such narrow escapes from destruction that it was regarded as under the special protection of Heaven. A visit to the tomb of St. Sergius is one of the objects of every pious Russian, and no great event in the life of the Imperial family is complete without a visit to the place which is fullest of lofty memories of national history. Thither the Emperor went, accompanied by a few ecclesiastics and officers of State ; he went privately as an ordinary pilgrim, to confirm and renew in that quiet spot the vows which he had made at his coronation. If in the Kremlin he was surrounded by the memorials of his ancestors on the Imperial throne, at the Troitsa he was led back to the lives of simple men, instinct with faith, who supplied the motive power and maintained the principles to which their ancestors had given shape, and round which the Russian nation had been formed.

I have written as one who tried to lend himself to the meaning of a great national ceremony, unique of its kind. I have written as one who tried to understand rather than to criticise. Such a ceremony cannot be measured by our standards; it was an expression of national sentiment, penetrated by a poetry and a passion unknown to us, or rather I should not say unknown in the sense of unfelt, but such as we should not care to express in any visible form. It was an exhibition of national self-consciousness upon a mighty scale, and as such produced a deep impression on all beholders. It focussed many national characteristics, and showed a serious sense of a great national mission, with which every Englishman could feel himself in fundamental sympathy.

THE RENAISSANCE IN ITALY: THE CATHOLIC REACTION. *By John Addington Symonds. Two volumes.*[1]

MR. SYMONDS is to be congratulated on having brought to a successful termination his important work on the Italian Renaissance. Its merits as a happy mixture of erudition and brilliant writing have been already sufficiently recognised; more so than the difficulties which beset a writer who aims at giving a picture of the culture of an age in its many-sided development. When we survey Mr. Symonds' book as a whole, we see how skilfully he has overcome these difficulties by keeping a firm grasp upon the literary side of his subject, and illustrating it from contemporary life and various forms of artistic expression. Mr. Symonds is primarily a literary historian, and the literary criticism contained in his fourth and fifth volumes has a value of its own independent of the contents of the rest. He enters upon a field which is peculiarly his own, and these volumes constitute the kernel of his book.

The difficulties which beset Mr. Symonds' path culminate in the last two volumes on *The Catholic Reaction*. If it is difficult to write literary history in its relation to contemporary life, the difficulties increase

[1] From the *English Historical Review*.

when a phase of literature comes to an end, and Mr. Symonds' concluding volumes contain more disputable matter than all his previous ones together, and we doubt if it was necessary for his subject that he should enter so largely on political considerations. It was enough to show that the movement of the Renaissance died away in Italy, without trying to prove that it was stifled. We may deplore the Catholic reaction without holding it responsible for the decay of Italian literature, or rather we may feel doubtful if the right of the Catholic Church to restore a shattered society on its ancient lines was not as good as the claim of the Renaissance to be allowed to lead society into still further disintegration. The Catholic reaction was the result of a recognition of past failure, and its fault was that it used repressive measures to bring back a past which was impossible and which was not even rightly understood. About the failure there was no doubt, and the Papacy might justly attribute much of this failure to the wanton spirit of the Italian Renaissance, which had been only too successful in asserting its principles and carrying them into the domain of politics. The Papacy had encouraged it, petted it, and accepted it as an ally to its own cost. If the Popes had not been so thoroughly impregnated with the Italian spirit, if Leo X. had been more of a theologian, and if his cardinals had been more eminent for learning than for dexterity, the lines of German thought would not have diverged so widely and the questions raised by Luther might have met with more reasonable treatment. Similarly in politics the Renaissance had destroyed the spirit of Italian patriotism, had enervated the

Italian mind, and almost destroyed Italian morals; and in all these exploits could count upon the forbearance and often upon the co-operation of the Papacy, which seemed semi-paganised by its allurements. It is only fair to observe that if the Renaissance suffered at the hands of the Papacy in the middle of the sixteenth century, the Papacy had suffered in the beginning of the century from its too ready acquiescence in the seductive teaching wherewith the Renaissance beguiled Italy to its ruin. Of course this view rests upon the assumption that the Renaissance is to be regarded as a body of doctrine, a system of life and conduct, not merely a series of literary and artistic products. Now two of Mr. Symonds' previous volumes have dealt with the Renaissance in the larger sense, and three have dealt with it in the smaller sense; and he seems in these last volumes to be willing to regard it in the smaller sense just where the larger sense becomes especially necessary. For the Catholic reaction did not try to put down literature or art as such, but only teaching which it considered erroneous and art which it held to be meretricious; it fought against a view of life which it had tolerated till actual facts showed its dangers. Mr. Symonds denounces the immorality of life under the Catholic reaction, and collects an abundant supply of celebrated cases of vile offences. But are these examples of the state of society which the Catholic reaction produced, or of the state of society which the Catholic reaction was trying to improve? The stories of Vittoria Accoramboni and the rest are told in greater detail than the misdeeds of Gismondo Malatesta and others a century before; but the greater

attention which they attracted is a sign that men's consciences were somewhat more awake. The depravity of morals, the heedlessness of human life, the boundless self-assertion of men who regarded themselves as privileged, these were all legacies of the Renaissance. The crimes of the Caraffa are notorious because they were admitted and were punished; the crimes of Cesare Borgia are obscure because no one thought very seriously about them. Of course the methods adopted by the Catholic reaction were neither wise nor right, and were not likely to be really successful; but that is no reason why they should bear more blame than they deserve, or why the Renaissance should have a spurious halo of martyrdom thrown over its last days.

Indeed it is impossible not to feel that Mr. Symonds' point of view is somewhat wavering, that he is not quite clear after all whether the Renaissance was stifled or died a natural death. Then he says (i., 70): "Humanism was sinking into pedantry and academic erudition. Painting and sculpture tended towards a kind of empty mannerism. The main motives supplied to art by mediæval traditions and humanistic enthusiasm were worked out. It was not possible to advance farther on the old lines." Yet he speaks later (i., 325) of the Catholic reaction as "checking the tide of national energy in full flow," and this is his prevailing view, for which we fail to find any real justification. The Italians of the later part of the sixteenth century inherited the temper of the Renaissance, but their intellectual attitude bore the marks of the Catholic revival. What Mr. Symonds

says of Tasso is true in a way of all the Italians of that period: "As an artist he belonged to the old order which was passing, as a Christian to the new order which was emerging". It may seem a paradox to say that if the Renaissance had been left to go its own way in Italy, it would have produced nothing more; whereas the impulse given by revived catholicism produced Tasso, Bruno and Sarpi, in an age which had not yet lost its sympathy with Ariosto, Ficino and Machiavelli.

Thus we think that Mr. Symonds has wished to round off his book too completely, and give a dramatic termination to what was really a process of decay. It may be argued that the Catholic reaction prolonged rather than precipitated this decay; but Mr. Symonds has not taken that possibility into consideration. One interesting aspect of the Italian mind he has omitted —its difficulty in surviving outside Italy, its powerlessness to adapt itself to other than Italian modes of thought. The Italian exiles and refugees could find no abiding place in Northern Europe. Even the greatest of them, Giordano Bruno, struck men as a charlatan, and so late as the days of Marco Antonio de Dominis it was found impossible to co-ordinate an Italian refugee with any known system. The marks of the Renaissance went deep into the national mind, and its influence was more abiding than even Mr. Symonds allows.

IL PRINCIPE. *By Niccolò Machiavelli. Edited by L. A. Burd. With an Introduction by Lord Acton.*[1]

LIFE AND TIMES OF NICCOLÒ MACHIAVELLI. *By Professor Pasquale Villari.*[1]

MR. BURD'S object is that of an expositor. He brings before his readers Italy as it was when Machiavelli wrote; he shows them the circumstances and conditions amidst which the *Principe* came into existence; he points out that much subsequent criticism went astray, because it regarded the book as an abstract treatise, enforcing lessons of universal application. The *welthistorische* importance of the book is due largely to its having been misunderstood. The application of a strictly historical method enables Mr. Burd to sweep away these misunderstandings and restore the book to its original meaning. Machiavelli idealises the type of character which was most effective in contemporary politics; and he lived in an age when politics were embodied in individuals, not in institutions.

The problem was, to find a competent man, equip him properly for his task, and direct his energies to the right end. The choice lay between a shifty politician and a man of force. The former was sure to seek only his own interests; the latter might conceivably have a noble aim. Neither could be trusted to pursue the

[1] From the *English Historical Review.*

public good as an end in itself; but individual desire for fame, and joy in the exercise of capacity, might be led to identify themselves with something useful, while cautious statecraft could end in nothing that was profitable to the common good. Something might come of the unabashed villainy of Cesare Borgia: nothing could come of the cautious shuffling of Leo X.

Thirty years after Machiavelli wrote, the political hopes of a Roman burgher still rested on the appearance of an individual leader who had a right conception of the basis on which fame securely rests. "If in the hearts of men there should thus arise the desire to make their names eternal as their souls are eternal and immortal, I believe certainly that they would be much better than those who are inspired by the desire to have and to rule; it seems to me that these are not only worse at first, but become worse every day. Since for those who desire to make themselves remembered in the centuries to come, there is no other road which leads more easily to that goal, than the road on which men can only walk with the strength and on the foundation of virtue. Those who without any consideration have gone on other ways than this, not only suffer in the course of their life endless blame and marks of dishonour, but their names will also remain obscure; and should any one speak of them it will be with but little praise."[1]

Machiavelli, starting from things as he saw them

[1] Se ne' cori degli huomini si generasse cosi il desiderio di farsi eterni i nomi come hanno gli animi eterni e immortali, credo certo che essi sarebbero assai migliori quali tratti dalla cupidità dell' havere e del regnare: mi pare che non solo siano già stati ma siano anche ogni di

and from the motives which he found to actuate the men of his own day, invented the "Saviour of Society". Given the existing condition of Italian politics, and the character which had been developed in the Italy of the Renaissance, how could the best result be obtained? He took the most capable man whom he was likely to find, put before him the highest end which he was likely to understand, and then went on to consider how he had best proceed. He said that to such a man, undertaking such a task, moral considerations were of subsidiary importance, and success was the one criterion by which he was to be judged. The conception was one forced upon him by the actual facts of Italian history in his own time. The methods which he codified were those which he saw being actually employed. The aim which he recommended was one of supreme importance. He did not compile a handbook for the acquisition of power to be used selfishly; it was to be used for the preservation and regeneration of Italy. The means were not of his own choosing; he only took those which he saw ready at hand. He did not prescribe a universal method, but only one which was applicable to the immediate problem which men must solve, or perish. Where is the flaw in his argument? What are we to say of him as a statesman, a moralist and a patriot?

peggiori. Imperoche a volersi far memorabili ne' secoli futuri non ci è altra via che più facilmente gli conduca a quel fine che quella per la quale si camina con le forze e con i moli della virtù. . . . Quelli che senza riguardo alcuno hanno proceduto per altra via che questa, oltre che hanno nei progressi delle vite loro infiniti biasimi e dishonorate note, hanno anche il nome in oscuro, e se pur se ne ragiona se gli attribuiscono poche lodi.

It is not Mr. Burd's business as an expositor to answer these questions. He contents himself with pointing out that Machiavelli, having stated a scientific problem, worked it out consistently and logically. He did not deny the existence of moral sentiments in man any more than did Adam Smith; "he merely declined to allow moral considerations to interfere, as he believed they did, with the logical discussion of the subject in hand". He set a problem and adopted one means for its solution. The process was at least scientific and intelligible. It is easy to object to the details; but the interest of the book lies in its suggestiveness. Professor Villari points out that Machiavelli recognised the difference between private and public morality, and attempted to formulate scientifically the results of this difference. He did not stop to consider how they were connected, and no one has yet clearly established the extent of that connexion. "While we admit that public morality differs from private, we are sufficiently ingenuous, not to say hypocritical, to maintain that the essential characteristic of modern politics consists in conducting public business with the same good faith and delicacy which we are bound to observe in private affairs. This, as every one knows, is always the theory, not always the practice." Thus Professor Villari defends Machiavelli by attacking his accusers and daring them to cast the first stone—a challenge which certainly ought to appeal to the conscience. Let us conceive a disciple of Machiavelli at the present day, endowed with Machiavelli's mental power, and possessing all Machiavelli's frankness. Suppose that he considered some great and worthy object to be

within the attainment of a statesman who could lead a democratic community to pursue an ideal end. Suppose that he proceeded to inquire what were the means by which a capable man could secure a seat in Parliament, could make himself necessary to his party, could win the confidence of the house, could become Prime Minister, could dominate the country, and lead it away from selfish interests to a great national policy. Would such a book, illustrated by actual experience, remorselessly founded on accomplished facts, be altogether pleasant reading? What place would morality occupy in it? Would it direct the means, or would it be attached solely to the end? This is the question which Professor Villari's defence submits to the judgment of experts.

But Mr. Burd's book contains an introduction written by Lord Acton which carries the matter much farther. Lord Acton's remarks deserve to be carefully read and weighed by every student and every writer of history, for they indicate conclusions which every one must be prepared to face. "Machiavelli," he says, "is the earliest conscious and articulate exponent of certain living forces in the present world. Religion, progressive enlightenment, the perpetual vigilance of public opinion, have not reduced his empire, or disproved the justice of his conception of human nature." In proof of this judgment, Lord Acton has surveyed political thought and practice from Machiavelli's time to the present day and has produced a formidable indictment, in which the offenders are convicted from their own mouths. Divines, statesmen, philosophers and historians of every country, of every age and of every school of

thought, are shown to have allowed exceptions to the paramount authority of the moral law. They have all, in some shape or other, admitted Machiavelli's fundamental proposition, that "extraordinary objects cannot be accomplished under ordinary rules". Principles which have been condemned when used by the defenders of old institutions, have been approved when used in behalf of national movements towards something new. The justification of success because it succeeds, the optimism which discovers a beneficent evolution in human affairs, the assertion of the paramount right of the State as against the individual—these and many other such-like theories carry obscurely their tribute to the condemned Machiavelli. Further, Machiavelli was the author of utilitarian morals, and on utilitarian principles it is hard to pick a flaw in his reasoning.

If Mr. Burd has illustrated Machiavelli's meaning, in a way which leaves nothing to be desired, Lord Acton has pointed out the magnitude of the problems which Machiavelli has raised. His pages are a warning to the thoughtless and the inexperienced concerning the far-reaching results of historical judgments. They raise questions which every historian is bound to face. They exhort him, not obscurely, to consider well his aim and object, and determine his relations to the moral law, which he professes to regard as supreme in his own nature, but shrinks from asserting as equally applicable to great characters in history, or to great social movements. They point to principles which are of the first importance in determining the future of historical science.

CATERINA SFORZA. *Di Pier Desiderio Pasolini.*[1]

It is a rare pleasure to read a work at once so thorough and so spirited as is this life of Caterina Sforza, to which Count Pasolini has obviously devoted so many years of patient labour. Research and enthusiasm do not often go together, but Count Pasolini is inspired by local patriotism towards the Romagna, and is supported by a feeling of hereditary loyalty. He has ransacked all the archives, and has compiled a Calendar of the documents relating to his subject. His book is full of illustrations of all the people and places connected with his heroine.

It must be confessed that few personages are more interesting, both in themselves and in their surroundings, than Caterina Sforza. The rise of the Sforza family is one of the most picturesque episodes in Italian history. The government of Milan by Caterina's father, his tragic death, the fortunes of his widow, the downfall of his son and the French invasion of which it was the ostensible cause, form the turning-point in the fortunes of Italy. Caterina's own life was connected with everything that was most characteristic in contemporary politics. She married the nephew of Pope Sixtus IV. and held a high place in Roman society, which she entered as a bride of fourteen. On the

[1] From the *English Historical Review*.

death of Sixtus, when she was only twenty-one, she had to maintain the State of Forli for her incapable husband, who was murdered four years later. It was then that his widow displayed an amount of courage and statesmanship which earned her a lasting reputation, and made "Madonna di Forli" one of the most conspicuous figures in Italian politics. She continued to preserve her power during the French invasion, but fell a victim to Cesare Borgia, after offering the only resistance which that adventurer ever experienced. She was carried off as a prisoner to Rome, where she was shut up for eighteen months in the Castle of S. Angelo, and was only liberated when she was helpless for the future. She never recovered her power, but ended her days in Florence in 1509, at the age of forty-six.

Caterina Sforza was a remarkable woman, and Count Pasolini does full justice to her merits. He writes as a biographer, and does not stray needlessly into general topics. He has no particular lesson to teach, and no moral to draw. He deplores the corruption of the times, and is severe sometimes on Caterina's enemies, but for herself he has extenuating circumstances to plead. Yet it is impossible not to see that she reaped what she had sown, and that the substitution of Cesare Borgia for a number of small rulers of the same type involved no change of political method, and no deterioration of political morality. Thus, during an illness of her first husband, she concocted a scheme for the murder of the captain of the fortress of Ravaldino, of whose loyalty she was not sure. He was treacherously assassinated, and the assassin pretended to act

on his own account, and then gave up the fortress to Caterina, who rode out and took command, though she was *gravida e grossa a la gola.* The assassination of her husband, Girolamo Riario, was instigated by Lorenzo dei Medici, with the assent of Pope Innocent VIII.; but Caterina by her intrepidity prevented them from reaping the fruits of their treachery. She obtained help from Milan, and had the skill to overawe her people, and also to prevent the sack of the town, which seemed the natural revenge for her husband's death. She actually became the object of popular gratitude, because she preferred to rule over a city which was not reduced to a heap of ruins. But however resolute Caterina might show herself in time of danger, she could not rise above her passions, and soon raised her lover, Giacomo Feo, to a dangerous power. Caterina could not marry without losing her position as guardian of her son; but Count Pasolini is convinced that she secretly married Feo, though no evidence is produced. At all events Feo behaved as undoubted master, and a Florentine envoy was informed that "she would rather bury herself, her children and all her goods, would rather give her soul to the devil and her state to the Turk than abandon Feo". The Florentine looked on and took a business-like view of the situation. He gave his opinion that Feo was hated at Milan and at Rome; so long as Caterina clung to him she would be obliged to ally herself with Florence. But this state of things could not last long without a catastrophe. One of three things must happen: either Caterina would tire of Feo and have him assassinated; or Feo would have Caterina and all her children assassinated;

or her eldest son, Ottaviano Riario, would have his mother and her lover assassinated. Politics proverbially admit of three courses; but as a rule none of them is pursued with the definiteness with which they are stated.

Even Italian affairs in the sixteenth century admitted of compromises, and such a compromise was actually made. Feo went so far as to box Ottaviano's ears in public, and Caterina was afraid to interfere. An unauthorised conspiracy was made against Feo, and he was assassinated by private enemies, without affecting Caterina's political position. But Caterina's vengeance for the death of her lover knew no bounds. Even the wives and children of those suspected of being privy to the plot were put to death with horrible cruelties. Count Pasolini can only say that, "sublime after the assassination of her first husband, after the murder of her lover the figure of Caterina presents itself as vile and ferocious". Even Pope Alexander VI. expressed himself as shocked at such atrocities.

However, the political results of Caterina's good understanding with Florence remained, and she was not long in taking as her third husband Giovanni dei Medici, to whom she bore a famous son, Giovanni delle Bande Nere. But her eldest son, Ottaviano, was growing up and the period of Caterina's regency was coming to an end. She determined to keep her power as long as possible, and refused offers of marriage for Ottaviano. One came from the Pope, who proposed the hand of Lucrezia Borgia. Count Pasolini gives Caterina due credit for this refusal: "*Fede politica immutabile*," he says, "*ma in casa, a qualunque costo, piena liberta*

morale". It is difficult to rate Caterina's moral objections very high. She says herself, "*Comprendo che il primo disegno loro sia stato di levarme da qui*"; and this reason was more powerful than the desire to save her son from the disgrace of marrying a divorced woman. But the toils of the Borgia gathered round her; Forli was taken by Cesare in January, 1500, and Caterina at the age of thirty-seven had finished her career.

It is curious how all definite information is lacking about the actual deeds of Alexander VI. and his son. Contemporary rumour attributed to Cesare the vilest treatment of his prisoner; but of this there is no certain knowledge, and Caterina's letters give no details of what happened to her during her imprisonment at Rome. It would be extremely interesting to have even a fragment of a conversation between her and Alexander VI., but Count Pasolini has failed to discover any such record. We only know that Caterina left S. Angelo with her spirit considerably tamed, and that a priest of her party speaks of her escape from *quelli diavoli incarnati*. The end of Caterina's days was like that of other dispossessed sovereigns, and was spent in vain attempts to procure her own return and to stir up her sons to activity for that purpose.

Caterina's fame rests, after all, upon her display of personal courage. Sanuto's description sums up all that is characteristic: "*Femina quasi virago crudelissima e di gran animo*". Had she been a man she would not in that age have been specially remarkable. The wonder was that she should combine feminine charm

with manly vigour; but she certainly possessed little feminine tenderness. A letter written by her to Ludovico il Moro in 1496 is certainly characteristic of the moral condition of the times. Ludovico had remonstrated with her, at the request of Giovanni Bentivoglio, for attempting the assassination of one of her personal enemies who was residing at Bologna. She answers: "To speak freely I do not deny the truth, which is that having learned from some servants that the said Giovanni Battista Brocchi was in Bologna, and in the house of Messer Giovanni, for no good purpose towards me, many of our servants came and offered, either to take him alive and put him in my hands as prisoner, or to kill him. I, who had been grievously offended by him, and who wished to have him in my hands for the greater confusion of those who had machinated against me, did not refuse either offer. I confess this was no good deed, as you say. But Messer Giovanni need not express such surprise at it, but might remember that I am made of the same stuff as himself; for he has caused to be pursued, even into holy places, many who have not offended him so much as Giovanni Battista has offended me. Every one feels resentment about his own grievances, and if he has given such tokens of resentment in his affairs, it ought not to seem to him such a novelty that I am disposed to let him know that I am not dead yet." There is more than masculine directness in this statement. On the other hand Caterina shows that she was a good housekeeper, by a receipt book of considerable size which she kept. This is a valuable source of information about the private life of Italian ladies of the sixteenth

century, and deserves study from this point of view. There are innumerable prescriptions for *acqua mirabile a farsi bella*, as well as for ointments and medicines against many ills of the flesh. The investigation of domestic medicine in the past is a comparatively new subject. An analysis of Caterina's collection for the purpose would be of great interest.

LETTERS AND PAPERS, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC, OF THE REIGN OF HENRY VIII. *Arranged and catalogued by James Gairdner. Vol. v. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode*, 1887.[1]

THE tenth volume of the *Calendar of State Papers* for the reign of Henry VIII. covers only the first half of the year 1536: and it may fairly be doubted if there were ever six months in English history which raised questions of greater interest, or which required more careful and accurate study. The death of Catharine of Aragon, the trial and sentence of Anne Boleyn, and the reports of the visitation of the monasteries are all subjects of much debate; while the cumulative importance of the growing mass of evidence for the character and policy of Henry VIII. steadily tends to elucidate the great change which transformed England in the sixteenth century.

Mr. Gairdner in his excellent preface calls attention to the chief questions which are illustrated by the documents which he publishes. Foremost among them is Mr. Friedmann's contention in his *Anne Boleyn* that Catharine died of poison. Yet, when the evidence is all put together, it will hardly carry this conclusion. Catharine's illness lasted nearly six weeks: she suffered from sickness, pain in the stomach and sleeplessness.

[1] From the *English Historical Review*.

Before her death the Imperial envoy, Chapuys, was permitted to visit her and stayed with her four days: an old servant, Lady Willoughby, who made her way to Kimbolton, managed by an artifice to gain admittance to her former mistress. Chapuys left Catharine ten days before her death in the belief that she was better. He asked her physician if he had any suspicions of poison; he said, "Yes, for after she had drunk some Welsh beer she had been worse"; but he admitted he could discover no evidence of a very simple and pure poison; it must have been a slow and subtle one. Thus the suspicion of poison was suggested by Chapuys, and was assented to by the Queen's physician without any sufficient evidence. On the other hand the haste and secrecy in embalming Catharine's corpse certainly tended to give weight to a hitherto baseless supposition. Within eight hours the body was opened, in the presence only of the candlemaker of the house and a servant, by a man who was not a surgeon, yet had often performed a similar task before. To him the appearance of the heart seemed suspicious because it was black, did not change colour in washing, and had a black growth on the side. The Queen's physician was convinced by this evidence that she had been poisoned; Chapuys took his word for it, and Mr. Friedmann in turn takes Chapuys' word. But he does not explain what poison blackens the heart and causes a growth round it—a step which is necessary if he is drawing his conclusions from the medical evidence. He takes refuge instead in the general remark that poisoners in the sixteenth century administered small doses so as to sap the strength of their victims and

leave no trace behind. If this were so, the presumption that Catharine was poisoned does not depend on anything save its inherent probability; and the incident of the candlemaker is not worth recording.

Mr. Gairdner, however, calls attention to the difficulty which Chapuys himself found in establishing his supposition. On 21st January he wrote that the poisoning was evident from the story about the heart, and from the whole course of the Queen's illness. On 29th January he wrote: "Many suspect, that if the Queen died by poison, it was Gregory de Casale who sent it by a kinsman, of Modena, named Gorron. Those who suspect this say the said Gregory must have earned somehow the eight ducats a day the King gave him." Chapuys himself dismisses the story, "as there would be too great danger of its being made known". It would seem from this letter that Chapuys found some difficulty in working out his poisoning theory. England was not famed for skilful poisoners; some Italian agent was necessary, and he was hard to find. Mr. Gairdner pertinently remarks that if the suspicion of poisoning had obtained any real belief, it is strange that it should have become generally discredited and almost forgotten until the search into the Viennese archives brought it to light in our own day. Without wishing to extol Henry VIII. unduly, we may acquit him of poisoning Catharine.

Mr. Friedmann's view of Henry VIII., generally, is that he was a vain and a weak man, who was always under some one's influence. The papers in this volume of the calendar supply a sufficient example that this was not the case. Henry VIII., after the fall of Wolsey

had shown him the extent of his power, used his ministers as puppets, allowed them to do all his dirty work, deceived or trusted them just as far as suited his purposes. After Catharine's death Charles V. had no longer any personal motives for hostility to Henry VIII. He was on the verge of a war with Francis I. and took a practical view of the advantages he might gain by detaching Henry from the side of Francis. Henry himself calculated on this, and commissioned Cromwell to open up friendly proposals to Chapuys, who came to talk with the King about an Imperial alliance. Then Henry, to Cromwell's amazement, gave a haughty answer, and complained of his grievances; he demanded that the Emperor should write to him beseeching forgiveness of his past ingratitude. Cromwell was hardly able to speak to Chapuys afterwards, and said that he had never been more mortified in his life. Henry was wiser than Cromwell and was pursuing a course of policy which he had learnt from Wolsey. He told Francis I. of the Emperor's overtures; he told his envoy at the Imperial court that the Emperor's ingratitude made it necessary that overtures should proceed from his side. He was doing his utmost to set Francis and Charles against each other, and was enhancing his own value in the eyes of both, so as to make the best terms with the one who would offer him most. The policy was entirely his own and Cromwell had been used as a decoy, for he was genuinely in favour of an Imperial alliance.

The abominable heartlessness of Henry VIII. and Cromwell has not been painted by Mr. Friedmann in darker colours than it deserves. There was no refine-

ment of cruelty which they did not use to compel the Princess Mary to admit the illegality of her mother's marriage; and Chapuys at last advised her that submission was the only means of saving her life. Further, the death of Catharine sealed the fate of Anne Boleyn, of whom Henry was already weary. Three weeks after Catharine's death Chapuys heard that Anne was often in tears, "fearing that they might do with her as with the good Queen". Henry said that he had married Anne, seduced by witchcraft, and for this reason considered his marriage null; "and this was evident because God did not permit them to have male issue". Anne was treated with growing coldness, and Cromwell smiled ambiguously when he spoke of her to Chapuys. The letters of Chapuys show us clearly that Anne's fall was agreed upon long before her arrest. It is difficult after reading them to believe in the specific charges which were suddenly brought against her. There had been enough trouble about a divorce before: Henry and Cromwell took a shorter method in her case. Anne herself seems almost to have welcomed death as a release from a position which was hopeless. She knew that Henry had turned to Jane Seymour, whose relatives were schooling her to ruin Anne, even as Anne had been taught to overthrow Catharine. It was only a question of a few months at the best, and she felt an hysterical joy when the crisis came. Even Chapuys gives his opinion that, although every one rejoiced at Anne's death, "there are some who murmur at the mode of procedure; and it will not pacify the world when it is known what has passed and is passing

between him and Mrs. Jane Semel" (Seymour). Any one who believes in a lofty standard of morals at the English court may receive some enlightenment from the reason which Cromwell gave to Chapuys why Henry VIII. could not marry the daughter of the French King—"that if a foreign queen of great connexion misconducted herself as to her person she could not be punished and got rid of like the last".

The despatches of Chapuys are full of interesting information, especially about Cromwell, whose character and methods of procedure become clearer as this volume proceeds, though we must still wait a few years longer before we are able to estimate him aright. There is much other matter of importance in these volumes which is excellently illustrated by Mr. Gairdner's preface. Mr. Gairdner is to be congratulated upon the increasing capacity which he shows of giving a careful summary, in which every judgment is weighty.

We turn to another point on which this volume gives valuable information, the beginning of the dissolution of the monasteries. On this subject there are two points which it is necessary to keep quite distinct: (1) the general policy of suppressing monasticism and the public opinion about it; (2) the particular measures taken by Cromwell and the public opinion about them. Our ultimate judgment on the first of these points must depend on general considerations. Had the monasteries finished their work in England? Were they still maintaining a high standard of spiritual life? Were they homes of learning? Were they civilising agencies? Or was

their work doubtful? Were they hindrances to the economic change which was passing over England and could not be withstood? Were they far too numerous? Had they lost popular respect? We think that it is impossible for any one to read the history of the previous century, and not feel that some change was inevitable. The only questions were what the change should be and how it should be wrought. The critic of Henry VIII. and Cromwell ought to have before himself some conception of an alternative policy to that which they pursued.

Any fair-minded student of history must grant that the monasteries did not deserve the treatment which they received, but would not maintain that they were very well as they were. This last opinion was that of the great majority of Englishmen in the year 1530, and it was the existence of this opinion which made Cromwell's proceedings possible. The monasteries were neither better nor worse than they had been at any time in the two previous centuries; the reason for their dissolution was independent of anything that could be brought to light about them. No one, for two centuries, had looked upon the monks as saints; no one at the time of the dissolution looked upon them as monsters of vice. They were on the whole excellent members of society, kindly landlords, resident on their estates, employing labour, leading very respectable lives. But they were exposed to all the odium which always attaches to social superiors, capitalists and landlords alike. The feudal lord, who was generally non-resident, was only grumbled at in the abstract; the monks were grumbled at in the concrete. Every

one who wished to raise his voice in protest as a reformer, in things ecclesiastical, political, or social, always denounced the monks, because he was sure of an approving audience. Doubtless the monks were the butts of many a mediæval joke. They were not all of them unworldly, or temperate, or chaste; and point was added to an equivocal story by making its hero one of a class whose profession rendered his mischance more ludicrous. But neither the quips of the mediæval jest-books nor the rhetoric of ecclesiastical reformers can be accepted as setting forth actual facts. The facts that can be gleaned tend to show that in England the monks, as a body, were above the ordinary standard of morality, but they were not so far above it as to be a moral force in the community. They were lazy, ignorant, self-indulgent and a hindrance to economic progress and ecclesiastical reform.

The real interest of the dissolution lies in the cleverness of Cromwell. A political cynic might recommend the study of this period to the young politician. He would there be able to discover how to do arbitrary and violent deeds in a constitutional manner; how to be villainous in a virtuous fashion; how to use the thin end of a wedge; how to educate public opinion; how to get up a political cry; and sundry lessons of a like sort. The first thing Cromwell did was to discover the full contents of the royal supremacy. When the papal jurisdiction was gone the visitation of the exempt monasteries fell into the King's hands. Cromwell began to exercise this power, and at the same time inhibit the bishops from their visitations during the royal visitation. Of course Crom-

well knew his Cranmer, or he would not have ventured on issuing so entirely unconstitutional an order. Then the monasteries were visited by blustering officials, who browbeated the monks, treated them as criminals, laid upon them unheard of restrictions, and announced that they were ready to listen to any tittle-tattle which might be forthcoming from any quarter.

This process was found tolerably successful. Monasticism was generally discredited. The monks, harassed and alarmed, were bewildered. The old landmarks were gone: they could not invoke the aid of the Pope; it was useless to turn to the bishops, who quailed before the King. Cromwell was quite satisfied with the results of the visitation of the province of Canterbury, which seems to have extended over a period of three months. The northern province was more rapidly dealt with. The distance between Lichfield and York only occupied Legh and Layton a fortnight. They knew what they wanted to find, and they found it.

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